

POEMS.

BY

WILLIAM HENRY LEATHAM.

A TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS.

THE VICTIM.

SANDAL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HENRIE CLIFFORDE AND MARGARET PERCY.

SIEGE OF GRANADA.

EMILIA MONTEIRO.

STRAFFORD. A TRAGEDY.

OLIVER CROMWELL. A DRAMA.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS;

AND

ILLINGWORTH AND HICKS, WAKEFIELD.

MDCCCXLIH.

A
TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS;
OR,
LINES SUGGESTED BY
A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT,
IN THE SUMMER OF 1835.
BY WILLIAM HENRY LEATHAM.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, ORME, AND Co.

—
1841.

THIS, AND OTHER EARLY PRODUCTIONS

OF

THE AUTHOR'S MUSE

ARE DEDICATED

TO HIS MOTHER,

AS A

TOKEN OF FILIAL LOVE AND REGARD.

4879
L245A17
1843

ADVERTISEMENT.

ALL that the AUTHOR of these STANZAS has attempted, is to lay before his reader a rough SKETCH of those objects with which he felt himself the most interested, and at the same time, to convey the train of THOUGHTS they severally awakened in his mind.

Five years have now elapsed since the Author (then a minor) visited the CONTINENT, and he is fully aware, that during this period of time, not only many objects herein described may have changed their aspect and character, but that his own views have also undergone considerable alteration.

Notwithstanding this, he prefers incurring the charge of puerility in thought and expression, to attempting anything like such a revision of the Poem, as would render it an index of his present tone of mind and feeling, were the same objects again presented to his view.

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With this determination, his efforts have been chiefly directed to effect some little improvement in the versification and general arrangement of the Poem : but even in this respect, the Author is fully aware of the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of giving a finish to what was originally intended as a mere outline ; and he must therefore request the reader will bear in mind, that “ a rough sketch ” is all he must look for in the “ Traveler’s Thoughts.”

CONTENTS.

FRANCE.

INTRODUCTION—Thoughts on leaving home and landing in France—Paris—a spirit of War and rebellion lurking there—NAPOLEON—the memory of his greatness—Hôtel-des-Invalides—Sœurs-de-Charité—the Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise—the tombs of CUVIER and his daughter CLEMENTINE, of NEY, MASSENA, DAVID, ABELARD, and HELOISE.

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

A DISTANT view of the Alps—the Perte-du-Rhone—Geneva—Clarence—Julie—the Castle of Chillon at midnight—Mont Blanc—Mer-de-glace—Maria-de-Mont-Blanc—Song—the daughters of Switzerland—the Pass of the Simplon—Castle-la-Bathia—Sion [the ancient Sidunum]—the cascade of Turtmann—the town of Brieg and the valley of the Rhone—the gallery of Gondo—the Doveria and Frassinone—the first view of Italy by moonlight—the valley of Fontana and Val-d'-Ossola—Lago Maggiore—Isola Bella—the colossal statue of St. Carlo Baromio, Milan—Napoleon's triumphal arch—the Austrian Guards—the beauty of the women—the Cathedral—St. Carlo Baromio's shrine—the Course—the great Theatre of Scala—the Ambrosean College—Como—Queen Caroline's villa—a Sabbath Eve—Lugano—Silk worms—the Pass of St. Gothard—Funeral—the traveller benighted between Giornico and Faido.

The Summit—the Avalanche gallery—bridge of snow—the Reuss—the chalets perched among the rocks—Bürklen the birth place of Tell—Altdorf, where he shot the apple from his son's head—Lucern—storms frequent there—Tell's Chapel—Stauffacher, Furst, and Arnold, where they nightly met—Gessler's ruined Castle—Küssnacht where Gessler was shot—the great beauty of the lake—Mount Pilatus—the Rhigi—a thunder storm—its echoes—the chiming of bells—Tell's Shade—the sun-rise—thoughts on Switzerland—her beauty—her independence—Morgarten—Sempach—the monument to the Swiss Guards at Lucern—the Rossberg—the villages destroyed by the falling of part of that mountain—Stanzas—the lakes of Sarnen and Lungern—the glacier of Rosenlauri—its beautiful colour—the Wetterhorn—Wengalp—Jungfrau—the waterfalls—the Staubbach—the cascades of the Reichenbach—the rainbow—Lake of Brienz—the cascade of Giesbach—the traveller passes behind one of its falls—song to Switzerland and Liberty—farewell to the Alps—a Sun-set from the ramparts at Bern—the last blush on the mountains—thoughts on leaving Switzerland.

THE RHINE, BELGIUM, &c.

THE falls of the Rhine at Shaffhausen—Baden—the Neckar—Heydelberg—the Rhine—its vineyards and ruined castles—Aix-la-Chapelle—CHARLEMAGNE—His throne and tomb—the Meuse—NAPOLEON and Waterloo—PICTON—HOWARD—WELLINGTON—Thoughts on war—Antwerp—RUBENS—his picture of the “ascent and descent from the cross” in the Cathedral—the Citadel—CHASSE—Conclusion.

FRANCE.

INTRODUCTION—THE CHANNEL— FRANCE—PARIS.

I.

IN days of yore, when HAROLD crossed the seas,¹
Satiety had turned his mirth to woe ;
He found the wine of pleasure on the lees,
And Riot's maddening race was run below ;
Moody—with quickened pulse, and fevered glow,
He seized his harp, and dashed the cup away,
No sigh was heard, no tear was seen to flow,
As homeless, reckless of a home to stray,
Climates afar he sought, where scorching sun-beams
play.

II.

Not so, a youth, who leaves his cherished home,
To scan the varied form of nature's face ;
Where'er the truant's steps may idly roam,
His soul in fancy still will fondly trace
That home, which distance never can efface ;
Nor quits his hearth through dull satiety,
But longs to traverse o'er a wider space,

Mankind to contemplate with curious eye,
Or, gaze on spots enflamed in olden History.

III.

Nor his the eagle's wing that HAROLD knew,
Sky-borne, to soar aloft, and seek the light ;
A short horizon must content his view,
He wends his course with slow, unsteady flight ;
And like Minerva's moping bird of night,
Now jaded lags ; now drooping seeks the shade ;
Now dazzled shuns the noon-day's sunbeam bright,
And loves to brood where nature has decayed,
And Time hath ruthless been, tho' spoiler's hands
have stayed.

IV.

Farewell, thou Poet's Cliff ! we meet again !²
Ah ! if thy Muse would deign to follow me,
Would leave her classic hill, and plough the main,
Yes—wake her silent harp of minstrelsy—
But why lament, since this may never be ?
Alas ! 'twere vain to sue the sacred Nine,
Since Fate has e'er decreed that none but he,
The child of Nature, born of her to shine,
Can wreaths of deathless bays around his brows
entwine.

V.

My country fades ! the faintest streak appears !
Ah, now 'tis gone ! but Hope forbids to weep ;
One pleasing thought my drooping spirit cheers,
My homeward bark shall hail thy vanished steep !

* : * * *

'Tis now a stranger's shore, whereon we leap ;
Though constant novelty the mind enthrals,

This land awakes a sense that cannot sleep,
Bright deeds of valour back to life recalls,
For here there dwells untamed the spirit of the
GAULS !

VI.

Behold the blood-stained chronicles of FRANCE !
The wondrous scenes your latest record tells,
Rise like the o'erwrought fictions of romance,
On which the mind amazed—bewildered dwells.
How many a rankling breast in secret swells
With deadly hate, yon fickle crowd among,
And stifled Treason, lurking there, rebels
Against a Monarch's sway, ay—thousands long
To join in open arms, the reckless, maddening
throng !

VII.

Oh, that the past a lesson still might be !
That past had proved instruction to the wise ;
A deeper tide of blood must gush from thee,
Before thy restless, warring spirit dies,
Ere Peace dare quit her mansion in the skies :
Though Pleasure holds her court within thy walls,
I hear a harsher note than her's arise,
The drum's dull beat in sullen accent falls,
Hark ! louder than the drum, the brazen trumpet
calls.³

VIII.

Far o'er the deep arose a flaming star,
Which lit the frightened world with lurid light,
Big with the destinies of direful war,
It waxed in splendour with each bloodier fight,
Till blazing forth from its meridian height,

On AUSTERLITZ a gorgeous lustre threw :
EUROPE aghast—long shuddered at the sight :
That star grew pale as Moscow redder grew,
It waned—it slowly sank, and set at WATERLOO !

IX.

Engendered first, 'mid anarchy of states,
Nursed in the camp, and cradled in the war,
Child of bright Genius, darling of the Fates,
Thy god was Fame, and Glory was thy star.
The deadly passions which contending jar,
And tear the entrails of their parent land,
Harnessed like dragons to thine iron car,
Bridled and guided by thy master hand,
Now speed their headlong course, now curbed, expectant stand.⁴

X.

Deserted FRANCE ! thy master-mind has fled !
Where now the kingdoms which his sceptre swayed ?
Where now the legions vast his eagles led
Through seas of blood invincible to wade ?
Ah ! where the might that Time hath not decayed ?
Immortal Fame her lasting record keeps,
There writ, thy deathless name shall never fade,
Although no angel o'er thy willow weeps,⁵
And exiled far from home, thy giant spirit sleeps !

XI.

Where'er we turn, this city holds to view
Some image that recalls the mighty dead ;
With Silence here we contemplate anew
The dream-like wonders of the scene that's fled ;
The arch of triumph, and the sculptured head,
The splendid palaces, and works of art,

Ay—e'en the pregnant dust whereon we tread,
If asked aright, a record can impart ;
And all the Conqueror's fame will back to being
start !

XII.

Hang in yon gilded dome a tattered band,⁶
A thousand banners of the vanquished foe,
A thousand spoils from every blushing land
Save one, and here 'tis her's no shame to know ;
I feel within, a Briton's spirit glow,
Which proudly kindles as I gaze the while
On all the trophies Conquest can bestow,
Yet wanting one to crown the gorgeous pile,
The dauntless flag that streams o'er ALBION's sea-
girt Isle.

XIII.

Say ! can it be within this warlike land,
'That tender Pity dwells in human guise ?
Ah ! yes, I see a dark-robed, sister band⁷
Who justly claim a mission from the skies ;
Their souls are fraught with heavenly sympathies ;
By day—by night, on tip-toe, stealing round,
They smooth the pillow where the sick man lies ;
Ev'n nobles' daughters in yon garb are found,
Whom FRANCE has proudly held as honored and
renowned.

XIV.

Nor cease with life the offices of Love ;
What time the kindred clay returning blends
With earth—the spirit ransomed soars above,
Ev'n Friendship still the treasured dust attends :
Go, climb yon hill, 'tis there Affection lends⁸
A lasting mem'ry to her countless dead ;

A grateful voice from every grave ascends,
 The simple cross, that marks the peasant's bed,
 Speaks louder than the tomb, with sculptured marble
 spread !

XV.

There, rose and lily shed a rich perfume,
 And Philomela pours her softest lays,
 As if to banish from the dreary tomb
 The fearful shudder that its horrors raise,
 That sickening thought—mortality decays !
 And there, the lover bending o'er the urn,
 That holds the crumbling dust he now surveys,
 Which once with plighted love was wont to burn,
 Hangs still another wreath, to wither in its turn !

XVI.

Here, cold and silent as their marble tomb,
 A noble father and his daughter rest ;⁹
 Nor could her piety avert the doom,
 Which wrapped in dismal shrouds her nuptial vest,
 And blighted all the hopes that Love had blest :
 For none e'er breathed a holier flame than thine ;
 Thy marriage wreath was wove—but Heaven's be-
 hest
 'Twas, round thy sepulchre that wreath should
 twine—
 Thy bridal bed the grave—angelic CLEMENTINE !

XVII.

I saw one desolate—one nameless grave,
 Amidst the motley heaps that fold the dead.
 It told no triumphs of the sleeping brave,
 For here, no marble reared its sculptured head ;
 O'er the dark earth a lonely woodbine spread,
 And sweetly blossomed on the mouldering clay ;

Methought, 'twould more adorn some widow's bed,
Than mark the spot where he unhonoured lay,
The wayward child of war ! the gallant, hapless
NEY !¹⁰

XVIII.

'The wise—the great—the valiant—the august,
Here quickly leave the objects they adore ;
How soon mortality dissolves to dust,
While faithful friends but linger and deplore !
MASSENA ! here, thy countless wars are o'er ;
DAVID ! thy magic pencil's task is done ;
Sad, love-sick HELOISE will dream no more,
Nor wake to find that ABELARD is gone,
And she, poor widowed wretch, left sorrowing
alone !

XIX.

Thou city of the dead ! sad, lovely spot !
Lost in remembrance, buried in the past,
Here, we might deem the present were forgot !
I dearly love this potent charm thou hast !
Bound by thy spell, I linger to the last,
And tread again each cherished, hallowed maze :
Around thy dead, a ray by memory cast,
Illumes a chronicle of bye-gone days
Which freely speaks their meed of censure, or of
praise.

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

THE DISTANT ALPS.

XX.

THE ALPS! the ALPS! they crown the gorgeous
view!
Here, far beneath, slow winds the serpent SOANE!
There, rise the PYRENEES in azure hue!
Remote as eye can trace, the silvery RHONE
Creeps to her footstool, at the Alpine throne;
There, EUROPE'S kings magnificently stand!
The loftiest of the lofty dwells alone,
The hoary monarch of the giant band,
And frowns in stillness dread, o'er the wide, pros-
trate land!¹¹

XXI.

I fain would muse, but Evening's lengthening shades,
Teach me through yonder vale to haste my way;
Soft Twilight reigns amid the verdant glades;
Yon rapid-rolling river chides delay;
Though oft along her shores I long to stay,
To gaze upon her blue—her lovely tide;
Or wondering peep at Nature's frolic play,
Where she awhile her Nymph is pleased to hide
From man's all-prying eye, in caverns deep and
wide.¹²

GENEVA.

XXII.

GENEVA ! how I love thy placid lake,
'Tis here, the wearied soul might sink to rest,
Ay—lulled to slumber, ne'er again to wake,
Repose for ever, on thy tranquil breast.
Here, smiling Peace would dwell, a constant guest ;
Here, Plenty pour her rich, o'erflowing horn :
I know no sweeter spot, by Nature blest,
For man's delight ; with each successive morn,
Again more glorious scenes thy paradise adorn !

XXIII.

Thee seeks the RHONE, and to thy bosom rushing,
Pours there her turbid waves, and sinks to sleep,
'Then smiling wakes, and gaily forward gushing,
Bluer than summer's heaven her waters leap,
Flinging their white foam o'er each circling steep.
Just so have men, world-wearied, sought thee too,
And found much peace within thy glassy deep ;
Ne'er did enamoured Genius vainly woo,
For, round thy sacred shores, his spirit deathless
grew.

XXIV.

LEMAN ! to gaze on thee, by day—by night ;
To watch thy varying face with child-like glee ;

Now palely silvered at the birth of light ;
 Now pranked in jewels, like an emerald sea ;
 Now slowly purpling in tranquillity ;
 One well might deem thy brow with feeling fraught,
 Or ween by moon-lit hour thy dreams may be.
 Such change is thine—as if what in thee wrought,
 Rose to thy sleeping face, to tell some waking
 thought !

XXV.

CLARENCE ! I gaze on Love's devoted shrine ;
 CLARENCE ! there dwells a magic in thy name !
 It stirs a thousand thoughts of thee and thine :
 JULIE ! thou hold'st in death a stronger claim,
 Time shall not quench, but hallow more thy flame ;
 CYNTHIA's bright waters bring thee back to me ;
 'Thou'rt gone indeed—but still are they the same,
 Ev'n now, methinks, thy winged-bark I see,
 Slowly and sadly heave, home-bound from lone
 MEILLERIE.¹³

XXVI.

We know thou'rt but a vision of the mind,
 Yet deem thou didst inhabit mortal clay,
 For still a JULIE upon earth we find,
 Yet love thee more than such ; from thee, decay
 Can snatch no charm, no loveliness away.
 How hath bright Genius peopled LEMAN's shore !
 How lit her mountains with a living ray !
 How woke her silent groves, that slept before,
 Now taught to whisper love, will warble ever more !

XXVII.

'Tis Midnight's noon, I feel her witching power.
 How softly shines the gentle orb of night !
 She pours on CHILLON's venerable tower

Her pallid stream of chequered, silvery light.
 Dim mountains rise in wild, stupendous height ;
 Pale LEMAN slumbers at their rugged feet,
 Nor swells one wave of sparkling, chrystal white,
 To wake the silent shore with hollow beat,
 Where amorous glow-worm's lamp points out her
 green retreat.

XXVIII.

Where walls and water close the dungeon round,
 Where grated windows, darkling, meet the eye,
 There comes, methinks, from out yon bars a sound,
 Like victim's sickening — choking — long-drawn
 sigh !

Three hundred years have swept like phantoms
 by,¹⁴

Since CHILLON'S pillared arch beneath the wave,
 Beheld twain youthful martyrs pine and die,
 And one outlive them on his brethren's grave :
 Rest ye not victims yet ? Hath aught your fame
 to crave ?

XXIX.

Ye rest—ye sleep—'tis but the dungeon's dew,
 Exhaling from their dreary vaults of stone ;
 Or 'tis the scene—the hour that can infuse,
 Into the rushings of the distant RHONE,
 The semblance of a sigh, when thus alone—
 Peace, BONNIVARD ! thou hast inspired a song,
 Which shall outlive these walls, and so atone
 For all the past, henceforth, enrolled among
 Thy country's martyred sons—yes ! Fame requites
 thy wrong.

XXX.

Poor child of anguish, strife, and death ! when
 most

Thy heart has bled, 'tis thine, alas ! frail man !
To make thy false god, Glory, thy chief boast,
And rear thy shrine to him, for Glory can
Assuage thy bitterest pangs ; the cheek, tho' wan
With sorrowing, will flush if Fame but speak,
Nay—whisper of the dead ; and tears that ran
In torrents cease, and Grief with phrensied shriek,
Now sobered down and mute, finds all her longings
seek !

MONT BLANC, AND CHAMOUNI.

XXXI.

MOUNTAIN of mountains !—————

—————Wonder-working God !
Thou hast upreared a throne ! Thou canst reveal
Thyself in outward shapes—ye who have trod
Where now I am, with me have lived to feel
What none can well express, nor yet conceal,
The presence of a God—a consciousness,
That here Omnipotence hath set his seal—
Hath played with worlds—hath rent them—little
less
Than such are piled around, transfixed and motion-
less.

XXXII.

At thy dread presence, Lord ! river and sea,
Silent and breathless stand, poised in mid-air,
The awe-struck billows raise their heads to Thee,
Frozen and pallid with affright, nor dare
To lift their voice, or break ; while pausing there,
The trembling Avalanche awaits thy nod,
Then prostrate falls—ye temples meet for prayer !
Temples, not made with hands ! nor vainly trod.
O'erwhelmed—bewildered—lost, I bow before your
God !

XXXIII.

By day—by night—in calms—in wintry storms,
When closely viewed—when dimly distant seen—

It matters not—thy endless, giant forms
Start from their base with such majestic mien,
The soul astonished reels—the dazzling sheen
Of thy eternal—trackless—spotless snows,
Well shadows forth the purity, I ween,
The might—the majesty—the fixed repose
Of HIM, at whose decree, thy gorgeous summits
rose !

XXXIV.

Thy billows stiffened in their rolling pride,¹⁵
Whose purple waves in yawning gulphs descend,
I tread amazed : behold yon shadow glide
Athwart my path—it stays—I upward bend
A wistful glance—where countless spires ascend,
An eagle soars in heaven-born majesty,
As earth-freed, winged spirits heavenward tend !
Still—still he soars, immeasurably high !
His mate, the thunderbolt—his home, the deep
blue sky !

XXXV.

Thy children, Chamouni, are wont to scale
The eagle's crag, the chamois' dreary home ;
Born in the bosom of thy monarch's vale,
They learn in boyhood on his snows to roam,
Or cross where torrents rage, and frantic foam ;
Till grown familiar with his frozen face,
Have led e'en strangers to his fearful dome ;
One fearless daughter of thy hardy race
Has dared upon his brow, her giddy foot to place !¹⁶

XXXVI.

Behold ! they come, sweet daughters of the hills !
With flowers and fruits, a joyous company,
They climb the steep, they cross the sparkling rills,

Chasing the browsing kids with childish glee,
Tinkle the bells where'er the goatlings flee ;
And hark ! how cheerily the mountains ring !
Yon little choral band, in symphony,
Their wildest warblings to the zephyrs fling,
Their gambols cease the while—and list ! the
 maidens sing :—

SONG .

1.

SISTERS ! SISTERS ! haste away !
Leave the misty vale below ;
Watch the trembling rainbows play,
Where the voiceless torrents flow ;
Climb where Alpine roses grow,
Seek them on the glacier's side,
Pluck them while they freshly blow,
Twine them for CHAMOUNI's bride.
Brightly dawns the blushing day ;
SISTERS ! SISTERS ! haste away !

2.

SISTERS ! SISTERS ! softly creep,
Azure gulphs are gaping wide,
Hand in hand, then downward peep,
Dancing round their slippery side ;
Cross the rugged, icy tide,¹⁷
Climb where crystals strew the ground
Seek them for the Hunter's bride,
Set them in her garland round :
Thus shall we beguile the day,
SISTERS ! SISTERS ! haste away !

3.

SISTERS ! SISTERS ! where ye go,
Singing thus we follow you ;
Daughters of the spotless snow !
Seeking berries bright with dew,
Plucking those of crimson huc,
Offerings for our mountain bride,
Gems, and fruits, and flowerets too,
We will bring at even-tide ;

Home return at close of day,
 SISTERS! SISTERS! haste away!

* * * * *

4.

BROTHERS! BROTHERS! haste away!
 Clouds enwrap the mountain's brow,
 See ye not the lightnings play,
 Wildly leaping to and fro,
 Where the flaming glaciers glow!
 Peal on peal, the thunders break!
 Deeper now the torrents flow!
 Hark ye! how the echoes wake!
 Quickly cross the frozen sea;
 SISTERS! SISTERS! where are ye?

5.

BROTHERS! BROTHERS! have ye seen
 Flowerets scattered o'er the ground?
 Can ye trace where such have been,
 Haply some are strewed around?
 Forward! Forward! Hark! a sound—
 Ayalanche has burst his way!
 Hill and valley now rebound!
 Hapless wanderers! where are they?
 See ye footsteps in the snow?
 BROTHERS! BROTHERS! forward! ho!

6.

BROTHERS! BROTHERS! forward! haste!
 Steps are here—but none come back!
 Leading to that fearful waste,
 Avalanche's wonted track!
 Pines are shattered, scathed, and black,
 Trembling since the Spoiler crossed—
 Blindly forward! though ye lack
 Every vestige of the lost:
 SISTERS! SISTERS! do ye live?
 Avalanche shall answer give!

7.

BROTHERS! BROTHERS! rocks are riven
 Mark ye not the rude death-blow?
 Those ye seek are now in heaven,

Such ye ne'er can meet below.
Harken, Brothers ! seek not now,
Seek not here, for they are not !
Sepulchred in spotless snow,
Mourn their early, hapless lot :
SISTER-spirits ! softly sleep !
BROTHER-spirits o'er ye weep.

XXXVII.

Heaven shield ye safe, ye little, vocal band !
I love to see your sparkling, clear blue eyes,
Your rosy cheeks by purest breezes fanned,
Your tresses floating 'mid the zephyrs' sighs,
Warm are your hearts, and there Contentment lies,
And prints her dimple on each smiling face,
Which tells of joy the free-born heart supplies,
Where Liberty has stamped a nobler grace,
Than Beauty's softer hand, in servile lands can trace.

THE PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

XXXVIII.

Now spies the traveller LA BATHIA'S tower,¹⁸
Where walls and dungeon moulder in decay,
Sad, faded relic of a bishop's power,
Who held this lovely vale in iron sway :
Now treads he CÆSAR'S venerable way,
That leads from SION'S grey, monastic steep ;
Now wearied, waits the roseate dawn of day,
Where TURTMANN'S waves in foaming torrents
 leap,
To climb the SIMPLON'S brow, with slow-ascending
 sweep.

XXXIX.

Day dawns apace—his first, rude blushes peep :
The march begins, and soaring, still ascends,
Mountain on mountain piled, and steep on steep ;
Yon tiny speck, the feeble vision lends,
To mark where stands a town—the white RHONE
 bends,¹⁹
Curled like a silken twist—a hair—'tis lost !
Farewell ! the pine—the moss—the verdure ends.
Welcome ! ye regions of eternal frost—
Eyries, and ice-falls, hail ! hail ! glacier's glittering
 host !

XL.

Hist ! on his icy couch the spoiler sleeps !
He stirs—he wakes—by Desolation flung,
Like thunderbolt, from hill to valley leaps ;
Mountain to mountain shouts with thunder-tongue,
They greet him trembling—a quivering among
The shaggy pines beneath, proclaims their dread—
Air palpitates—the torrent now has sprung,
Wild with affright, from out her rocky bed—
Look up ! the eyry rocks ! the Aiguille nods his
head !

XLI.

DOVERIA's frantic torrent leads the way,
She cleaves the mountain as ye onward tread ;
Heaven, Hope, and Mercy vanish with the day,
And Earthquake's womb seems closing over
head—

Lo ! cascades loosened from their icy bed,
Descend from yon immeasurable height,—
Now like a mist—now waving like a thread
Of silver, on a ground as black as night,
Steal down the wild abyss, and shun the gazer's
sight !²⁰

XLII.

Like dews on dungeon walls, or house of death,
Clings fast, or trickles down the reeking rocks,
Unceasingly, DOVERIA's clammy breath !
Trembles the granite with a thousand shocks !
Where murkier, deadlier shade the pathway
blocks,
Like Stygian gulph descends the fearful way !
But hark ! what din the roar of Ocean mocks ?
Thundering amain, and leaping into day !
Wild FRASSINONE bursts, in terrible array !²¹

XLIII.

Wild FRASSINONE ! how we gaze on thee !
Sublimity around her spell hath thrown,
Flashing and foaming, like an infant sea,
She sends thee forth, majestic, and alone !
Like lightning's glare, through sepulchres of stone !
Still gleaming on and vanishing in smoke !
How GONDO trembles on her marble throne !
Look down the gulph ! what hideous caverns
choke
The hissing—boiling flood, and stem its ponderous
stroke !

XLIV.

Twin walls of adamant now tower to heaven,
And beetling proudly, dim the light of day ;
But yesterday, methinks, by Earthquake riven,
So freshly rent yon massive blocks away ;
But now enthroned for ever seem to say,
“ Ten thousand years pass o'er us as a dream ! ”
They spurn the tyrant Death,—and mock Decay,
Dash from their cold embrace the baffled stream,
Hurl the wild lawine back, and drown the eagle's
scream !

XLV.

'Tis summer tide—and these their softest smiles ;
When winter's wildest, fiercest storms descend,
Ay, then they frown, upreared in ebon-piles,
Pierce through the murky cloud, and darkly
blend
With Tempest in her maddest mood, where penned,
Her gathered thunderbolts in fetters lie—
Yes—lure the vivid flash too weak to rend—
And woe betide the wretch who wanders nigh,
Death rolls alike beneath,—and riots in the sky !

XLVI.

Lo ! Cynthia shines—how bright her starry train !
As winds the way—what see ye smiling there ?
ITALIA ! 'tis thy rich and boundless plain.²²
Welcome ! thy charming face—thy balmy air !
Methinks, I ne'er beheld a form more fair,
A brow more sweet, more soft, more calm than
 thine !
Thy plenteous lap o'erflows with offerings rare
Of fattening olive—and of purple vine—
Dangling from tree to tree, the pendant festoons
 twine !

XLVI.

Birthplace of heroes ! cradle of the great !
Thy Bards prophetic, whither are they sped ?
Swept by thy stroke, irrevocable Fate !
Are they too numbered with the voiceless dead ?
Ah no ! with Empire, Glory hath not fled !
Arts, arms, and virtue, were not born to die !
Still—still they live—their brightness now is shed
O'er LATIUMS' vale, and greets my raptured eye—
Hail, Sons of Italy, your worshipper draws nigh !

MAGGIORE.

XLVIII.

LAGO MAGGIORE ! on thy sleeping waters,
We view thy pale, enchanted palace rise ;²³
'Tis here ITALIA's pensive, dark-haired daughters,
May, wondering, gaze upon the deep blue skies ;
Or, turn to SIMPLON's snows their jet-black eyes ;
In thy green mirror, they may daily see
Their own fair face, and every form that lies
Reflected there ; tower, mountain, tower, or tree ;
Or nightly count beneath, what glittering worlds
there be !

XLIX.

How sweet to watch the gorgeous, setting sun,
Gild all the mountains rising round thy shore—
See ! yonder bark returns, her labour done ;
The joyous song—the lightly plashing oar !
And now by distance lulled they wake no more.
With fragrant wings, a balmy gale comes on,
Deep sighing, yields the lake a perfumed store,²⁴
Yon form colossal, waxes grey and wan ;²⁵
The landscape softly fades, its fairy hues are gone !

MILAN.

L.

BEHOLD where yon proud arch in triumph stands!²⁶
Lo! AUSTRIA's guards advance, array'd in white,
In files, parading with their martial bands;
Enslaved and fallen MILAN shuns the sight!
Beneath yon veil, where woman's eye shines bright,
Mark ye a lovely face of classic mould?
A form how slender, and a step how light!
But yet not such as FLORENCE can unfold;
Where beauty rivals her's, who reign'd in days of
old.²⁷

LI.

MILAN! thy COURSE is peopled by the gay,
Thy nobles wear a careless, thoughtless smile;
By night, what thousands bend their listless way,
Where diamonds sparkle bright in SCALA's pile,²⁸
Sweet music's witching voice is heard the while!
St. AMBROSE' walls are decked with works of art,²⁹
With learned volumes writ in olden style;
But these to some, no pleasure can impart,
Whose duller sense grieves not, tho' Wisdom's soul
depart!

LII.

Hail, dazzling temple! marble-fretted fane!
Thy sainted columns dwell amidst the skies,

Archangel-like, look down upon the plain,
As far as ALPS and APPENINES arise ;
Whoe'er within thy sacred precincts hies,
Will feel a holy awe suffuse his soul—
Mark how yon cloud of incense upward flies !
Hark ! through the sounding aisles, what anthems
roll—
One, long, loud burst of praise pervades the sacred
whole.

LIII.

Here lies St. CARLO in his chrystal shrine ;³⁰
His deeds of love adorn these silver walls ;³¹
But e'en where pomp and pageantry combine,
The form of death the troubled heart appals :
Alas ! thy mouldering corse but mockery calls
Such orient splendour round her cold remains ;
The blaze, which on thy golden vestment falls,
Displays thy shrivelled skin, where throbbed thy
veins,
While Life still breathed in thee, her pleasures and
her pains !

LIV.

Thy deeds were good, thy fame has long to live ;
Thy soul, perchance, now mingles with the blest ;
Say ! can the boons, which mighty monarchs give,
Afford thy pure, seraphic spirit rest !
Why glares his ghastly form in gorgeous vest ?
Why hangs yon jewelled crown above his head ?
Yon heart, yon emerald cross upon his breast ?
Or golden cherub sentinels his bed !
Their tinselled lustre now, seems but to mock the
dead !

COMO.

LV.

I love to float on COMO's sea-green tide,
Skirting the olive groves along her shore ;
By thy white walls, VARENNA, now I glide,
Now, towards yon villa stretch my lingering oar,
Where lived a BRITISH QUEEN, but now no more!¹³²
'Twixt wave and sky, what mountains intervene !
What balmy breezes on thy bosom pour !
Nature has blended in one matchless scene,
Vineyards, and rocks, and clouds, and hills of tenderest green !

LVI.

A sabbath eve on COMO's verdant shore !
A thousand barks are skimming o'er the lake !
But, hark ! I hear the cannon's thundering roar,
How proud RAYMONDA's rolling echoes wake !¹³³
What multitudes the sultry town forsake !
Gay music steals from every martial band !
Or age, or youth, the festive mirth partake ;
What beauteous women crowd upon the strand !
Yet 'tis a sabbath eve ! and this a Christian land !

LVII.

Let BRITAIN blush, nor blame ;--is LONDON free
From scenes like this ? What says the teeming

Park,

Where Fashion's votaries are wont to be ?

What say those crowds, who reeling home at dark,
By deeper revelry their sabbath mark ?

What say those dulcet sounds within our walls,

Where some gay songstress carols like the lark,

But veils the entrance of her festive halls,

Yet still the sabbath's broke, despite the curtain
falls !

LUGANO.

LVIII.

BEHOLD LUGANO basking in the sun,
She seems asleep upon her rocky bed ;
Not so her daughters, see ! their toil's begun,
Beneath their vines they wind their golden thread ;³⁴
Fair Nature's lap with FLORA's gems is spread ;
Yon swan-winged bark has crossed the glassy calm !
LUGANO's sleeping image now has fled,
The parted mirror doubles every charm,
She wakes, she moves, she breathes, all glowing,
soft and warm !

THE PASS OF ST. GOTHARD.

LIX.

Lo! o'er TICINO's arch there comes a crowd—
A long, dark file of mourners wend their way,
They bear a corse enfolded in a shroud—
And now they reach the prison-house of clay,
The last, lone couch—the mansion of decay—
Poor, silent, houseless wanderer! all is o'er.
Poor children of an hour! Alas! to-day
We bring the loved one home—to stray no more!
To-morrow—where are we? laid with the friend
we bore!

LX.

Now up the winding gorge, the rugged way,³⁶
'Mid towering heights, by weary steps ascends:
What thrilling horrors rise at close of day!
A mingled chaos in the darkness blends!
Nought, save the distant gleam the lightning sends,
Ever and anon, a momentary glare;
Nought save the wanton spark the firefly lends,
Careering wildly through the darkened air,
To pierce the traveller's gloom—or snatch him from
despair!

LXI.

He marches league on league, in night's thick shroud,

'Mid scenes of horror time can never blot ;
Now here—now there, the lawine roars aloud,³⁶
He breathes her chilling breath, but sees her not !
The pitchy darkness of yon lonesome spot,
At length displays a faint—a distant light,
Perchance some phantom—no, a friendly cot
Hangs out a beacon from the rocky height ;
'Tis here the wight, way-worn, may haply rest the night.

LXII.

'Tis morn—he climbs the sainted GOTHARD's throne,
Lo ! now 'tis noon—he stands upon his brow ;
Here, many a lovely plant by nature sown,
Blooms fresh and fair, as melts the spotless snow ;
Yes ! painted butterflies he spies below ;
They sip the nectar from some short-lived flower :
Blushing around, the Alpine-roses blow ;
'There, far beneath, behold STAVEDRO's tower,³⁷
And here the Hospice stood, and braved the snow storm's power.³⁸

LXIII.

See ! Avalanche has filled the torrent's bed :
Bursting the bar, the tide leaps through, and lo !
From crag to crag, the snow-arch hangs o'erspread
Threatening, yet impotent, as to and fro,
Beneath portcullis tremblingly we go,
And thread with quickening step the frowning gate,
Though guarded not ; so fleeter seems to flow
Yon foaming flood, as fearful to await
The spell-bound barrier fall, and shuns the captive's fate.

LXIV.

Ye Alp-born Chamois ! grant your speed to me !
 Or, would the mountain eagle's wing sublime,
 Might waft me 'neath yon snow-clad gallery,³⁹
 Where Avalanche, in spring and winter time,
 Is wont to sweep the daring sons that climb
 The GOTHARD'S brow ; ye guardians, shield the
 blow !

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I pass unhurt, yet tremble at my crime—
 For crime it may be called, for one so low,
 To leap the sacred bounds of this wide, trackless
 snow !

LXV.

See ! where the RËUSS pours forth her foaming
 surge,⁴⁰

A rocky mountain rears his frowning head :
 Methinks, yon torrent's roar a solemn dirge,
 Sung o'er the fearful grave of those who bled,
 And stained with gore her icy waters red !
 Methinks, I hear the shriek of wild despair,
 As fell her archway laden with the dead,
 What time the thundering cannon ceased to glare,
 As horse and rider blent, in death lay mingled there !

LXVI.

Perched in the crannies of a lofty rock,
 A Châlet's lattice glitters in the sun ;
 Look up ! yon damsel tends her little flock,
 Where'er the summer's verdure hath begun ;
 And now bright Phœbus' daily course is run,
 She leads them homeward to their pine-log fold ;
 Behold her sire—her brothers, one by one,
 The hardy tillers of the scanty mould,
 Return in peace at eve, and climb their rocky hold.

LXVII.

Rest ye awhile where Freedom's children dwell ;
And mark yon hamlet on the verdant hill ;
Yonder, the birthplace of immortal TELL !⁴¹
Yonder, the tyrant bade him prove his skill ;⁴²
Yonder, was wont his SPARTAN soul to thrill,
His breast to kindle for his country's sake ;
He bade adieu to cot, and purling rill,
A hated despot's galling chain to break,
And wandered round these heights, to guard his
blue-waved lake.⁴³

LUCERN.

LXVIII.

YE calm—ye smiling—ye deceitful waves !⁴⁴
What eye surveys your gently-swelling tide,
These heights' rude base, which softly kissing laves,
Would deem, there lurked beneath an ocean's pride ?
That yon meek waves in mountain-billows ride,
And 'mid their gulphs, the fated bark must sink ?
Or if she 'scape, where, raging dark and wide,
The deadly caldron boils, 'twere vain to think,
Yon rampart-rocks would spare, that frown around
the brink !

LXIX.

But gaze abroad—sure, Nature boasts no clime,
Where scenes of beauty, rapturous and rare,
Blending with forms stupendous and sublime,
Melt into splendour, as they mingle there ?
What can with LUCERN's winning smile compare ?
Or what with bold PILATUS' frowning height,
Yon range of summits glittering in 'mid air ?
Judge ye, can EUROPE yield a fairer sight,
More rife with every charm, to ravish and delight ?

LXX.

On yon grey rock, the THREE, their vigils kept :⁴⁵
And this rude Chapel marks the Hunter's leap ;⁴⁶
Shame, if the soul of Freedom's son had slept !
A Patriot's spirit hovers o'er the deep,
And haunt's each mossy dell, each beetling steep.
Ay ! long will Vengeance brood where GESSLER
fell ;⁴⁷
Ne'er o'er his ruined tower shall mourners weep.
'Mid scenes like these, there needs no mightier spell,
To rouse the matchless thought, that fired the breast
of TELL !

LXXI.

Meek like Devotion in her hour of prayer,
Behold yon simple fane with slender spire ;
'Twas there the hireling Tyrant sank—'twas there
Rude Justice bade the Oppressor to expire.⁴⁸
As twanged the unerring bow with freeman's ire,
Awoke the first, wild note of Liberty,
Pealing from Alp to Alp,—while beacon fire
Proclaimed the despot dead—HELVETIA free !
Ringing throughout all time thy death-knell, Ty-
ranny !

THE RHIGI.

LXXII.

THE toilworn Pilgrim stands on RHIGI's brow ;
He views a threatening cloud enwrap her side ;
'Tis rolling on—'tis red—'tis rending now—
Ha ! see ! how bright, how swift the lightnings glide
With vivid glare into the foaming tide !
Now here—now there, they skim the burning lake !
Dense rolls the flame-fraught canopy and wide ;
Beneath—around, how wild the thunders break,—
Tremble the eternal hills, the ancient mountains
quake !

LXXIII.

The first wild crash hath passed ! 'tis silence here ;
Yon startled mountain now has caught the roar—
Now backward flings her echoes on the ear,
Their lengthened peal rolls louder than before,
So full, so deep, so dread, her thunders pour :
Ten thousand voices, mingling, rend the skies ;
They feebler grow ;—but one is heard—'tis o'er ;
Hist ! 'tis but fancy—no—afar where rise
Yon peaks, the last faint echo wakes again, and dies !

LXXIV.

'Tis gone ! that lurid cloud has spent her ire ;
She leaves the world to Darkness and to Sleep.
But list ! yon drowsy chime from unseen spire !
How soft, how sweet the sound, as zephyrs sweep
The distant vesper, tinkling o'er the deep !
'Tis hushed—but hark ! a second yet more near,
Peals forth with silver tone beneath yon steep ;
Its warnings cease, but rouse another here,
And numbers still around, entrance the wakeful ear !

LXXV.

When every bell has spoke the midnight hour,
And all is lulled to rest ; when moon-beams play,
Where crags on crags, in twilight grandeur tower,
Ev'n higher far than hunter climbs by day,
'TELL's shade is seen to glide, the peasants say,
From rock to rock ; high o'er the sleeping lakes,
His deathless shafts are heard to wend their way :
The eagle flaps her wings, and screaming wakes ;
The chamois dreads their sound, and forth from
covert breaks.

LXXVI.

'Tis early morn ; the East is streaked with light ;
A lingering mist o'erhangs the pallid West ;
The mountain's feet lie wrapped in drowsy night ;
The lakes sleep shrouded in a cold, grey vest ;
The universal world seems still at rest.
Ha—see ! yon frozen peaks have caught a ray
Of new-born light, which fires each icy crest,
Then downward steals as heralding the way
Of the all-glorious orb, the Exhaustless Fount of day !

LXXVII.

He comes ! he comes ! in splendour, youth and
pride,

Untamed—undimmed—and hark ! the Alpine horn !
Gold-fingered Light hath touched the mountain's
side :

Again the goat-herd Minstrel greets the morn !
From ROSSBERG's heights his matin song is borne ;
The lakes, blood-red—in amber, dight the plains ;
The night-shroud gone ; bright jewels now adorn
All nature's realm ; nor yet one spot remains
In drowsy sleep. Awake ! fresh vigour swell my
veins !

LXXVIII.

Awake ! my soul, arouse ! and revel now,
In pure, unmingled joy, thy years allow !
While Life, and Youth, their daylight dreams be-
stow !

While still unmixed with care, untinged with woe,
The life-blood's first, fresh, joyous currents flow.
Methinks, I feel the magic of this land
Of palaces, and seas of ice, and know
What rapture is, where floods by fairy's wand,
Wave into silence all, and melting, kiss the
strand !

LXXIX.

Wild clime ! where rivers rob their hue from
heaven ;
Where hoary mountains blush at even-tide ;
Where icy thunderbolts, the rocks have riven ;
Where roses blossom on the glacier's side ;
Where fire-flies flash, and o'er the torrents ride ;
Where Night, with death-pale Iris, loves to roam ;
Where TELL's wild spectre still is seen to glide,
Where Nature's Babel rears her guiltless dome ;
Where Freedom, aye and Love, have ever found a
home !

LXXX.

Yes! Freedom's home—nor less the home of
Love!

If ever such hath blessed this world of woe,
If love on earth, as pure as that above,
Can burn as bright in woman's heart below;
If streams, that here in virtue's current flow,
As heavenly waters, can as stainless be—
Say—where the land their image can bestow?
Say—where the home of Love and Purity?
If such may be on earth—HELVETIA—'tis with
thee!

LXXXI.

Thou second SPARTA! 'tis a happier fate,
Has blessed thy valour, and redeemed thy blood,
Has found thee worthy, and has left thee great:
The shocks of time thy sacred shrine has stood—
Braving the tempest, lightning, fire and flood;
Bequeathed from sire to son, the boon descends:
By Beauty fondled, and by Freedom wooed,
Bewildered, o'er thee Admiration bends,
What wouldst thou more? if aught—ev'n that En-
chantment lends!

LXXII.

HELVETIA! how thy tide of blood has gushed!
Vouch it, MORGARTEN! vouch it, SEMPACH's plain!⁴⁹
Ah! then thy tear was dried, thy sigh was hushed,
Not one red drop that fell—fell there in vain!
Freedom and Glory triumphed 'mid thy slain;
Alas—how altered now thy brighter day!
Thou! form a link in BOURBON's cankering chain—
Thou! prop Corruption in her last decay—
Thou! dig thyself a grave amidst her mouldering
clay!

LXXXIII.

Faithful in death, yon shaggy Lion lies—⁵⁰
 The slaughtered guardian of an Alien's trust,
 He clasps the royal scutcheon, and defies
 Rebellion, in her bloodiest hour of lust—
 Yet vainly clasps ! from out each mortal thrust,
 The life-blood tide is ebbing fast away !
 HELVETIA ! raise thy mourners from the dust,
 The Lion-rampant has avenged the day,
 When fell thy butchered sons, with BOURBON'S tot-
 tering sway !

LXXXIV.

But cease, fond Soul ! and count yon frozen peaks,
 And name yon seas which glow beneath thy feet ;
 Thine eye, bewildered 'mid their splendour, seeks,
 Some tranquil home, some quiet, cool retreat :
 Then turn where wooded slopes in olive meet,
 Behold the Tyrant's grey and ruined tower !
 Eastward then gaze, on once the happy seat
 Of smiling hamlets, in one hapless hour,⁵¹
 Laid waste, and prostrate, 'neath yon mighty moun-
 tain's power !

THE FALL OF THE ROSSBERG.

1.

'Twas on a smiling autumn day,
 The sweetest in the year,
 When Beauty shed her brightest ray,
 Unsullied by a tear,
 That CONRAD led his blushing bride
 Up the ROSSBERG's sunny side ;
 That morn had seen the silken knot
 Unite for aye their lot.

2.

The bridal train were wild and gay,
Full many an air was sung ;
Full many a floweret fresh and gay,
Before the bride was flung ;
The path was strewed with every sweet,
As Youth and Health, with flying feet,
Ascending sought some shady bower,
Where Love might rule the hour.

3.

An aged pair, with cautious tread,
The hindmost in the throng,
Now climb the steep—now slowly thread
The thicket's maze along :
Their tardy limbs could ill compete
With Mirth and Beauty's winged feet,
Yet were they gay, for Time had cast
No sadness o'er the past.

4.

Now midway up the mountain's brow,
Sate CONRAD and CLORINE,
Nor saw, I ween, the vale below,
So late with rapture seen :
He stole a kiss—he begged a flower,
The sweetest, richest bridal dower !
He whispered love—he dreamed of joy
For aye without alloy.

5.

Ill-fated hour ! too transient bliss !
Alas ! Love's latest breath !
Ah ! was it then his parting kiss,
Embracing but in death ?
Little ye thought that last, sweet smile,
The frown of Fate would so beguile !
Little ye deemed that gentlest sigh
Fell on eternity !

6.

The vulture screams ! her brood forsakes—
The pines are trembling wide—
The mountain shudders—totters—breaks—
Then falls into the tide,

A darkened, shapeless, mingled mass,
The chaos of the form that was,
Heaped, and pent, and strewed around,
A tomb without a bound.

7.

Of all that joyous bridal train,
But two to tell the tale,
The childless, aged pair remain,
Their children's lot to wail :
They saw the yawning chasm rend,
The rock-rent Avalanche descend,
When rose one shriek—they heard no more—
'Twas drowned in ROSSBERG's roar !

THE GLACIER OF ROSENLAUI— THE WETTERHORN.

LXXXV.

PASS ye by SARNEN's lake, by LUNGERN's wave,
Then climb amid yon glacier's icy spires,
There saunter through each crystal grot, and cave,
They sparkle bright with thousand wond'rous fires :
Nay, Wanderer ! stay, yon virgin snow conspires
To hold, by magic rapt, thy 'wilderer eye,
Where the cold shadow falls, a tint acquires
Of azure deep, that shames the pallid sky !
Around yon granite throne, what Aiguilles tower
on high !

LXXXVI.

And higher far, yon Pyramid of snow,⁵²
Peers down, gigantic, on this matchless scene,
As monarchs gaze upon a prostrate foe ;
He reigns arrayed in dazzling, silvery sheen,
From age to age—eternally, we ween,
Breathes forth the icy breath that chills his side—
Chills every stranger's soul, that here hath seen
His frozen image, reared in pomp and pride,
Amidst the fading stars, at earliest morning tide !

JUNGFRAU.

LXXXVII.

'Tis morn, we mount the WENGAN's Alpine steep :
Lo ! see arrayed in spotless purity,
The Virgin Queen of mountains wake from sleep !
Her misty veils, slow melting, upward flee ;
The bashful garb of her virginity
Inwraps her cruel breast in dazzling white—
And some, as cold as thou, on earth there be,
Love never yet hath moved, nor can invite,
Their proud, relentless hearts, at Hymen's fane to
plight !

LXXXVIII.

JUNGFRAU ! the matchless—the sublime—the fair,⁵³
Thy voice was melody in MANFRED's ears—
Yon stern and giant peaks, grown hoary there,⁵⁴
Have stood with thee through all the countless
years,
By day—by night, thy veteran compeers,
Since Time began ; where then thy boast of youth ?
No smiling verdure round thy zone appears,
At foot, no circling flowers are seen, in sooth—
No ! from thy barren breast, the living seek not
ruth !

THE STAUBACH.

LXXXIX.

FULL shines the Sun on STAUBACH's magic streams ;⁵⁵
Her fleecy locks, broad-waving, dance in air ;
Gliding adown each tress, a thousand beams
Glitter like diamonds in a lady's hair !
Behold yon cloud, yon goddess seated there,
With painted bow, amidst the dazzling light !
To what, save voiceless dreams, can ye compare
That giant flood, which vaults from heaven's height—
Then frolics in mid-air, hushed as the foot of Night !

XC.

Flow on ! flow on ! thou fairy-land cascade !
Thou rainbow-goddess ! say, what power detains
Thy flight, till SOL his semi-course has made,⁵⁶
Then bids thee soar aloft, and spurn the plains,
Scattering thy dew-drops in unnumbered stains ?
'Tis noon—she's fled !—now stretch thy lingering
oar
On BRIENTZ' rippling tide, where silence reigns—
Stillness unbroken, where the eagles soar ;
Beneath, ev'n GIESBACH's tide leaps soundless on the
shore.

THE GIESBACH.

XCi.

How wild this nook ! how loud the waters roar ! 56
They headlong fall betwixt the rock and sky,
Deep in the gulph their chilling torrents pour,
One step leads forth into eternity !
Lo ! in this dripping grot, we sheltered spy,
Descending, various-hued, yon watery sheet,
Waving pelucid, as it rushes by !
For some fair Naiad, sure, this spot were meet,
The Genius of the falls—but void is her retreat !

XCII.

Haply she's charmed to yonder Chalet's side,
For list ! wild music steals upon the ear,
It rises now, it echoes far and wide ;
And louder grown, and fuller, and more near,
The chorus swells in accents, shrill and clear ;
Soft voices mingle with the Alpine horn.
These strains oft cost the wandering SWISS a tear ;
On Music's wings his exiled heart is borne
Back to his father-land, from whence 'twas bleeding
torn.

SONG.

1.

Land of mountains ! land of snows !
Joyous land of Liberty !
Where a SPARTAN spirit glows,
Spirit of THERMOPYLÆ !
Where's the Tyrant ? Where's the Foe ?
Stranger, tell me, dost thou know ?
Graves are all I now can see,
Trampled on by Liberty !

CHORUS.

Where's the Tyrant ? &c.

2.

Nature's children, wise and brave,
Are you men as once of old ?
Is there one would be a slave ?
One be bought by paltry gold ?
By the fane, where GESSLER fell ;
By the sacred shade of TELL ;
By the flash, that scathes the fir ;
Still we are the men we were !

CHORUS.

By the fane, where, &c.

3.

Now that battle's strife is o'er,
Crowning you with victory,
Will you revel evermore,
Plunged in slothful luxury ?
Stranger, tho' we live in peace,
Hunters' perils never cease,
Perils thou may'st vainly guess,
Mid our frozen wilderness !

CHORUS.

Stranger, tho' we, &c.

4.

Stranger, here 'twere vain to woo,
Ere the swain had learned to war ;
Ere his aim fell dead and true,

'Mid the Chamois from afar.
 SWITZERLAND has Spartan games,
 Lovers there contend for dames ;
 Winners there, may wooers be,
 As in days of Chivalry,

CHORUS.

SWITZERLAND has Spartan, &c.

5.

Tell us not of coal-black eye ;
 Tell us not of sable hair ;
 These but speak too mournfully,
 Alpine damsels should be fair ;
 Fair we ween, with eyes of blue,
 Locks of orient, golden hue ;
 Hearts whose every beat is free,
 Fetterless as Liberty !

CHORUS.

Fair we ween, &c.

6.

Land of mountains ! Land of snows !
 Joyous land of Liberty !
 Where a SPARTAN spirit glows,
 Spirit of THERMOPYLÆ !
 Where's the Tyrant ? Where's the Foe ?
 Stranger, tell me, dost thou know ?
 Graves are all I now can see,
 Trampled on by Liberty !

CHORUS.

Where's the Tyrant ? &c.

FAREWELL TO THE ALPS.

XCIII.

THE sun descends—I ne'er shall see again,
Yon sun go down, and gild each kingly head.
Upon these ramparts, mournful, I remain—⁵⁸
I fondly watch the changeful tints that spread
O'er each hoar brow, as they around the bed
Of Sickness, mark each hurried flush that sweeps
Athwart her pallid cheek, ere life has fled ;
So here, I lingering gaze, my spirit weeps ;
Like dearest, parting friends, I view yon ALPINE
steeps.

XCIV.

A dusky hue comes creeping o'er the plain :
Lo ! now, methinks, it climbs each mountain's side ;
Their gold grows dim, their glory's on the wane,
As up the heights the murky shadows glide :
Where now your life, your light, your gorgeous
pride ?
Methinks, yon giant forms wax cold and dead,
But see ! they breathe again, for far and wide,
There kindles on their snows a ruby red !
A moment too—and that last, hectic flush has fled !

XCV.

Ye terrible and vast ! in childhood's hour,
To me ye were as things unseen yet feared,
Seeming dread spirits of the dead whose power,
Dwells where the earthly form hath not appeared ;
And when, with awe-struck mind, I saw upreared,
Cloud-girt, and throned in mystic majesty,
Yon thousand god-like forms, they grimly peered,
Dim and unearthly, from the purpling sky,
Like giant phantoms scared—spectres of worlds
gone-by !

XCVI.

Ye pinnacles of grandeur ! will ye go ?
Ay—go and join the silent things that were ?
Ye shall—ye must come back, e'en as the flow
Of Ocean's tide—as lightning-clouds career
Against the onward gale—as sounds of fear,
Wild shrieks, and dying groans, with magic spell,
Still haunt, in lonesome hours, the startled ear !
To me ye shall return—I've loved ye well—
I hear your distant voice—it speaks afar, Farewell !

THE RHINE, BELGIUM, &c.

FALLS OF SHAFFHAUSEN.

XCVII.

YE wondrous falls, how vast your angry sea !
Since 'Time began, till Time shall be no more,
Through all the ages of Futurity,
Your mighty waste of waters still will pour,
Nor cease awhile their thundering, deafening roar !
A speck, a mite, a helpless worm, I feel,
I tremble, standing on your sounding shore ;
O'er the wild tumult of your surge I reel ;
Strange horrors chill my veins, and through my
senses steal !

XCVIII.

But hold ! one thought hath crossed my giddy brain.
This wide, majestic tide must cease to flow,
Time will disclose its splendour on the wane ;
“ This speck, this mite, this helpless worm ” will
show
Itself immortal, while the flood below,
Shall vanish as a dream at dawn of day.
Yes ! then, proud river, thou shalt live to know
Thyself an emblem, formed but to decay,
And thine the fate of things, which earth-born,
pass away !

BADEN-BADEN.

XCIX.

Lo ! now I gaze on BADEN's motley crowd,⁵⁹
Where Beauty walks, where Fashion loves to flaunt.
I see the rich, the poor, the gay, the proud,
Ay—e'en the sick, this scene of pleasure haunt,
They force a smile, as if in health to vaunt
Some dear enjoyment once, they now abhor ;
The poor were rich, but they must bear the taunt,—
Scorn's finger raised ; their folly now deplore,
Beggars by one die's cast, they curse the “rouge et
noir !”

HEYDELBERG.

C.

HIGH on yon hill, which frowns o'er NECKAR's tide,
There lives a monument of bye-gone days :⁶⁰
Amidst its roofless walls, its ramparts wide,
By lightning scathed, by fire, by deadly frays,
Thrice ruined, yet e'en thus, the wreck displays
A statelier pride, though desolate, I ween,
Than when its festive lord sate crowned with bays,
'Mid glittering crowds, and with a monarch's mein,
Quaffed the o'erflowing bowl, and pledged his blue-
eyed queen.

THE RHINE.

CI.

OUR bark is floating on the lovely RHINE,
Nor stays to count the ruins on her steep,
Or gaze upon the tempting, purple vine,
That crowns yon verdant slopes, and downward
 peeps.

While this gay river to the ocean sweeps,
She smiles at Grandeur's relics, stern and hoar !
At every bend, some giant fortress keeps
A mute, and death-like guard along the shore,
No watchman on her tower, no warder at her door !

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

CII.

THY ashes, CHARLEMAGNE, are sleeping there !
Lo ! here, I sit upon thy marble throne :
Where now the terrors of thy sword ? Ah ! where
Thy regal pomp ? this worn—this mouldering stone,
To tell what once thou wast, remains alone !
And yet, methinks, it speaks with louder tongue,
Than monuments with gold and silver strown,
With blazoned arms, or gaudy tinsel hung,
Or decked with pompous strains, by hireling min-
 strels sung.

WATERLOO.

CIII.

Beyond the rocky valley of the MEUSE,
Seek ye the spot where nations sank in strife ?
Quit ye the winding bourn of peaceful views,
For blood-stained fields with fame and carnage rife ?
Ah ! true each Briton loves, as dear as life,
His freedom, bought by hearts as brave as true,
Yet far away, or mother, sister, wife,
Still mourn that fight, still pour their tears for you,
Who found a hero's grave—sepulchral WATERLOO !

CIV.

That flaming star, which scorched the 'frighted
world,
Drawing all monarchs in its lengthened train,
Down from its height by Heaven's vengeance
hurled,
Fell like a meteor on this smoking plain,
In seas of blood, extinguished 'mid the slain.
But yet not idly flowed that life-blood tide ;
Here, ransomed EUROPE, did not bleed in vain ;
Thy glory, WELLINGTON, will e'er abide,
Where conquering PICTON fell, and gallant HOWARD
died.

CV.

How little now to mark this feast of death !⁶¹
How still the graves, where thousands 'neath the
sod,
Here gasped in deadly strife their latest breath,
Mid sighs and groans ! where blood-stained hoofs
have trod ;
Where countless plumes were seen awhile to nod,
As front to front, War's glittering cohorts stood ;
Where Death raged on, a fierce, avenging god,
And revelled long amid the waste of blood,
Which crimsoned all these slopes with one, vast,
purpling flood !

CVI.

When will the fiend, the direful fiend of war,
Ride on the blast, and scorch the world no more ?
When will red Mars dismount his iron car,
Nor wade again 'mid tides of reeking gore ?
Shall e'er be lulled to rest the cannon's roar ?
Oh ! curst ambition, in the breast of kings !
For sure, will heaven, her wrathful vials pour,
So long as man to lust of empire clings,
Down on his latest sons, the scourge of battle brings

ANTWERP.

CVII.

ANTWERP ! thy Citadel lies prostrate here ;
We mournful stand upon its ruined wall ;
These mounds, but yesterday, the hero's bier,
Will soon be shrouded in a grassy pall.
ANTWERP ! 'twas here, the locust-gathered GAUL,
Thousands on thousands, round thy ramparts lay ;
Here, as thy bulwarks, one by one did fall,
The dauntless CHASSE, held thy foes at bay,
Yes, vainly courted death, amidst that fearful fray.

CVIII.

This city, RUBENS ! speaks thy deathless fame,
Upon her walls, thy pencil's wond'rous art,⁶²
Within the soul can raise a holy flame,
Which kindles as we gaze, and melts the heart ;
Such the soft, magic power thy works impart.
For who can view unmoved—The Bleeding-ONE—
The pierced—the CHRIST—nor horror-stricken,
start !
His world of woe ! his agony begun !
The Man of sorrows He, yet still JEHOVAH'S SON !

CONCLUSION.

CIX.

Tis done ! my truant steps now turn to home.
In after years, my soul shall fondly dwell,
Where she, in youth's gay dream, was wont to roam ;
For nought but death, can break the magic spell,
That binds my heart, that bids my bosom swell,
Whene'er young Fancy paints afresh each scene
I loved to view ; yes—oft my tongue will tell,
Again its thrice-told tale to those, I ween,
Whose kindred souls have joyed to rove where
mine hath been.

CX.

My soul shall hover still where LEMAN sleeps ;
Yes ! wing her flight o'er mountains clad in snow ;
Or climb the summits of their rocky steeps,
And gaze upon the purpling lakes below ;
Or watch the ALPS' expiring, crimson glow ;
Or lave in COMO's soft, and sea-green tide ;
Or peep at IRIS where her waters flow ;
Or past the shrine of TELL in rapture glide ;
Ah, yes ! 'mid scenes like these, my heart will still
abide !

CXI.

A thousand pictures in my mem'ry live,
I would not part with for a monarch's throne ;
'Tis all the treasure that the Past can give,
The only treasure I can call mine own.
Nor can creation's fairest works be known,
And still no thought of rapture soaring far,
Ascend to HIM, whose wond'rous hand is shown,
Alike from pole to pole, from star to star ;
Of whose Almighty power, the signs unnumbered
are !

CXII.

Blessed Thought ! thou dearest boon from God to
man !
Thy world within is formed to live and move ;
Thy world, Eternity alone can span !
Where the fond soul can cherish—aye, can love—
Can show an innate evidence to prove,
A part immortal mingles with her clay ;
For Thought all bodiless will soar above ;
And thus her Maker's image can display—
A boon, nor Time, nor Place, nor Death, shall snatch
away !

NOTES.

NOTES.

1.

“ *In days of yore when Harold crossed the seas.*”
See Childe Harold, Canto 1.

2.

“ *Farewell, thou Poet's Cliff! we meet again!*”
Shakspeare's Cliff, Dover.

3.

“ *Hark! louder than the drum, the brazen trumpet calls.*”
While in Paris, the stranger cannot fail to remark the frequent sound of martial music in the streets.

4.

“ *Now speed their headlong course—now curbed, expectant stand.*”

It was the genius of Napoleon, that turned the fiery spirit of the Revolution into a warlike channel, and directed it against foreign powers to his own aggrandizement.

5.

“ *Although no angel o'er thy willow weeps.*”
A willow grows over Napoleon's grave in St. Helena.

6.

“ *Hang in yon gilded dome, a tattered band*”
The gilded dome of the Hôtel-des-Inyalides.

7.

" Ah ! yes, I see a dark-robed, sister band."

The Sœurs-de-Charité, some of whom are of noble family.

8.

" Go, climb yon hill, tis there Affection lends."

The Cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise.

9.

" A noble father and his daughter rest."

Clementine Cuvier, the lovely, accomplished, and pious daughter of the celebrated Baron Cuvier, who died at the time previously fixed for her wedding.

10.

" The wayward child of war ! the gallant, hapless Ney !"

Marshal Ney's monument had been removed by order of the late government.

11.

" And frowns in stillness dread, o'er the wide, prostrate land !"

This view is seen from the heights behind Lyons, the blue mountains to the right are a continuation of the Pyrenees.

12.

" From man's all-prying eye, in caverns deep and wide."

The natural curiosity of the Perte-du-Rhone.

13.

*" Slowly and sadly heave, home-bound from lone Meillerie."*See Rousseau's *Héloïse*, quatrieme partie, Lettre XVII.

14.

" Three hundred years have swept like phantoms by."

Bonnivard was prisoner in the castle of Chillon, from the year 1530, to 1536. See Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon."

15.

" Thy billows stiffened in their rolling pride."

The Mer-de-glace.

16.

" Has dared upon his brow her giddy foot to place !"

Maria-de-Mont Blanc.—The height of the mountain is 15,732 English feet.

17.

SONG.

"Cross the rugged, icy tide,

"Climb where crystals strew the ground."

Crystals and agates are found in great abundance at the Jardin, on the opposite side of the Mer-de-glace.

18.

"Now spies the traveller la Bathia's tower,"

This picturesque ruin which overlooks the Dranse, belonged to the Prince-Bishops of Sion (the ancient Sidunum), remarkable for its isolated crags, surmounted by the ruins of a castle, and two palaces.

19.

"To mark where stands a town—the white Rhone bends."
Brieg on the Rhone.

20.

"Steal down some wild abyss, and shun the gazer's sight!"
The Gorge is enclosed by perpendicular rocks from 1500 to 2000 feet high.

21.

"Wild Frassinone bursts in terrible array!"

The Frassinone plunges into the Doverio under a bridge at the termination of the Gallery of Gondo.

22.

"Italia! 'tis thy rich and boundless plain!"

The valley of Fontana, and immediately afterwards the Val-d'-Ossola comes in view.

23.

"We view thy pale, enchanted palace rise,"

Isola Bella, the splendid palace of the Boromeos.

24.

"Deep sighing, yields the lake a perfumed store;"

The air is completely scented with the profusion of flowers on the Isola Bella.

25.

"Yon form colossal, waxes grey and war;"

St. Carlo Baromeo's colossal statue.

26.

" Behold where yon proud arch in triumph stands !"

Napoleon's Arch, which terminates the Simplon-road at Milan.

27.

" Where beauty rivals her's, who reigned in days of old."

The Venus-de-Medici's.

28.

" Where diamonds sparkle bright in Scalas' pile."

The great Theatre of Scala.

29.

" St. Ambrose' Walls are decked with works of art."

The Ambrosean College contains beautiful pictures, and a most valuable library.—Among other curiosities are exhibited a copy of Josephus, 1400 years old, written on papyrus on both sides,—also a copy of Virgil, said to be in Petrarch's hand-writing, with notes added when he was further advanced in life.

30.

" Here lies St. Carlo in his chrystal shrine ;"

The chrystal coffin is invaluable, and the the silver and gold which adorn this shrine are estimated, independently of their workmanship, at 4,000,000 francs.

31.

" His deeds of love adorn these silver walls ;"

Silver basso-relievos, illustrating the pious actions of St. Carlo.

32.

" Where lived a British Queen, but now no more !"

The unfortunate Caroline.

33.

" How proud Raymonda's rolling echoes wake."

The villa Raymonda, which serves as a lounge for the inhabitants of Como, and is situated about a mile from the town.

34.

" Beneath their vines, they wind the golden thread."

Great numbers of silk-worms are kept here.

35.

“ Now up the winding gorge, the rugged way,”
From Giornico to Faido.

36.

“ Now here—now there, the lawine roars aloud !”
Innumerable cataracts pour into the Ticino.

37.

“ There ! far beneath, behold Stavedro’s tower.”

This, and several adjoining towers, were built by the Lombards in the sixth Century.

38.

“ And here the Hospice stood, and braved the snow-storm’s power.”

The old Hospice was destroyed during the French Revolution.

39.

“ Might waft me ’neath yon snow-clad gallery.”

An Avalanche Gallery has been constructed over the most dangerous part of the road.

40.

“ See ! where the Reuss pours forth her foaming surge.”

The Devil’s-bridge over the Reuss was the scene of a dreadful encounter between the French and the Imperialists, in 1799.

41.

“ Yonder, the birth-place of immortal Tell !”
Bûrglen.

42.

“ Yonder, the Tyrant bid him prove his skill.”

Altdorf, where Tell is said to have shot the apple from his son’s head.

43.

“ And wandered round these heights, to guard his blue-waved lake.”

The lake of “the four Cantons,” or Lake of Lucern.

44.

"Ye calm—ye smiling—ye deceitful waves!"

This, in common with most of the Swiss lakes, is subject to most sudden and violent storms.

45.

"On yon grey rock the THREE their vigils kept."

Stauffacher, Fürst, and Arnold.

46.

"And this rude Chapel marks the Hunter's leap."

The lake is hemmed in by the greater and lesser Achsenberg, which rise perpendicularly from its shore. Tell's chapel stands on a small tabular rock, the only landing place for some distance along the coast.

47.

"Ay! long will Vengeance brood where Gessler fell."

A chapel marks the spot near Küsnacht, where also may be seen the ruins of Gessler's castle.

48.

"Rude Justice bade the Oppressor to expire."

"Fired at the thought, he raised instinctively the unerring shaft to his eye, and as the tyrant fell, the last twang of the slackened bow-string was the first note of Helvetian liberty."—DR. BEATTIE'S SWITZERLAND ILLUSTRATED.

49.

"Vouch it, Morgarten! vouch it, Sempach's plain!"

The plains of Morgarten, and the shores of the lake Sempach, ever memorable for the defeat of Leopold of Austria, in the fourteenth century, by the Swiss Confederates.

50.

"Faithful in death, yon shaggy lion lies."

A fine monument in the garden of General PFYFFER, at Lucern, erected in commemoration of the Swiss Guards, who fell in defence of the Tuilleries—10th August, 1792.

51.

"Of smiling hamlets, in one hapless hour."

Goldau, Busigen, Upper and Under Rütli, with 457

inhabitants, perished on the 2nd. September, 1806, by the fall of a portion of the Rossberg.—The incidents mentioned in the accompanying stanzas are founded on fact, as connected with this melancholy catastrophe.

52.

“ And higher far, yon Pyramid of snow.”
The Wetterhorn.

53.

“ Jungfrau! the matchless—the sublime—the fair.”

Jungfrau (young woman, virgin). This mountain was considered as inaccessible, which circumstance most likely gave rise to its name, but, we believe, one hunter has lately found his way to its summit, and has therefore destroyed the charm.

54.

“ Yon stern and giant peaks, grown hoary there.”

The Silverhorn, Wetterhorn, Faulhorn, Shwarzerhorn, Grand et Petit Eger, &c.

55.

“ Full shines the sun on Staubbach’s magic streams.”

The Staubbach is 900 feet high, and descends in one waving, fleecy torrent, almost without sound to the earth.

56.

“ Thy flight, till Sol his semi-course has made.”

The rainbows are not visible after noon.

57.

“ How wild this nook! how loud the waters roar!”

The traveller passes behind one of the falls of the Giesbach.

58.

“ Upon these ramparts, mournful, I remain.”

The ramparts of Bern, which command a magnificent view of the Alpine range.

59.

“ Lo! now I gaze on Baden’s motley crowd.”

These hot springs were frequented in the time of the Romans, and now are a very fashionable watering place. Gambling is carried on to a ruinous extent here.

60.

" There lives a monument of bye-gone days."

The castle of Heydelberg, one of the finest ruins in Europe.

61.

" How little now to mark this feast of death !"

With the exception of the Belgian lion.

62.

" Upon her walls, thy pencil's wond'rous art."

The Cathedral at Antwerp, which contains RUBENS' celebrated pictures of the " Ascent and Descent from the Cross."

THE END.

THE VICTIM.

A TALE

OF THE

“LAKE OF THE FOUR CANTONS.”

BY

W. H. LEATHAM.

A NEW EDITION

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS,

MDCCCXLI.

THIS,
AND SOME OTHER OF THE AUTHOR'S
EARLY PRODUCTIONS,
ARE DEDICATED
TO HIS MOTHER,
AS A
TOKEN OF FILIAL LOVE AND REGARD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE moral that the following TALE contains, will, it is hoped, compensate in some degree for its fictitious character.

No precise date is affixed to this story, beyond being posterior to the great struggle for liberty, in which TELL gained his immortality, and SWITZERLAND her independence.

The unreserved confidence which "CONSTANCE" places in her lover, is in perfect accord with the great purity and simplicity of manners, which peculiarly characterize the SWISS, and on that ground she may be fairly acquitted of any breach of decorum.

THE VICTIM.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

FLUELEN, the home of CONSTANCE—her virtue and beauty—GRUTLI, MEINRAD'S abode—his bravery and high spirit—kindred spirits—MEINRAD'S Courtship—CONSTANCE accepts him—the perils of his Hunter's life—his feats—his occupation when watching on the snow—his description of Alpine Scenery—evening, night and morning—he gathers flowers and gems—CONSTANCE watches his promised bark—MEINRAD'S form—they sail on the lake—their conversation—she sings—the echoes—the night approaches—they return and find the Old Man on the watch—he blesses them—MEINRAD takes his leave for the last time before they are to be married.

I.

DEEP in FLUELEN'S shady bower, ¹
There bloomed a lone and lovely flower,
Sole daughter of an aged sire,
Whose soul was touched with freedom's fire :
To him was naught to glad the earth,
Save CONSTANCE and a life of worth;
Here, Virtue formed, in Beauty's mould,
A second EVE, as once of old,
Sent like an angel from above,
To light an Eden with her love.

II.

In GRUTLI'S wave-worn—deathless town, ²
A Hunter dwelt—high his renown
Amid his native ice-bound steep,
Where Avalanche in thunder leaps.

A braver warrior in her host,
 All rocky URI could not boast;
 Her Alpine sons of liberty,
 A man more fearless, and more free,
 Than dauntless MEINRAD of GRUTLI!
 The eagle trembled at his tread;
 The chamois knew him well and fled;
 To die, and tempt it were the same,
 So withering fell his deadly aim.
 There dwelt enthroned upon his brow,
 The man-like spirit of the free;
 Save GOD to none his knee would bow,
 He owned no tyrant's sovereignty.
 Within, the SPARTAN'S spirit burned:
 Without, the badge MORGARTEN earned,
 Vowed "ONE FOR ALL, AND ALL FOR ONE," 3
 And stamped him bold HELVETIA'S son.

III.

Some Bards have said, divinely wise!
 (And sure 'tis sweet to think it so!)
 That as each spirit quits the skies,
 To dwell on earth in mortal guise,
 A kindred spirit leaves them too,
 That twain below one bliss may find,
 The union of their wedded mind.
 So MEINRAD deemed, and so it proved,
 For CONSTANCE was the maid he loved.
 She seemed to him that brighter part,
 Which yet was wanting to his heart;
 That tender, blissful, loving thing,
 Careering but on rapture's wing,
 And doubling all that joy can bring,
 To fill, and warm, and light the breast—
 Bearing that gentle offering,
 Which woman's love alone can give,
 To bid the heart's long morrow live,
 To set its aching void at rest!

IV.

I ween, he knew no dextrous art,
 Nor played the crafty suitor's part,
 To gain an entrance to her heart;
 He knew the thought that dwelt in his,

Nor deemed amiss that thought were her's,
Their souls were one—at least in this,
The ken that purity confers.
Nor mingled he amid the crowd,
Who prattle lies with flattering tongue ;
The love he owned was scarce avowed,
A chain unseen around him hung ;
But love will spy the chords that draw
The captive heart, how fine so e'er,
Though none might see, yet CONSTANCE saw,
She felt the link that reached to her.

V.

Too artless was FLUELEN'S maid,
When MEINRAD once had owned love's smart,
To think affection can be paid,
Too cheaply by a woman's heart.
Oh—no ! she framed no lying tale,
Of feelings shocked—or feigned surprise—
The blush that mantled 'neath her veil,
The love that darted from her eyes,
Too plainly told the pleading swain,
His earnest suit was not in vain.

VI.

Such was the man that CONSTANCE loved ;
Each day with hunter's perils rife,
A source of new affection proved,
And twined a charm around his life—
To welcome home that fearless youth,
Was more than happiness in sooth !
Oh ! when they met, 'twas doubly dear,
Beatitude enhanced by fear !
Then MEINRAD spoke of gulphs that yawn,
Insatiate round each icy Horn ;
Of gulphs his dauntless footsteps crossed,
Where many a hardy Swiss was lost ;
And how he scaled the giddy crest,
Where Lämmergheyer her aerie placed, 4
And how he bearded in her nest,
The sovereign of the frozen waste ;
Of nights he spent on some lone rock,
That hourly trembled with the shock
Of Avalanche that rushing by,
Like midnight thunder rent the sky !

Fair CONSTANCE shuddered as he spake,
Yet loved to hear for MEINRAD'S sake.

VII.

Then, as to chase away her fear,
He told how softly charmed his ear,
When wakeful on the frozen fell,
The tinkling of her village bell !
That sound he knew was speaking then,
From out his CONSTANCE' lowly glen,
It reached his icy couch above,
'To tell him of his sleeping love !
How too, at eve, he watched the sun,
First gild FLUELEN'S spire,
Then, ere his glorious course was run,
Light CONSTANCE' roof with fire ;
Yes ! how he watched the trembling light,
Wax fainter, till it vanished quite,
And spire, and cot were lost to sight !
How, as the mist curled up the glen,
From out the slowly-purpling lake,
It veiled the calm abodes of men,
Till fire-light gleams, would fitful break,
Ev'n through the gloaming's stealthy path,
To point each freeman's ruddy-hearth ;
Then turned his eye to GOTHARD'S brow,
To catch his dying ruby glow ;
Then hailed each star, that gathered light,
And twinkled at approaching night ;
Till Cynthia clomb the icy wall,
And shone upon his raptured eye,
As darker grew the nightly pall,
The deep—deep azure of the sky !
Then hoary scalp, and calm lagoon,
Waxed bright beneath the radiant Moon,
And silvered every glittering Horn,
In paly splendour to adorn,
As seeming guardians of the deep,
Their peaceful, midnight hours of sleep !
Whilst far beneath, the lunar-bow,
Was arched with cold and faded ray,
It seemed so flickering, faint, and low,
The ghost of beams that shone by day !
Oh ! then his spirit glowed with love,
He knelt, and breathed a prayer above,

A prayer for her, who dwelt below,
While he was watching on the snow.
Then slowly to his crag he crept,
To dream of CONSTANCE as he slept.

VIII.

But Oh! the light—the blaze of morn!
By man too dazdling to be borne—
That soaring, lofty-pinioned one,
The eagle, only greets the sun!
The diamond sheen of glacier's host,
With crystal pinnacle and spire,
An icy world in glory lost,
With Alp on Alp, engulfed in fire!
None but the hunter sees the world,
In such a flood of light unfurled!
Then burst a thousand waterfalls,
Which darkness' icy spell enthral,
From noon till sunset, joyous melt, ⁵
Gushing adown the mountain's belt.
Such tales would glad the maiden's ear,
While MEINRAD spake she loved to hear.

IX.

Oft as the hunter's footsteps roam,
He stays to pluck the Alpine rose,
And brings a lovely garland home,
Entwined with that sweet flower that blows, ⁶
In regal purple—queen of snows!
Full many a gem, and crystal too, ⁷
The wandering MEINRAD finds the while,
And when they meet his CONSTANCE' view,
Oh! what repayment in her smile!
But more than all, he joys to sail,
Alone with her before the gale;
Borne on the bosom of the deep,
To glide beneath each beetling steep,
Recounting deeds her sires have done,
And how, and where the strife befel,
Pointing the path of Freedom's son,
Tracing the deathless steps of TELL.

X.

To GRUTLI'S shore how oft she gazed,
Where SEELISBERG'S grey brow upraised,

Looks back on her sweet peaceful vale,
 To catch her lover's promised sail,
 Oh ! when it came—what joy to find
 That sail was spread before the wind !
 How slow the gale that brought his bark,
 Love-laden on her silent way,
 But when 'twas nigh enough to mark,
 The form she loved—'twas fond delay !
 'Tis MEINRAD'S form—yes ! none but he,
 The dauntless MEINRAD OF GRUTLI !
 His song—his smile—his stalworth mien—
 His plume—his belt—his garb of green—
 His raven locks—his eagle eye,
 Where soul breaks forth triumphantly—
 His lofty brow where Honor shines,
 And Truth is writ in open lines—
 His bronzed cheek by watchings wan,—
 His every aspect—speaks the man !

XI.

One eve, 'twas thus, from off the pier,
 That CONSTANCE watched his vessel near—
 Whilst he, fond youth, saw well that face
 That beamed with innocence and love,
 So sweet—so fair—he seemed to trace,
 A smile descending from above,
 To light him on his love-bound way,
 With something more than mortal ray !
 Yes ! that soft lip—that azure eye—
 Were melting into ecstasy !
 They told of rapture felt by none,
 Save by that fond, admiring one ;
 Of thoughts, they spake, that burned within,
 Yes ! thoughts unuttered save by them !
 Sure, such a smile from her to win,
 Was worth a prince's diadem.
 Lo ! there she stood, her tresses fair,
 Hung floating in the balmy air,
 A moment's blush was mantling spread
 Upon her cheek, as he drew nigh,
 By fits it deepened, and it fled,
 That lovely cheek—how womanly !

XII.

His bark has touched the shore ;
 A moment sleeps his oar ;

A moment fled—his destined bride,
 Is seated by her MEINRAD'S side.
 The white sails swell before the breeze,
 That whispers through the mulberry trees,
 That whispers round FLUELEN'S bower,
 And seems to sigh in this soft hour,
 An hour so full of rapturous joy,
 Another such might fear to cloy !

XIII.

While gently stealing down the lake,
 The words were these young MEINRAD spake—
 “CONSTANCE ! I roam once more the snows,
 But then return—to leave thee never—
 How bright the thought within me glows,
 For death alone our love can sever !
 The day I seek thy happy strand,
 Us twain shall link in Hymen's band ;
 To night we part—but 'tis the last
 Sad parting here below,
 Yes ! CONSTANCE, when those hours are passed,
 We shall no parting know !
 I'll leave no more my lovely bride,
 I'll never—never quit thy side !”

CONSTANCE.

“And wilt thou roam no more from here,
 “But dwell within thy village bourn ?
 “Then ne'er shall CONSTANCE shed a tear—
 “Nor o'er her absent MEINRAD mourn !”

MEINRAD.

“Away—then every woman's fear !
 Thou canst not be but happy here—
 From every ill to keep thee free,
 My daily—hourly, task shall be—
 A chalêts hearth shall glad thine eye,
 When winter's blast howls dismally ;
 Full many a kid shall know thy voice,
 Capering round thy fold rejoice ;
 Yes ! CONSTANCE, seated 'neath the shade,
 Of walnut, vine, and mulberry,
 Where choristers have perched and played,
 Where oft has hummed the tuneful bee—
 How joyous will the moments flow !
 My life—my light—mine idol, thou !”

CONSTANCE.

"If this may be—as sets the sun,
 When hours of cheerful toil are done,
 Our little bourn we'll roam about,
 To spy some unseen beauty out,
 Some charm, new-born shall then arise,
 To glad our earthly paradise."

MEINRAD.

Aye—CONSTANCE! doubly sweet with thee—
 To watch each favorite flower or tree;
 And doubly sweet, as sabbath bell,
 Peals deeply from our lowly dell,
 To hie to GRUTLI'S house of prayer,
 To pour our joint petition there—
 For angel-like to thee 'twas given,
 To point my pathway up to heaven;
 From thee I learnt to prize,
 A mansion in the skies!

CONSTANCE.

"Nay—Hush! we're moulded in one frame,
 We both adore our Maker's name—
 Ah yes! on earth, we're one in soul,
 And, one in heaven our destined goal!
 A brighter—better—purer world,
 Is virtue's blissful destiny—
 Where Love's white banner waves unfurled—
 There waves through all eternity!"

XIV.

Awhile she ceased—her azure eye,
 Met MEINRAD'S gazing pensively—
 Ev'n as their native, purple lake,
 Whose waves around FLUELEN break,
 Their boundless love seemed little less—
 So pure—so deep—so fathomless!

"Say, MEINRAD! can this ever be—
 Such bliss were sure denied?
 I'd rather live—and die with thee,
 A freeborn hunter's bride,
 Than aught on earth beside!
 Though lowly be our lot,
 There reigns within a cot,
 A peace that pure contentment brings,
 Too pure to glad the throne of kings!"

MEINRAD.

“It is that peace—that pure delight,
Which rises on my raptured sight,
Of joy it tells in store for me,
Could but that joy be shared by thee!
Ah yes! ’twere sweet to live below,
With one whose every wish I know,
Whose every thought, I feel is mine,
My soul is wedded now with thine!”

CONSTANCE.

“But ev’n this dream of joy,
My woman’s fears alloy;
It is a dream—thou dost not know,
What strange mishap may wake in woe!”

MEINRAD.

“Away! sweet CONSTANCE, with that thought,
It clouds the joy so dearly bought—
It dims the hour, whose moments glow
The brightest in our walk below.
Away! with every thought of ill—
Another’s breast such fears might fill—
They must not—shall not rest with thee—
Thy heart should beat too happily!
Come—glad me with thy wonted lay,
Perchance ’twill chase thy fears away.”

XV.

A smile around her soft lip played,
As CONSTANCE joyous, thus obeyed.

SONG.

1.

Baron Henry was wedded in Toggenberg’s Hall, ⁸
To the beauteous Ida, the flower of St. Gall;
Weary hours that erst lingered in Toggenberg’s Tower,
Gaily danced in the Eden of Ida’s soft bower;
Day and Night chased each other so quickly away,
With the fulness of pleasure, the warbling of song;
Was there ever a rapture, ye lovers! Oh say!
But it stayed there to glad ye in passing along?

2.

Baron Henry to Ida had given a dove,
All the down on its bosom was pure as her love,

When her Henry was absent, she fondled his bird,
 Perching on her white shoulder, 'twould quit its warm nest ;
 All the soft things she whipered that little one heard,
 Oh ! how sweetly it nestled, and cooed in her breast !
 And oft in her pastime she gave him her ring,
 Which he bore round her chamber on frolicsome wing.

3.

In a moment, unthinking, to greet the blithe day,
 Ida opened her lattice—her pet flew away !
 Soon his soft wings returned, but they brought not with them,
 Any gladness to Ida, she mourned for her gem ;
 'Twas the gem of all others, the gift of her lord,
 Yes ! his last dearest token, the seal of his love,
 'Twas the signet of Hymen, that plighted his word ;
 Then think how she chided that sly, wanton dove !

4.

Ah ! the fate of a stripling may hang on a ring !
 There's a magical power in that glittering thing !
 Baron Henry was hunting, as homeward he hied,
 From his castle to greet him there came a fair page,
 On his lily-white hand, Baron Henry espied,
 Ida's pledge that he gave her, and trembled with rage.
 Not a word—it is done, and that fair youth is bound
 To the fiercest of chargers that pranced o'er the ground !

5.

Oh ! 'twere well had his anger been sated with ill,
 Fiercest jealousy burned in his hot bosom still :
 Henry flew like an arrow to Toggenberg's tower,
 Never chieftain so frantic, so blinded with ire,
 For he hurled his young bride from her green-mantled bower,
 Like the hurricane's blast, or a whirlwind of fire !
 But she clung to the ivy that grew round the pile,
 Like the sea-gull that builds on a lone, rocky isle !

6.

Like a dreamer from sleep, Baron Henry awoke,
 How deathlike the sadness that over him broke !
 When he gazed on the Eden his Ida had made,
 Alas ! with her beauty that Eden had sped !
 When he gazed on the harp, that his Ida had played,
 How her innocence spoke, now its music had fled !
 " Gentle Ida ! my Ida ! what then have I done ?
 " Ah ! how fearful the moment that finds me alone !

7.

"See! a phantom is walking the dim-lighted hall!
 "Oh God! 'tis her spirit that speaks from the wall!"
 "Henry! ne'er shalt thou see me, I leave thee for ever!
 "Seek me not in the wide world, I go far away,
 "Yet know I forgive thee—thy wrong cannot sever
 "The hearts that were one in the morn of their day!"
 Ida spoke—and then vanished like mist on the hill,
 And the voice that she uttered is deathlike and still.

8.

She was seen ne'er again by the Lord of St. Gall,
 Though she dwelt in an abbey beneath his high hall.
 Like a blessing from heaven, when the lost bosom clings,
 To the dawns of hope, as they shine through the tear;
 Like the voice of an angel with balm on its wings,
 Ida's pardon breathed comfort, and fell on his ear;
 For the deed of his jealousy wrongfully done,
 Henry spent all his lifetime in penance alone.

XVI.

She ceased to sing—but still there played,
 The echo of her melody,
 And many a low response was made,
 Repeated by the listening sky,
 Or melted by the tranquil lake,
 Like fleecy cloud, or snowy flake;
 Around the shore the last note creeps,
 Then dies away among the steeps;
 Where'er they floated on the tide,
 The softest whispers still replied;
 Along the coast each rocky cove,
 Or asked, or answered of their love.
 All fear had fled, and all alloy,
 To mar the fulness of their joy—
 An hour it was of heavenly bliss—
 A brighter world that shone in this!

XVII.

The sun had sunk the hills below;
 The ruby paled on GOTHARD'S brow;
 Then, star by star lit up the sky,
 And twinkling spoke of worlds on high;
 Had tolled full many a vesper bell,
 That Day had bid his world farewell;

Huge, bleak, and dim, the giants grew,
That brooded o'er the deep ;
Murkier waxed the shadowy hue,
That mantled all in sleep,
Each darkling spire like warning ghost,
Stood bending o'er the fading coast ;
The shore around, and on the heights,
There shone a thousand flickering lights ;
A thousand such were on the sea,
But pictured there more tremblingly !

XVIII.

'Tis night—the bark has found her way,
Again to deep FLUELEN'S bay ;
An aged man awaits her sail
The children of his love to hail—
Lo ! now their voices greet his ear—
Full soon the dim white sails appear—
They come—they come—a moment more—
They leap upon the rocky shore ;
The old man clasped his child,
And gazed on both, and smiled.
He blessed the twain with trembling hands,
But part they must—the hour commands—
Yet not as erst when MEINRAD sailed,
For tho' the future's face was veiled,
They parted now with scarce a sigh !
If ever Life had power to bless,
She smiled on their futurity,
With youth—health—hope and happiness !

P A R T I I .

A R G U M E N T .

An old suitor of **CONSTANCE'** described, whom she had rejected—his mysterious and wicked character—jealousy brings him back in disguise to **FLUELEN**—he meditates revenge—the approaching Fête at **EINSIEDELN**—the troop of Pilgrims—their song—they embark for **BRUNNEN**—their song renewed—a storm comes on—rages, and rolls away—**CONSTANCE** sets out for the Fête—she passes various objects on the lake—sees her **MEINRAD'S** abode—her bracelet falls into the water—she remarks for the first time her pilot—his deadly gaze—she recognizes him as her old suitor—he vows to drown her if she will not be his bride—she refuses—kneels—he hurls her into the lake—she sinks, and prays for her murderer—her lover away on the hills—**MEINRAD** feels a sudden fear, which causes him to stagger and fall as he crosses a gulf—his spirit joins that of **CONSTANCE** in a better world—a sick man is brought to the Convent at **ALTORF**—he speaks to none—refuses all Christian communion—his convulsed and agitated state—he raves—is haunted by a vision of **CONSTANCE**—curses and dies—the **FRIAR'S** terror at the awful spectacle—the peaceful death of **CONSTANCE'** aged sire—the general lamentation for **CONSTANCE**—her grave unknown—reflections and moral of the story.

I.

A man there was, unknown by name,
Who once had sued for **CONSTANCE'** hand,
But unrequited was his flame,
He wandered in a foreign land.
Unkenned his birth—his rank to all,
Or whence he came—or where he went:
Tho' deemed by some a son of **GAUL**,
That thitherward a spy was sent—
Yet this was disavowed by none,
HELVETIA, owned him not her son!
But who he was—time yet may bring
To light the strange, and hidden thing,
If **CONSTANCE** knew—she ne'er revealed—
When asked of him, her lips were sealed.

II

The wide world he had roamed about,
 In learning's highest walk had trod,
 But madly wise, had learn'd to doubt,
 The very being of a God !
 From that same hour, his tainted heart,
 From peace and virtue seem'd to part ;
 He owned nor law—nor creed,
 His lawgiver his deed ;
 The wayward passions of his breast,
 The only guides his soul confessed ;
 Through every change of good or ill,
 He sought to sate his lordly will ;
 Forgiveness fled his selfish heart ;
 Revenge for mercy took the part ;
 Unblessed was his lip by prayer,
 Instead, a curse seemed breathing there ;
 Sabbath was stranger to his soul ;
 And year by year unheeded stole,
 Unheeded, save as each might bring,
 Its cup of joy, or scorpion's sting.

III.

For pleasure's sake, he cared to live,
 For aught beside, he willed to die ;
 For all the joyance life can give,
 He sought—but sought it wrongfully.
 Each word—each look he had at will,
 No wonder then they worked for ill—
 Yet such the man, who sought to win
 A maid—so pure—so meek—so lowly—
 As pure as mortal maid from sin—
 If angels dwelt on earth—as holy !
 The force he tried of every while,
 Her youthful bosom to beguile ;
 Yet art on art was vain—
 Her love he ne'er could gain ;
 So, hopeless, parted but to roam,
 All recklessly without a home.

IV.

No longer was the world to him,
 A sunny world—its light grew dim ;
 A blasted—hapless man he strayed
 There dwelt within his breast,

A canker worse than sin had made,
 A torment ne'er at rest!
 "What! foiled by one, poor, lowly maid!"
 "His joyance fled—his hopes betrayed!"
 Revenge, and Death—broke o'er his dream,
 "Revenge! Revenge!" his only theme!

V.

In fit disguise he gained the spot,
 Where love had cursed his wayward lot.
 That heart he saw resigned to one,
 A holier—purer flame had won;
 He heard the lover's parting vow,
 He saw them meet, he saw them sever
 And twice he muttered, deep and low,
 "They shall not meet again! no, never."

VI.

One radiant moon had waned away,
 Since MEINRAD left FLUELEN'S bay:
 At length approached the rite divine,
 When CONSTANCE vowed at "MARY'S" shrine;
 Right godly Anchorites await,
 At EINSIEDELN, the holy fête; 9
 And pilgrims gather far and wide,
 To cross to BRUNNEN on the tide.
 But list! their hymn adown the vale,
 Steals wildly on the morning gale!
 And clearer still, and louder grown,
 As troop on troop are seen afar;
 Awhile their lengthened march is shown,
 Then lost where winding gorges are—

PILGRIM'S HYMN.

1.

"St MARY! we thy pilgrims are,
 "Journeying from afar;
 "The hill—the vale—the mead along,
 "Re-echoes to our song!"

2.

"Our march began with morning's star,
 "Wakes like the tramp of war,
 "Till vesper bell has died away,
 "Ev'n at the close of day,

3.

“The field our camp—the sward our bed—
 “And there our meal is spread ;
 “Ave Maria ! shield from scathe !—
 “Oh, shield our Father’s faith !

They throng FLUELEN’S woody glen,
 Each with an offering, maids and men ;
 Both old and young, and poor and great,
 Are journeying to the solemn fête.
 Nor tarry they, round LUCERN’S shore
 Is quickly roused, each slumbering oar.

VII.

Oh ! ’tis a joyous sight to see !
 Yon crowded barks are gliding by,
 So gay with pilgrim company !
 Their coiffeurs, beads, embroidery ;
 Their costumes all of rainbow dye !
 They sail—they sail—how wild and high,
 Breaks the full chorus to the sky—
 A thousand tongues in symphony !

4.

“Our bark is trimmed—and fair the gale,
 “We stretch our oar and sail ;
 “Our shallop light, from swell to swell,
 “Bounds like a wild gazelle !

5.

“Ave Maria ! greets our skiff,
 “Answering from each cliff
 “Ave Maria ! shield from scathe,
 “Oh, shield our Father’s faith !

Their song grows faint, their bright hues fade,
 The pageant dwindles into shade ;
 Yet still a lingering echo plays,
 And oft a flash of silvered rays,
 In fitful gleams is seen to break,
 Far—far away upon the lake.
 While tracing thus their distant oar,
 Kindling yon sparks along the shore,
 Receding still, how sweet to hear,
 Their hymn expire upon the ear !

VIII.

The sky grows dark, and darker still
The swarthy bosom of the lake ;
Deep silence sits on every hill ;
The linden durst not wave or shake.
Murkier—deadlier the gloom ;
FLUELEN seems a tomb ;
Fair LUCERN'S lake, a sepulchre,
Wherein are swept all things that were.
A horrid pause—a time of dread—
For every living thing hath fled !
Now streams athwart the tempest's night,
A hideous flash of sulphur-light ;
Anon—the thunders break !
(So wild—so deafening was the stroke,
Aghast each giant mountain shook !)
And hark ! around the lake,
How dread the echoes wake !
The rampart-rocks seem rent asunder,
By every fitful burst of thunder !
The battle roars, from height to height,
Filling with wild amaze each glen,
The peel---the crash---the din of fight,
Which Alp on Alp flings back again !

IX.

But few, and big the drops that fell
Upon the water's sullen swell ; .
Yet long and loud the tempest's roar,
Deep volleyed round the trembling shore.
Now gathering here---now gathering there---
It cast a moment's fearful glare,
Till rolling down the darkened sea, 10
It left FLUELEN still, and free.

X.

The threatening storm, and tempest's ire,
Were seen by CONSTANCE' aged sire ;
Fearful he bade her bark delay,
Till cloud and thunder passed away.
All now were gone, and none but she,
Remained of pilgrim-company.
Joyful that all seemed hushed again,
She peeped from out her rocky glen ;

A bark she saw within her reach,
 Moored on FLUELEN'S stony beach,
 An only bark---and one with her,
 Who seemed the shallop's mariner.
 Then CONSTANCE' sire, albeit late,
 Would have her join the morrow's fête.
 The future's face he little knew,
 But blessed and bade his child adieu.

XI.

The sun shines bright, but in the air,
 There dwells a chill the tempest leaves.
 For BRUNNEN'S town, the breeze blows fair;
 The loosened bark now gently heaves;
 She bounds with joy o'er yon blue tide,
 Which erst so deadly dark was dyed.
 Now proudly tower on either hand,
 The ACHSENBERG, and SEELISBERG, ¹¹
 Two giant crags, that beetling stand,
 Triumphant o'er the circling surge.
 And when they reached the shrine of TELL,
 Fair CONSTANCE knew, and marked it well—
 But Oh! how fondly dwelt her eye,
 When GRUTLI'S spire was seen on high!
 Oh! then how bright that soft eye glowed,
 (Alas, Love's vision errs!")
 She deemed she saw his blest abode—
 Yes! MEINRAD'S home—and her's!
 "Ah! where is he? His footsteps tread,
 "O'er many a frozen torrent's bed.
 "Far o'er the Alps his swift feet roam,
 "Away from that sweet, peaceful home!
 She turned—and fondly gazed her last
 Till spire, and town, and coast were passed!

XII.

Lo! as she stretched her soft, white arm,
 Her dazzled eye to shield from harm,
 Her faithless bracelet fell,
 Plashing it sank into the lake,---
 And much she mourned for MEINRAD'S sake,
 The gift she loved so well.
 'Twas then she chanced to mark,
 The man that steered her bark;
 Fixed was his gaze, like venom'd snake,

Erect, his fatal spring to take—
 On her he gazed so piercingly,
 She quailed beneath his deadly eye!
 But why yon glance so fiercely shot,
 A glance once seen, and ne'er forgot?
 Back o'er the past her memory ran,
 Had she not seen—not known the man?
 Of all men most she feared to see—
 Oh heavens! and could it then be he?
 That form, alas!--she knows it now!
 The chill of death comes o'er her brow—
 "'Tis he!" she shrieks, "Oh God! 'tis he!"
 "Protect a maid from infamy!"

XIII.

"CONSTANCE! thou know'st my suit," quoth he,
 "A suit, for sooth denied,
 "This lake---I vow, thy grave shall be,
 Or, swear to be my bride!"
 "Never! Oh never! Let me die!"
 She shrieked in fearful agony—
 "Rash maid! and wilt thou brave me now?
 "See'st thou the yawning gulph below?
 "Aye—see'st thou not yon chilly wave?
 "Thy word revoke---or 'tis thy grave!"

XIV.

Down knelt the maid, her tearful eye,
 To Heaven she raised imploringly—
 "Great God! my MEINRAD is not nigh—
 "If such thy will— I die! I die!"
 What fiend so fell, so foul, as stand,
 And mark yon maiden's brow,
 Wrung in her bitter woe,
 In youth, in bloom, in loveliness,
 Nor feel one pang at her distress?
 And durst thou lift thine impious hand,
 Lest Hell should blight thee with its curse;
 Ay! sear thee with a withering brand,
 Like murderous CAIN, for thou wert worse?
 Or, was it Heaven's all-righteous will,
 That thou should'st fill thy meed of ill?

XV.

Ev'n as she weeping knelt in prayer,
 Ruthless he siezed her silken hair,

Nor stayed her prayerful lip to mark,
 But hurled her from the quivering bark !
 One heavy plunge—one woman's shriek—
 Her life's last, ebbing struggles speak—
 Her look now fixed on that fierce brow ;
 As o'er her lips the chill waves flow,
 Her gurgling voice, that ceased to live,
 Still faintly muttered,—“ I forgive !”
 And as she sank, her tranquil eye
 But gazed on his more wistfully !

XVI.

Where now that maid—the pure—the fair ?
 A moment saw her seated there,
 A moment more, her form is fled ;
 So softly sealed above her head,
 The waters leave no trace behind,
 Save one that haunts the guilty mind !

XVII.

Ah ! where the lover of the dead ?
 That widow'd one—and yet unwed !
 The self-same hour that CONSTANCE died,
 The chain was snapped, that bound his side !
 Say—was it some unwonted start,
 That thrilled a dagger to his heart ?
 A sudden fear ?—than fear—'twas more—
 An anguished pang unfelt before ;—
 A dread that flashed across his brain,
 Like deathbolt on the battle-plain ;
 A chilling, withering blast,
 That told him hope was passed ;
 A voice that whispered in his ear,
 So sad—so ghostly—and so clear—
 “ Thy CONSTANCE calls thee to her bier !”
 But one false step—and all is o'er !
 The widowed MEINRAD lives no more !
 And wert thou called, young MEINRAD, say,
 To share a brighter world of love ?
 Thy kindred spirit winged its way,
 To seek thy ransomed bride above,
 To taste of bliss without alloy,
 Still kindred in eternal joy !

XVIII.

Had waxed the moon, and waned again,
 Since pilgrims thronged FLUELEN'S glen ;
 The nightly wind with dreary wail,
 Blew shrill down ALTORF'S darkened vale ;
 When loudly shook the convent's gate, ¹²
 But who were they who knocked so late ?
 A sick man in their arms they bore,
 Then laid him at the holy door,
 Full many a friar thronged to see,
 The man they left thus hastily.
 They queried of his home, and name,
 Then how the sickness o'er him came ;
 Away he turned from every one,
 Or sign, or answer, made to none.
 Nor Christian symbol would he own,
 Although by sainted palmer shown ;
 His hand he waved to those who held
 Before him JESUS' sign of eld.
 The friars crossed themselves, for well
 They might, to see an infidel !

XIX.

Yet paler grew, and yet more wan,
 The visage of that dying man ;
 He lay awhile, as still as death,
 So feebly seemed to draw his breath ;
 He hid, anon, his ghastly head,
 Then rolled convulsed upon his bed ;
 Anon—up-started from his couch,
 As though he feared a phantom's touch ;
 Not one amid that company,
 Could brook the fierceness of his eye ;
 It rolled—it glared—it struck the sight,
 With more than mortal—lurid light,
 To blast as 'twere with fire from Hell,
 The brow whereon its lightnings fell !
 Like one that dies a murderer's death,
 He gasped with clenched teeth for breath ;
 Anon, some wild unearthly sound,
 Would break the antique chamber round,
 So loud the shrieks, the mingled rout,
 Trembled to hear, that stood without !
 Accents they were, that all might fear,

Though few interpret what they hear.
 Yet were there some, that knew them well,
 He spake, said they, of Death, of Hell,
 Of judgment day—of righteous ire,
 Of deathless worm, of quenchless fire !

XX.

But once his rolling eye was fixed,
 Intent the holy men betwixt,
 And then broke forth his stifled cry—
 “ She gazes still—yon silent eye
 “ Beneath the wave, is fixed on me !—
 “ On me—on me—so wistfully !”
 Back starting then, he hid his head,
 As paralyzed with inward dread ;
 Then rose again, as one in death,
 With gurgling throat and struggling breath ;
 The sweat stood chill upon his brow ;
 His eye grew glazed, and ceased to glow ;
 On Satan’s name he called, and cursed,
 Then sank, for death had done its worst !

XXI.

The holy brethren stood aghast,
 They feared to think that breath his last—
 They ne’er had seen so dread a sight,
 As lay before their eye that night ;
 The visage of the dead was writhed,
 More fiendlike seemed than when he breathed !
 A death so dread amid the gloom,
 Must haunt each witness to the tomb !
 Full many a prayer uprose on high ;
 Full many a bead was told ;
 All looked, and longed for morning nigh,
 Its sunshine to behold !

XXII.

While sunk in rest, that self same night,
 A sainted spirit took her flight.
 Fair CONSTANCE’ sire, an aged man,
 His finished course in calmness ran.
 He breathed no sigh—no sign he made ;
 The morrow found him softly laid,
 As one who took his peaceful sleep,
 In slumber more profound and deep ;

So gently passed away his breath,
On him so light the hand of death.
Oh ! had he known his daughter's fate,
Had sank his hoary head in tears,
But on his furrowed brow there sate,
Contentment, with her ripened years !
Old age to him brought no alloy,
But sunset seemed of all his joy !
In death, by faith in ONE, 'twas given,
The sire should meet his child in Heaven.

XXIII.

Fair CONSTANCE slept beneath the wave,
Though none there were that knew her grave ,
Full many a widow's tear was shed,
Full many an orphan mourned the dead ;
For oft had glowed the widow's eye,
And orphan's, with her charity.

XXIV.

Just Heaven ! 'twas thy all-wise decree,
No bliss on earth should perfect be ;
Their cup of wrath the wicked fill,
For Hell,—but worth and purity,
On Earth, meet oft what seemeth ill,
In Heaven full recompence shall be !

THE END.

N O T E S
TO
T H E V I C T I M .

I

" Deep in Fluelen's shady bower,"

Fluelen, a small port on the lake of Lucern, in the canton of Uri.

2

" In Grutli's wave-worn, deathless town,"

Grutli, a small village in an angle of the lake of Lucern, and opposite the port of Brunnen. The locality is rendered "deathless", from having been the nightly rendezvous of the Swiss Confederates. They met at the foot of the rock of Seelisberg, in a lonely strip of ground, surrounded by thickets, called the Meadow of Grutli.

3

" Vowed, ' One for all, and all for one'."

The Confederates, after their victory over Duke Leopold of Austria, in 1315, at Morgarten, renewed their ancient bond of union, as expressed in the above comprehensive motto.

4

" Where Lämmergheyer her aerie placed,"

The lämmergheyer is the great vulture of the Alps. He wages a continual warfare with the chamois, and has been known even to attack oxen in some parts of the canton of Uri. After wearying his prey by a long chase, he at length drives him to some isola-

ted rock, where the chamois has no alternative, but that of facing his adversary; in putting himself in a posture of defence, his equilibrium becomes very critical—and the lämmergheyer, after making several feigned swoops, succeeds at length, by one powerful stroke of his wing, in hurling his victim over the precipice. Dropping down after him, with all the air of a conqueror, he dispatches the unhappy creature with a stroke of his beak, and enjoys the feast at leisure. (See Dr Beattie's "Switzerland.")

5

"From noon till sunset joyous melt,"

The generality of Swiss waterfalls begin to flow on the first melting of the snow, early in the month of May, and cease towards the end of September; but some run only during the day-time, and one, the Griesen-bach, that rises at the foot of Mount Blake, runs only from mid-day to the setting sun. (See Cox's "Switzerland.")

6

"Entwined with that sweet flower that blows,"

The gentiana-major grows in profusion within a few paces of the glaciers.

7

"Full many a gem and crystal too,"

Fine specimens of agate and crystal are found among the Alps, and those of St. Gothard are generally superior.

8

SONG,

"Baron Henry was wedded in Toggenberg's hall,"

The facts related in this song are historically authentic, and may be met with in that admirable work, Dr. Beattie's "Switzerland." The only liberty taken with the narrative, is the metamorphosis of a raven into a dove.

The ancient fortress of the Counts of Toggenberg crowned a rock not far from the present convent of Fischingen. (Canton St. Gall) It was in one of the cells of this convent, that the beautiful Ida ended her life.

9

"At Einsiedeln the holy fête,"

The abbey of Einsiedeln is romantically situated in the valley of Sil, (Canton Schwyz.)

A great annual fête is held there on the 14th of September. An immense number of pilgrims flock to this anniversary from all the cantons of Switzerland, the Rhenish provinces, and various parts of Germany. They appear in their native costume; many of them bringing offerings from those who are prevented from joining the pilgrimage.

10

"Till rolling down the darkened sea,"

The lakes in Switzerland are called "seas."

11

"The Achsenberg, and Seelisberg,"

Between Sissigen and Fluelen are two mountains, the greater and lesser Achsenberg, whose rocky sides rise perpendicularly out of the lake of Lucern to a prodigious height. They afford no landing place, except one small tabular rock level with the water, on which is erected a chapel, in commemoration of Tell's Leap from the boat in which Gessler was conveying him, with the intent of placing him in perpetual imprisonment.

12

"When loudly shook the convent's gate,"

The Capuchin convent at Altorf.

The market place of this town is celebrated as being the spot where Tell, at the inhuman command of Gessler, shot the apple from his son's head. The village of Burglen, the birth place of Tell, is not far distant. Altorf is about half a league from Fluelen.

SANDAL
IN
THE OLDEN TIME.

AN
HISTORICAL POEM.
BY WILLIAM HENRY LEATHAM.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, ORME, AND Co.
—
1841.

THIS AND SOME EARLIER PRODUCTIONS

OF

THE AUTHOR'S MUSE

ARE DEDICATED

TO HIS MOTHER,

AS A

TOKEN OF FILIAL LOVE AND REGARD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SHOULD the Author of "SANDAL IN THE OLDEN TIME" have succeeded in interweaving a wholesome moral with the narrative therein contained, and, at the same time, have proved instrumental, in raising from an unmerited obscurity, or in vesting with an additional interest, the neglected ruin in his own immediate neighbourhood, he will have performed more than his most sanguine expectation could have led him to anticipate.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

THE LAST OF THE WARRENS.

	PAGE.
CANTO I.—THE PROPHECY	7
CANTO II.—THE HARPER'S TALE	18
CANTO III.—THE CONFLAGRATION	32

PART II.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CANTO I.—THE BATTLE-EVE, AND MORN.....	47
CANTO II.—THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD	54

PART III.

THE PARLIAMENTARY WARS.

CANTO I.—THE SIEGE.....	65
CANTO II.—SANDAL CASTLE IN RUINS.....	70

HISTORICAL NOTES	77
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PART I.

THE LAST OF THE WARRENS.

CHRONICLE.

'Twas in the second Edward's reign,
That John-de-Warren's wide domain,
 (Beside his southern lands)
Stretched from Calder's Bank to Trent,
And all throughout their vast extent,
He owned no fairer tenement,
 Than Sandal's site commands :
For there uprose, with turrets tall,
With circling moat, and massive wall,
The Castelet of Sammerhall.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Morning thoughts—the scene described—a fit season for praise—the joyful recurrence of morn and eve—the world refreshed by the varying seasons of the year—man's immortality and salvation, a cause of devout thanksgiving—SANDAL CASTLE described—JOAN-DE-BARR approaches in tears—she enters the courtyard—seeks Father HUGH—the EARL returns from the chase—JOAN proffers her boon—WARREN rejects her claims—HUGH's remonstrance and prophecy—JOAN and HUGH are dismissed the castle on pain of death—she seeks the retirement of a convent—WARREN alone—his soliloquy—shelters himself in a divorce—rejoices in the dismissal of Father HUGH—ruminates on his prophecy—contemns it—the KING's consent to his illegitimate children inheriting his estates and titles—expects SAN-MARTIN by night—the rude age described.

THE LAST OF THE WARRENS.

THE PROPHECY.

I.

How richly clad yon hills of green,
In Nature's summer livery seen !
Ye hoary oaks, in verdure dight,
How gay ye wave in morning's light !
Thou Fount of Heaven, when Day was born.
Not brighter blazed thine orb at morn ;

Nor tamed hath Time thy steeds of fire,
Nor dimmed one sparkle of thine ire.
How gladdened by thy glorious beam,
Are hill and valley, rock and stream ;
There's not a creature high or low,
But feels thine universal glow.
What Spirit bright of hues and shades
The many-coloured scene pervades—
Sits on each mountain's tinted peak—
Flickers on high in golden streak !
On lowly cot, on lofty spire,
On water's mirror gleaming fire,
On wood, on mead, on copse, on fell,
What rainbow-dyes of sunrise dwell !
There's not a leaflet on the trees,
Down to the margin of yon river,
That flutters not in Morning's breeze :
All in the pulse of gladness quiver !
The earth throughout, with one acclaim,
Blithe Nature hails thy birth of flame.
For hark ! from yon melodious brake,
A thousand choristers awake !
A thousand grateful warblers pay
Their orisons at peep of day !
How fresh on Zephyr's pinions borne,
The cool, untainted breath of morn !
Oh ! with that breath let praise arise,
A welcome morning sacrifice :
For haply now, their vigils o'er,
As guardian Angels heaven-ward soar,
They'll bear thine incense to the skies ;
Then kneel ! and pay thy vows aright,
For blessings whispering peace by night,
For mercies new-born with the light.
" Glory to God !" is nature's voice,
And shall not man with cause rejoice ?

Oh ! blest return of day and night ;
For rest the shade—for toil the light ;
'Thus these a varied charm create,
And all creation renovate.
Nor less the Seasons as they roll,
Refresh the world from pole to pole.

Frail man ! tho' nature's form be drest,
Year after year, in verdant vest ;
Tho' Morn and Eve renew her face,
With sweeter smile, and softer grace,
Tho' thine be hastening to decay ;
Oh ! think, when systems melt away,
When 'Times shall cease with night and day ;
Oh ! think, by Jesu's power divine,
Thy sinful heart may spotless shine,
And realms of endless bliss be thine !

II.

'Twas morn—a summer's sun shone bright,
O'er SANDAL's green and thick-set wood ;¹
The Castle, bathed in floods of light,
High o'er the forest proudly stood ;
The chequered flag of WARREN's Earl,
Drooped, listless, in the stilly air ;
The dubious smoke, with gentle curl,
Uprose in sky, and lingered there ;
Deep in her leafy bower of love,
Distant cooed the woodland dove ;
Vocant, the rooks wheeled round and round
Turret and tower, in rapid flight ;
Mellowed and mingled was the sound
Of murmuring streams—now gleaming bright,
In sunshine o'er smooth pebbles spread—
Now eddying in their deeper bed.
Full thickly gemmed with glittering dew,
Was tangled fern, and waving yew ;

The yellow furze, the scented thorn,
 Breathed incense to the healthful morn ;
 A light robe hung o'er CALDER's stream,
 And veiled his winding source,
 Save, where by fits, a struggling beam
 Of light pursued its course,
 Sparkling around some shallop's oar,
 Despite the mist that dimmed the shore.

III.

Such was the morn, when through the glade
 A palfrey hied, whereon there rode,
 One, who might seem as bride or maid,
 So young, so fair—twin pages strode
 Her steed beside, and in her eye
 Stood tears, and oft she heaved a sigh,
 And fearful glanced at SANDAL's tower.
 Ye might, in gazing on her face,
 A more than common sadness trace ;
 'Twas not the grief of one short hour ;
 But haply years of wrong and scorn,
 From one she loved, and loves, had worn
 That outward stamp of inward woe
 None but the broken-hearted know !
 But who is she, whose humble train
 Approach De WARREN's proud domain ?
 Whose tearful eye, and suppliant mien,
 And pallid brow of beauty rare,
 So sweetly sad, so passing fair,
 Would melt an adamant, I ween :
 Say, who is she—and whence her tears ?
 'Tis JOAN-DE-BARR, Earl WARREN's bride,²
 Though wed, has known but widowed years
 Now seeks her lord ; too long denied,
 Claims once again his plighted love :
 Nor wrongs—nor threats—nor fears remove

Her troth self-pledged—unchanged through life,
Through weal and woe, De WARREN's wife.

IV.

Where full in sight the castle lay,
Her steed has clomb the winding way ;
They halt before the massive gate ;
The pages knock, and as he sate,
The warder scans with wistful eyes
That face—that form in mute surprise,
Till he, by age bedimmed, descries
His long-lost mistress—scarce, for glee,
His trembling hand unfolds the bar—
“ God bless my lady JOAN !” quoth he,
“ Gramercye, RICHARD !” answers she,
“ In sooth, we're travellers from afar.”—
The portal passed—the draw-bridge gained,
And reached the court—her steed is reined.
A crowd of menials stepping through,
She straightway asks for father HUGH.
(Now Father HUGH was saint and priest,
A man by all obeyed,
Save by De WARREN—he at least,
A dubious reverence paid.)

V.

It happ'd the EARL with hounds and men,
To chase the wild-roë from her glen,
Had sallied forth at dawn.
With slaughtered red-deer, side by side,
Jaded the BARON homeward hied,
And briskly wound his horn.

VI.

With bugle-blast, and wild halloo,
A comely sight is seen,

Earl WARREN's huntsmen, two and two,
All in their Lincoln-green,
Brave foresters, and bowmen good,
As Little John, or Robin Hood !
The bars roll back—the tramp of horse
Beats on the sullen towers ;
And steeds within to steeds without
Neigh shrill—the draw-bridge lowers ;
As hound and man, by winding course,
Ascend the castle's central force,
The watch-dogs bark—the warders shout ;
The grooms dismount with speed ;
Glancing at page, and palfrey grey,
Who wait without their lady's stay,
De WARREN quits his steed,
Then hies within, where HUGH and JOAN,
Discourse in earnest mood alone.

VII.

Hark ! 'tis his footstep strikes her ear ;
High beats her heart with pulse of fear ;
Prostrate she falls at WARREN's feet,
And thus she pleads in accents sweet :—
“ Time was—and JOAN shall ne'er forget,
“ When first arrayed in coronet,
“ I fondly deem'd thy heart was proud,
“ To win me from that glittering crowd,
“ Who swore their swords, their lives were mine :
“ Eternal was my vow—but thine
“ Scarce lasted through our honey-moon :
“ My wrongs thou know'st full well—my boon
“ Is that thou wilt not break the tie,
“ That heaven has blest, and earth shall keep,
“ Till thou and I in kirk-yard sleep,
“ Or wake to immortality.

“ I love thee still—my heart is true,
“ As when I breathed the marriage vow—
“ Thy JOAN has come in tears to sue,
“ That thou wilt raise her pallid brow ;
“ And—if she ne’er may dream of love—
“ That haply, thou, wilt let her bear
“ The chain she vowed in youth to wear ;
“ And this is all she asks, to prove,
“ That ills on ills but lightly move,
“ If this last link thou wilt not tear !”
She paused awhile, then weeping turned
Her eye on his, whose dark glance burned.

VIII.

They met—and WARREN’S haughty brow
Had gathered gloom, forboding ill,
The guilty purpose of his will.
His stony heart had ceased to flow
With aught tow’rds her of kindness,
And softened not at her distress.
Scattered each tender plaint in air,
More idly heard than Maniac’s prayer ;
Like leaves that fall from forest sear,
When none but icy breath is near,
Unheeded fell each silent tear !
With sullen frown of cold disdain,
And coming wrath, the EARL replies,
“ ’Tis useless, JOAN, ’tis most unwise—
“ To thwart my firm resolve were vain—
“ This hour we part—and never more
“ Recross the threshold of my door,
“ On pain of death !” The BARON ceased,
And turned to go, when thus the Priest—
“ I tell thee, EARL ! thou shalt not shun
“ The fire of hell—the curse of ill,
“ If bent upon thine evil will,

" Such mighty crime as this be done.
 " There lurk beneath thy moody brow,
 " Yet darker—deadlier deeds, I trow :
 " Thy word recall—or blasted be,
 " For this, I vow, is heaven's decree,
 " *That none shall live of SURREY's line—*
 " *De WARREN's name shall cease with thine !*
 " *And SANDAL's proud and bannered hall,*
 " *Shall, ere the morrow's sunrise, fall !*"

IX.

" Avaunt ! thou dotard ! cease to rave,
 " Or Rome's high priestcraft shall not save
 " Thy hoary head or lying throat !
 " Away with priest, and dame, and steed !
 " Haste ! set them forth beyond the moat,
 " Up guards ! away—'tis vain to plead !"

JOAN strives to speak—but strives in vain ;
 Thick darkness wraps her 'wildered brain ;
 Her pallid cheek now deeply flushed,
 Grows eloquent, though speech be hushed ;
 Her heart is broke—her hopes are crushed !
 The word is passed—the guards obey,
 And Priest, and JOAN, and palfrey grey,
 Pass through the court, and wind their way
 'Neath frowning arch—where then are they ?
 The portal rings,
 The draw-bridge swings,
 And they are wanderers in the wide
 Untravelled world, with none beside !

X.

Earl HENRY's daughter, faithful still
 Through every change of hate and ill,
 Divorced—expelled by dire command—
 Banished for aye from house and land,

(A crime so foul in face of heaven,
And yet by her pure heart forgiven !)
Now seeks in some lone cloister's shade,
The peace that Virtue's self hath made ;
A holier hope—a brighter crown,
Than pomp bestows, or world's renown ;
For there within her cell,
Religion o'er the mourner steals,
And stills her transports as she kneels,
And calms her bosom's swell :
So firmly stays the eye of faith,
So gently smooths the bed of death,
By glimpse of heaven,
In foretaste given,
That Sorrow's child may sink to rest,
In smiles upon Religion's breast !

XI.

But where is he, whose ruthless heart
From spouse like faultless JOAN could part ?
Within old SANDAL's lordly hall,
He paces to and fro, and fraught
With bitter care, and wrinkled thought,
His sullen brow : his footsteps fall
In echoes round yon naked wall ;
He stays to list—but all is still—
And Thought unwinds her clue at will,
And step by step, he wanders on,
Till echo wakes—then starts anon—
Looks back—but there, nor sight, or sound,
Along the rush-besprinkled ground,
Of others' tread than his is found ;
Again he paces on—with low—
Deep—hurried speech his accents flow—
“ In troth, 'tis good!—for quit of both,
“ I now am free—I should be loath

“ To stain my favour with the king,
“ Or with the world—but now can bring
“ In aid the holy POPE’s divorce,
“ Which cannot be o’erturned by force,
“ By fraud, or evil calumny ;
“ And more—thank heaven ! I, too, am free
“ From Palmer HUGH, whose province seemed,
“ To thwart each pleasant plot I schemed,
“ Aye rating at my sinful life,
“ My gayest moments soured with strife.
“ But now these walls contain no spy
“ Upon mine hours of privacy.
“ I’ve led a pretty round, in sooth,
“ ’Twixt priestly cant, and slander’s tooth,
“ They’ve all but lied my life away !
“ Indulgences are dear to pay,
“ And may be spared—for now there’s none
“ Will drag my foibles to the sun ;
“ Or threat to publish tales abroad,
“ That ill with goodly fame accord.
“ So far ’tis well—curse on that pest !
“ Methinks his malediction still
“ Is boding in mine ears of ill ;
“ I know not what were heaven’s behest—
“ *That SANDAL’s proud and bannered hall,*
“ *Shall, ere the morrow’s sun-rise, fall—*
“ Whilst this good broad-sword cleaves to me,
“ A thing so monstrous scarce can be !
“ *That none shall live of SURREY’s line—*
“ *That WARREN’s name shall cease with mine—*
“ Were passing strange, for sons I have,
“ As tall, as strong, as stout, as brave,
“ As Britons need to be, and save
“ They were not born in wedlock, they³
“ Are scions worthy of their sire ;
“ The King consents to my desire,

“ That birth shall ne’er oppose the way
“ To their inheritance of all
“ The lands I hold, and titles claim,
“ As true descended heirs the same,
“ When life and right from me shall fall—
“ Then saints may preach and priests may rave
“ Of broken arch, and crumbling wall,
“ Of toppling tower, and roofless hall,
“ And WARREN’S Earldom in the grave !
“ To-night SAN MARTIN comes—to-night⁴
“ He brings a treasure fair and bright ;
“ From CONINGSBURG, by covert way,⁵
“ He journeys in the clear moon’s ray ;
“ But lurks within yon woody bower,
“ Till midnight chimes from SANDAL’S tower ;
“ The signal given, the gates uncloset
“ To greet a purply-blushing rose.”
De WARREN thus disclosed apart
The workings of his impious heart.

XII.

Thrice barbarous age ! when ruthless man,
(If martial Prowess lead the van,
If Vengeance rid his honour’s stain,
And he who dares insult, be slain,)
Repel’s all Virtue’s gentler train ;
Love—Justice—Mercy—in his mind,
Like woman’s fears, are thrust behind ;
Whilst Lust and Rapine, Guile and Ire,
Ennobled rule by sword and fire !

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

NOON—WARREN Dines—the HARPER's Tale—(KIRBY at Midnight—LAURA's Bower illuminated—she Dreams heavily—wakes—tells her dream—trims her lamp—her soliloquy—her meditated flight with GODFREY—her sorrow at offending an indulgent Father—her vow is pledged—fears lest her Father should awake—dreads an encounter for his sake, as well as GODFREY's—hopes forgiveness—visits her Sister's couch—KATE asleep—LAURA's affection and admiration—her anguish—deposits a keepsake—tears herself away—fancies her Father speaks—fears to pass his door—the night wears on—GODFREY's signal—LAURA quits her bower—flees with her lover—the morning dawns—the EARL walks forth—spies the means of LAURA's escape—seeks for her in vain—orders the pursuit—KATE alone, weeping—she prays—her consolation—the EARL's delay—LAURA wounded on the ground—her Father's approach—views his bleeding Daughter—pardons her—she dies happy in forgiveness—GODFREY inconsolable—becomes phrenzied—dies a maniac—the EARL survives—KATE his support)—the MINSTREL quits the Hall.

I.

THE sun, from out his southern bower,
Proclaims earth's breathless noon-tide hour—

Glad hour ! and greeted by a smile !
 Now hardy tillers quit the soil,
 To stretch their weary limbs awhile,
 By cooling spring, or 'neath the shade
 Of beetling rock, or forest glade,
 And share the meal made sweet by toil.
 Glad noon-tide hour ! in times gone by,
 (When soon as lark was in the sky,
 Or men of low degree or high,
 Alike beheld morn's glories shine,
 And left belated couch to swine)
 King, prince, and serf were wont to dine.

II.

'Twas noon by Sandal's dial face—
 Right welcome noon to such as were
 Returned with Warren from the chace !
 With nut-brown ale and dainty fare,
 The board on daïs was spread ;
 The smoke in eddies soaring,
 From out the brand-dog roaring ;
 As Lord and guest were seated there,
 With many a hungry wassailer,
 On fatted venison fed,
 The minstrel's harp was heard to chime,
 And these the words he wove in rhyme,
 To please the ear, and wile the time.

THE HARPER'S TALE.

I.

'Tis night—soft night, and KIRBY's feudal walls,⁶
 Lie mute and spell-bound in the charm of sleep ;
 Light visions walk on tip-toe through the halls,
 Or round each dreamer's head their vigils keep,

Yet ever changing, as their shape appals
Or charms, fantastic, till she smile or weep,
Gliding from couch to couch, throughout the night,
As Sleep reveals them in her magic light.

2.

The last that lingers in the ivied tower,
And half illumines the gothic wilderness,
Why glimmers still yon lamp in LAURA's bower ?
Say, has her wonted sleep refused to bless ?
Doth LAURA watch at this lone midnight hour,
While all around their downy pillows press ?
Her bower is still—there moves no light foot there—
She sleeps—but Oh ! how strange her 'wilderer air.

3.

Flung idly on her couch—undoffed her vest,
She wears the garment that she wore by day ;
A diamond sparkles as up-heaves her breast,
Her jetty hair is braided still, and gay,
With pearls, and gems, and scented white-rose
dressed :
She looks a May-queen—woodland nymph—or fay,
Flushed with the dance, reposing for a while ;
But on her parted lip there dwells no smile !

4.

Lo ! how she starts, and shudders as she sleeps,
Then sighs and sobs, and mutters in her dream ;
A chill in drops upon her forehead weeps ;
Convulsed with terror all her members seem ;
And now a livid paleness o'er her creeps,
And hark ! how wildly breaks yon fearful scream !
Pang follows pang, her snowy bosom quakes—
She pants—she gasps—she shrieks—then struggling
wakes.

5.

“ O God ! ’tis gone ! that more than dream is flown,
“ Methought the world was changed—the sky o’er-
 hung
“ With spiders’-webs, yet all gigantic grown,
“ From star to star their slimy net-work clung,
“ Down to earth’s planet, where I stood alone,
“ While o’er my head a myriad reptiles swung,
“ And wove incessant at their thick’ning toils,
“ ’Till I was captured in their loathsome coils.

6.

“ Methought they scoffed like demons at my pain,
“ And wound me closer in their deadly snare ;
“ But one there was, the monarch of the train,
“ Peered forth from out his den with hellish glare ;
“ I sought to shun his red eye, but in vain,
“ ’Twas fixed upon me—ceaseless, every where ;
“ By stealth approaching from his hidden nest,
“ The hideous monster slid upon my breast.

7.

“ My life-blood curdled, and my heart stood still ;
“ I felt the cold, dead weight that on me lay,
“ His sharp fang darting as he sucked his fill,
“ Nor blenched, nor moved from off his wretched
 prey ;
“ Each shrivelled vein seemed like a parched rill ;
“ Each sense grew numb, then slowly ebbed away :
“ I saw him watch me with his blood-red eye—
“ I strove to perish, but I could not die !

8.

“ Methought when pulse, and breath, and hope were
 passed,

" I lay a living corpse, an age or more,
 " But deemed in vain each moment was the last :
 " The monster revelled on, and drank my gore
 " Unceasingly, and grew more fierce and vast,
 " The last drop draining from my dead-heart's core,
 " And when that drop was spent, with sudden stroke,
 " He shook my bloodless corpse, and I awoke."

9.

Then LAURA rose and trimmed her wasted lamp,
 But drew her breath all heavily and fast,
 And smoothed her raven hair, and wiped the damp,
 Which in that vision o'er her white brow passed ;
 But still there dwelt upon her face the stamp,
 That fear had impressed, nor could wholly cast
 From off her cheek, where strove a captive smile,
 To chase the tear-drops as she spoke the while.

10.

" 'Twas but a dream !—is this an hour for dreams ?
 " I little recked to sleep on such a night,
 " For ere the East with ruddy daylight gleams,
 " I flee with GODFREY through the dusky light,
 " And cross the moorlands, and the mountain
 streams,
 " On steed like lightning, arrowy and bright,
 " Then gain the Border ere the sun go down,
 " Where HYMEN need not fear a father's frown.

11.

" Oh Love ! why is it thus thy subtle guile,
 " Should tempt my soul to break a sire's command ?
 " Oh ! I have ever shared a father's smile,
 " And met a daughter's welcome at his hand,
 " But now, upon my head I seek to pile

“ Curses in heaps, as numberless as sand ;
 “ And must it be ? —shall LAURA’s sire disown
 “ His darling child, and call her not his own ?

12.

“ And must it be ? I pledged my guilty word,
 “ In that frail moment when my heart was weak,
 “ It owned but GODFREY, and confessed him lord :
 “ It must be so—that vow I will not break—
 “ The stars bore witness, and the night breeze heard,
 “ And creeping listened as my GODFREY spake
 “ Love’s witching words, the promise of our bliss,
 “ And sealed their softness with his parting kiss.

13.

“ Yon stars now linger on the sleeping lake—
 “ The east as yet betrays no glimpse of morn—
 “ Still night wears on—but should my father wake,
 “ And seize the fugitives in wrath and scorn ?
 “ Oh think ! I tremble for my lover’s sake—
 “ Yes ! blood must flow ere LAURA’s arms be torn
 “ From his—he holds me dearer than his life,
 “ He vows to win, or perish in the strife.

14.

“ My sire !—my sire !—I durst not think of him—
 “ His life—Oh God ! then may he still sleep on !
 “ But when his tearful eye at morn grows dim,
 “ Grieves that his daughter thus in stealth hath gone,
 “ KATE too will weep, and seek to solace him ;
 “ He will not mourn for LAURA quite alone ;
 “ I was not wont to disobey his word,
 “ He will not hate me, though his wrath be stirred,—

15.

“ He will not hate me for my mother’s sake ;

“ He will forgive, and Oh ! may he forget ;
“ Back to his heart this erring bosom take,
“ And fondly—freely call me daughter yet ;—
“ Yes ! fit atonement I will strive to make,
“ Ere strength shall fail him, and his bright sun set ;
“ And GODFREY too, when once his heart is won,
“ Shall far surpass in tenderness a son.”

16.

She snatched her lamp, and softly as a cloud
Passed to her sister's chamber o'er the floor,
Where KATE lay dreaming in her spotless shroud ;
Shielding the light, she gently ope'd the door ;
Prattling in childish innocence aloud,
KATE laughed as LAURA viewed her o'er and o'er,
Albeit all unconscious of the flow
Of tear-drops trickling on her sleeping brow.

17.

“ Thy dream is joyous—how unlike to mine,
“ Sweet child of innocence, and mirth, and glee !
“ Oh ! for a heart as free from care as thine,
“ From pain, from dread, as spotless and as free !
“ Sleep on, my sister ! ever round thee shine
“ The light that guides to peace and purity ;
“ Sleep on, thou seraph ! I was once as thou—
“ Alas ! how strangely—sadly altered now !

18.

“ When day shall dawn, and thy blue eyes uncloze,
“ To greet with rapture morning's purpled light,
“ And thou arise more beauteous than the rose,
“ Fresh with the fragrance of a dewy night,
“ To wake thy sister from her soft repose,
“ Alas ! what then shall meet thy aching sight ?
“ Her bower deserted—and thy sire in tears—

“ The earliest anguish of thine infant years !

19.

“ Yes ! thou wilt weep who scarce has wept before ;
“ And must I drive the dimple from the cheek
“ That knew not Sorrow had one grief in store ?
“ And must the voice in tearful accents speak,
“ Whose gay tone carrolled as when sky-larks soar
“ The fount of heaven and happiness to seek ?
“ Yes ! thou wilt weep for me, but not for aye,—
“ From thy young heart the sting will pass away.

20.

“ The gem thou lovedst most, my gift shall be,
“ I leave it wound in this small lock of hair,
“ And they at dawn will prove my love to thee :
“ Farewell—Farewell ! be thine a father’s care !
“ I know those cherub lips will plead for me,
“ And they a father’s kiss shall love and share ;
“ Thy sire’s sole blessing, thou shalt live to find,
“ My boon the tears—the kiss—I leave behind.”

21.

She turned away with many a look and sigh,
But paused an instant as she crossed the floor,
And lingering listened, though she knew not why,
Unless she feared to pass her father’s door,
When twice there issued forth a seeming cry
Of, “ LAURA ! LAURA ! ” but she heard no more,
And yet it struck like lightning through her frame :
She deemed that voice was his that breathed her
name.

22.

With trembling feet, she reached her dim-lit bower,
Her heart high beating live a wave of ocean ;

Each tardy moment nearer brought the hour,
 That flushed her cheek and breast with wild emotion ;
 And oft she looked from out her gothic tower,
 Eastward—(Aïas ! with nought but love's devotion,)
 For brighter beams, that usher in the dawn—
 “ Hark ! 'tis the signal—GODFREY's distant horn !”

23.

How Love can waft the lightest sound in air !
 Borne on his pinions—guided by his power,
 What deed too great for woman's soul to dare ?
 'Tis GODFREY's horn !” and LAURA quits her
 bower,
 And now she softly treads the winding stair,
 And now—a moment swings 'twixt earth and tower,
 And now—her bosom beats not wild alarms,
 For where is LAURA ?—clasped in GODFREY's
 arms !

24.

Cradled in slumber, lay the mist-robed wall
 Of old Lord MARMADUKE's ancestral pile,
 When lo ! a mass—half castle and half hall,
 Woke by the talisman of morning's smile,
 With arch and battlement, and turrets tall,
 All richly fretted in the gothic style,
 Uprose 'mid towers with ivy overrun,
 And latticed windows glittering in the sun !

25.

Blithe Morn awoke, and with the morn, the EARL,
 Who loved the first, fresh incense of the day,
 When dew-drops sparkle, and light vapours curl
 From out the mountain streams, and steal away ;
 When all the balmy flowers their sweets unfurl ;
 When woodland songsters tune their matin lay,

And start to music in their bridal bower ;
Oh ! Earth looks heavenly in her waking hour !

26.

The EARL goes forth to rouse his sluggish hinds,
And takes his wonted stroll 'neath KIRBY's tower,
And marvels much, that dangling in the winds,
Twisted, and knotted, hang from LAURA's bower.
Mantles and scarfs, of varied hues and kinds,
Waving alike 'mid trellis, fruit, and flower ;
But soon he sees small footprints on the ground,
And Truth leaps through the mesh with frantic
bound !

27.

He rushed into her bower—but found her not—
He called—but Echo answered him again—
He summoned all his menials to the spot,
He queried—swore—and threatened them in vain,
For none were traitors in the dark-laid plot.
“ To horse ! to horse ! away ! and scour the plain ! ”
Then steeds rushed clattering through the portal
wide,
All KIRBY's huntsmen thronged their master's side.

28.

The EARL rode foremost on his gallant grey,
Wild as a tempest in its mad career ;
Steed after steed dashed on his headlong way,
While many a shrill neigh broke upon the ear,
As one by one, they joined the bright array,
Swifter and swifter, as the huntsmen cheer ;
Old KIRBY's walls fling back the stirring sound
Of tramping courser, and deep-baying hound.

29.

They're gone—but who is she who gazes yet,

Though horse and hound have vanished from her
view?

Her cheeks are pale, her soft blue eyes are wet
With tears that sparkle as the cypress' dew,
Wringing her little hands in sorrow set,
The sweetest victim Anguish ever knew,
Too still for passion, and too mild for hate,
How eloquent thy grief, alas! poor KATE!

30.

She turned, and hid her face, and wept aloud,
The tears fell trickling through her close-pressed
hands,
The while her golden ringlets o'er them flowed,
In clusters breaking from their ribbon bands ;
Her grief grew full—upon the earth she bowed,
Like some lone captive in barbaric lands ;
Her thoughts too sad for infant lips to tell ;
Her heart seemed bursting in its narrow cell.

31.

Awhile she knelt till Sorrow found a vent,
And then breathed forth her agony in prayer ;
Kind Heaven had pity as she lisping sent
Her child's petition for a Father's care ;
Her sobs were hushed, her very tears were blent
With looks more placid ; and a tranquil air
Dwelt on her pallid features as she rose,
Like flowers that blossom 'mid the Alpine snows.

32.

Sweet mourner ! where the sister of thy tears ?
Say, where is LAURA ? where her heart's true
knight ?
Fair Eve her garb of solemn twilight wears,
Yet KIRBY's fleet steeds come not back with night ;
'Tis strange—'tis sad—nor hound, or horse appears :

Is Love too swift to be o'erta'en in flight?
 Alas! say *who* lies bleeding on the ground?
Who strives in vain to staunch yon bitter wound?

33.

Her steed fell headlong in his full career,
 And dashed his hoof on LAURA's tender breast;
 And yet she lived awhile in pain and fear,
 Her cold cheek trembling, to her lover's pressed;
 Her eyes were fixed, and burnt without a tear,
 The deep abstraction of her heart confessed;
 No wonder, did ye know what scorpions throng
 The heart upbraided by a father's wrong!

34.

But as she lay upon the soft, green sword,
 Borne on the blast, a bugle sounded near;
 By fits, a blood-hound's deep-mouthed bay was
 heard,
 And GODFREY's courser pricked his listening ear.
 "He comes! thy sire!" when LAURA heard that
 word,
 As aspens quiver, so she shook with fear;
 Her eye awaking from its deadly trance,
 Shot restless lightnings in its liquid glance.

35.

"My daughter!" and he saw the welling blood,
 Gush from life's fountain in her slender side;
 "My bleeding daughter!" and transfixed he stood,
 To mark the ebbing of that purple tide:
 But all seemed spoken in the wider flood,
 Wherein her steed in death lay gasping wide.
 "My dying daughter! freely I forgive!"
 The word but uttered, and she ceased to live.

36.

But ere her spirit passed, her Sire's last word
Kindled her features in a smile of love ;
She died in peace ; and though her spirit erred,
Pardon was her's in this world and above ;
Although no prayer upon her sealed lip stirred,
Her eye waxed bright, and eloquent, to prove
Her heart's soft language had not breathed in vain,
For death seem'd reft of terror, doubt, and pain.

37.

Pardon was her's—the longing of her soul,
Its last sweet solace ere it soared above ;
Through death and pain, what gleams of brightness
stole,
And hailed forgiveness, and a father's love !
As lightnings speed them to their distant gaol,
So LAURA cast one parting glance, to prove
Her heart was his, on whom her cold cheek lay,
Her last kiss breathing as she passed away.

38.

Father and lover stand—amazed—transfixed—
GODFREY hangs speechless o'er his perished all—
His love is passion—and his woe unmixed
With one sweet drop to drug the bitter gall ;
On him the curse—the guilt—the deed is fixed—
On him—for ever ! vainly dost thou call—
“ Speak but this once ! ” she answers not ! again
His grief grows wild, and phrenzy sears his brain.

39.

Remorse has chains that Penitence may wear,
But love is life, and when its hope is gone,
The heart has nought to cling to—but despair,

'Till crazed, and then its shattered form drifts on,
A wreck, that none can save, and none repair.
Such was young GODFREY ere the morning shone,
And such he lingered to his latest breath,
Then sank a maniac in the arms of death.

40.

The EARL survived—for KATE was his support :
Oft would they scatter flowers on LAURA's tomb ;
Day after day, her grave was their resort,
'Till time by slow degrees wore off his gloom ;
And though his aspect seemed of graver sort,
There was too much of fragrance in her bloom
Shed o'er his path, to leave his soul in tears ;
KATE's playful fondness soothed his sinking years.

III.

The minstrel ceased, and round the wall
His last faint echoes, feebly fall ;
With harp in hand, he rose to go,
Obeisance made, then tottering, slow
He bent his way from out the hall.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

THE hush of EVE—GUARDIAN ANGELS descending—the angelic dreams of Infants—the early deformity of SIN—SANDAL by moonlight—a world at rest—SIN ever vigilant—the EARL walks at midnight—he has taken prisoner the Countess of LANCASTER—in revenge her husband dispatches an armed force to lay waste SANDAL—RICHARD SAN MARTIN, and a troop of Horsemen enter the Castle—they feast—they unarm—the Countess of LANCASTER throws off her disguise—the EARL pledges her—a cry of fire is heard—the CASTLE beset by an armed force—WARREN arms—the flames increase—the crash of beams, and the shouts of LANCASTER's men—to remain within as hopeless as to sally forth—the retreat by a subterranean way—WARREN lingers to the last—curses LANCASTER, and vanishes in the smoke—he leads ALICE through vaults and dungeons—they escape—the fire rages on—towers fall—steeds and hounds perish—the besiegers grow impatient, and disperse to spread the work of desolation—the VILLAGES are fired from CALDER to TRENT—hard fate that Serf should bleed for Noble's crimes—the rudeness of the age may plead some excuse—our happier age contrasted—years roll on—SANDAL re-built—WARREN an old and childless man—the prophecy fulfilled—the Omniscience of GOD—a sealed record above—HELL or HEAVEN certain—the necessity of making peace with GOD.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

I.

WHEN Vesper bell has tolled, and all
Is hushed, or breeze, or waterfall ;

The lover's lute, the songster's lay,
The Curfew-bell, the watch-dog's bay,
In distant notes have sighed away ;
When star by star on high,
Gleams like a seraph's eye,
A gentle sound that Evening brings,
More soft than all beside,
A fluttering pulse of angel's wings,
Descending from their realms of light,
To sentinel the live-long night,
Is heard in summer tide.
And save that soft and stilly sound,
And save the dew-gems dropped around,
Scant trace of heavenly guest were found.

II.

But mothers read in infants' eyes,
When first they ope to morning's skies,
And wreath on wreath, their smiles arise
Fresh on the cheek of youth,
Then mothers tell, in sooth,
What company, they ween,
Their children's guests have been ;
Still in each wakening cherub's face,
A more than mortal radiance trace,
And in their softly beaming eyes,
A melting dream of paradise !
Too busy, Sin ! 'tis thine to shroud
The dawning mind in Error's cloud—
To taint life's earliest, purest breath
With thoughts unholy—breeding death !
For scarce, from toy to toy, the child
Has fondly gazed, and prattling smiled,
And by thy fatal snare beguiled,
(The serpent coil with roses red !)
His spotless temples are defiled—

When, lo, the heavenly light has fled,
Which glimmer'd round his infant head,
And all, save Earth's pale lustre, sped!

III.

Noon beckoned Eve, and Eve called Night,
And night brought stars like diamonds bright,
And set them round the fading sky,
A blest—a countless company.
Disrobed of fleecy shroud,
Of halo, mist, or cloud,
Rearing her crescent pale on high,
'The chaste-eyed Moon stood glittering by,
And gazed in rapture—silently.
Oh! 'twas a rare—a heavenly sight,
To watch the clear, unearthly light
Re-mantle, in that peaceful hour,
Or hill, or dale, or stream, or tower ;
In fainter glories half revealed,
A world at rest, in slumber sealed—
A world at rest—for Care and Pain
Had fled to sleepless climes again,
Till morrow's dawn, and slumber's flight,
Dissolve the magic trance of night.
Oh! why should Sin still linger where
There's not a home for Pain and Care?
Oh! why should Sin alone remain,
Of all earth's dark and deadly train,
To work, beneath so fair a face,
Man's lasting ruin and disgrace?

IV.

So shone the moon—so Dian's crest
Gleamed in her circuit to the west,
Upon one fiery—restless breast.
See'st thou yon form with ghostly air,

Like some unquiet spirit there,
Whose grave denies him sleep,
Flit on the turret's topmost height,
Vexing the slumbering noon of night,
His ceaseless vigils keep ?
High on the tower DE-WARREN stood,
And peered into the dusky wood ;
Then wildly glanced his eye around,
But yet no sense of rapture found ;
He only gazed on SANDAL's bowers,
To curse the slowly fleeting hours ;
His heart unmoved by scene so fair,
No glow of hallowed thought could share,
For sin was rife, and ripening there.

V.

Amidst his various deeds of ill,
By force or fraud of San MARTIN,
(A subtle man and near of kin)
And seemingly against her will,
The EARL had ta'en with ruffian hands
The mistress of DE LACY's lands,
The Countess fair of LANCASTER.
But scandal told a fouler tale,
That vows were weak, and virtue frail,
And she a willing prisoner.
Howe'er—the insult to resent,
Her lord dispatched by night,
A chosen band for fight,
DE-WARREN's Earldom north of TRENT,
To devastate ; nor deemed he near
The vengeance of that haughty PEER.

VI.

Hark ! slowly peals from SANDAL's tower,
The midnight chimes—the signal hour.

And list ! the tread of steds—and rings
The portal, and the drawbridge swings ;
And lo, ten horsemen, gleaming bright
In polished cuirass, quick alight.
But who yon youth, that scans the ground,
And shuns all converse from without,
His step betraying fear, or doubt ?
A stranger he to all around.
But one there is, whose hideous mien,
Whose crooked shank, and savage grin,
And form distorted, hunch-back, lean,
Proclaims him RICHARD SAN MARTIN.

VII.

The lamps shone bright, and either guest,
With choicest wines, and viands pressed,
By WARREN'S bounty inly pleased,
His whetted appetite appeased ;
As Bacchus circled round the feast,
With every cup, constraint decreased.
Nor young, nor old, had doffed as yet,
His iron mail, or burnished helm,
Whose massive weight might well o'erwhelm.
SAN MARTIN first example set,
Unarmed—his visage gaunt and grim,
So foully writhed—so rudely scarred—
His grizly chin, like bearded pard—
His neck awry—and tortured limb,
Till now in greaves and morion steeled,
Stood forth in open guise revealed.
The stranger knight looked wistful round,
Then cast his armour on the ground ;
When lo ! instead of youthful knight,
A youthful dame confessed the light !
Her hair fell dangling, curled, and bright,
O'er glowing cheeks, with blushes dight ;

The Earl look'd pleased, and told the dame,
Her fence of steel but ill became
A form so soft—a face so fair,
Such witching grace, such beauty rare ;
Then whispering words for none save her,
Drank to the " Countess LANCASTER."

VIII.

The goblet raised, when wild and high,
Rung through the hall the warder's cry !
As dread unbid took place of mirth,
The cup, scarce tasted, sank to earth ;
And guest and host, awhile in fear,
Astounded heard those accents drear,
Till shriek on shriek rose higher and higher,
Proclaimed at length the pile on fire.
With breathless haste, the news is brought,
That tower and battlement are wrought
In fierce, devouring flames ;
And round about the circling moat,
As breaks each wild, exulting note,
A countless crowd proclaims ;
There, pictured in the lurid light,
A thousand spears are gleaming bright ;
In serried ranks on every hand,
A mighty host of foemen stand ;
And louder still night's element,
With shouts of " LANCASTER !" is rent.

IX.

" Arm ! Arm !" cries WARREN—round the hall,
Plucks down his black-mail from the wall ;
Then one and all obey their lord,
And gird on buckler, helm, and sword ;
Ev'n ALICE, 'mid her wild surprise,
Trembling assumes her false disguise.

Meanwhile, the tumult overhead,
Waxes more loud, and clear, and dread ;
The timber crash—the crackling flame,
The falling, ponderous beam proclaim ;
But as each burning rafter fell,
The foe sent forth a fiercer yell ;
As tower and battlement give way,
Throng round, expectant of their prey.

X.

How scant his force the Baron knew,
Though none more valiant, stout, and true ;
To sally forth were death to all ;
Grown tenantless the burning wall ;
The garrison, as last resort,
Assemble in the inmost court.
All hope of safety now is gone,
All chance of flight denied, but one.
Beneath the dungeon-keep there lay⁷
A winding, subterranean way,
Explored by none for many a day.
By this Earl WARREN gives command,
'To seek an exit, torch in hand,
And strive to reach the town hard by,
Where friendly arms and steeds are nigh.

XI.

Uprose the flames—but fiercer fire
Swelled in high waves of baffled ire
Within DE-WARREN'S haughty breast,
By many an outward sign confessed :
Vengeance he called—but Vengeance fled,
While Death inglorious mocked instead ;
The struggle long, 'twixt love of life
And wounded pride—for slaughter rife,
Reckless of all save hopeless strife.

XII.

'Twas he—the last, in grim array,
Who sought the subterranean way ;
The last, that lingered for awhile,
With arm upreared, and bitter smile,
And gazed upon his ruined pile ;
(Whilst every toppling turret shook,
And spiral wreaths of eddying smoke,
Like Sirocco's fiery storm,
Swept around his giant form,)
DE-WARREN stood—like thunder stroke,
The din above his accents broke—
“ I swear bold LANCASTER shall pay
His head for SANDAL's burial day ! ”—
Then vanished with the curse he spoke.
Nor idly lost those sounds in air,
For when that Noble stood arraigned^s
For treason, in an after year,
And WARREN sat in judgment there,
Upon his luckless, brother Peer,
'Too soon the headsman's axe was stained,
'Too soon was SANDAL's ransom gained !

XIII.

'The Baron led the shrinking dame
Through dreary vaults, by torches' flame.
As, one by one, the yeomen sped,
The archway rang with heavy tread,
And thundering rolled each massive door,
Which none repassed, that passed before,
But all around the cold, dank floor,
Their mouldering bones in heaps were spread,
Where some, in fetters hung, tho' dead ;
And some alive, whose sunken eye
Glared furious as the EARL passed by,

Tugged at their chains with frenzied air,
Then shrunk back howling in despair.
The gates are closed with dreary sound,
Shaking the dungeons underground,
Till arch, and vault, and cell rebound.
Fainter still, and still more low,
Their steps receding, come and go ;
As wending on, the torchlight gleams
Adown the rock in paler streams,
Till all is passed—or sound or sight,
To tell the story of their flight ;
And thus escape revenge in store,
ALICE and her dark paramour.

XIV.

Lo ! Night's dread pinion fans the fire,
Each instant waxing broader—higher ;
Reveals each distant cot and spire,
And reddens all the midnight air
By yon far-shining, hellish glare ;
Lo ! Calder rolls from shore to shore,
His crimsoned tide like waves of gore ;
Yon blazing faggots hissing float
Like dragons round the circling moat ;
Yon melted lead adown the mount,
Pours like HECLA's fiery fount ;
Yon tottering tower—yon crumbling wall,
One by one in thunder fall.
Full many a war-steed stifled there,
And courser swift, and gallant hound,
Lies dead within the burning mound,
Whose death-shriek rent the troubled air.
As darkly rolls the smoke away,
The slow-unfurling wreaths display
A spark-bespangled, starry way !

XV.

Thirsty of blood, the countless throng,
Impatient grown, had marvelled long,
That none of all DE-WARREN'S train,
Escaped the fire-engulphed domain ;
Till weary grown—they part in bands,
Where'er their vengeful LORD commands,
To desolate the BARON'S lands.
Full many a cot, ere break of day,
Fell to devouring flames a prey ;
The land with thousand such was sprent,
From Calder's stream to banks of Trent.
Full many a wanderer knew not where
To couch, save in the roebuck's lair !
Alas ! hard fate, in lawless times,
(Where Might makes Right—sole, sovereign lord !)
That serf should bleed for noble's crimes,
And bear the brunt of fire and sword.
But just the price Earl WARREN paid,
For broken vows, and hopes betrayed ;
He paid meet forfeit there and then,
For crime accursed of God and men.

XVI.

Such was the age—and such the man,
Nor he more ruthless than his clan ;
Nor harshly blame—his ruder day,
Tempted to wield a lawless sway ;
Revenge deemed Virtue ; Vice a Lord ;
Man's every title won by sword ;
His peaceful hours by war disturbed ;
Passions unchecked, and pride uncurbed ;
When scarce Religion lit her lamp,
Save in the cloister's charnel damp,
Nor broadly blazed in face of day,

To point the crowd their heaven-ward way.
Since—(praised be God !) a gentler smile,
Has beamed o'er ALBION's favoured isle ;
Freedom and Justice, Truth and Peace,
Have bid proud Rapine's plunder cease ;
Commerce and art, and arms victorious,
Have made a Briton's birthright glorious !

XVII.

Years rolled on—till stone on stone
Restored the wreck that fire had made ;
But ere the tedious work was done,
DE WARREN's strength began to fade :⁹
And when his cheek grew cold and wan,
He was an old—a childless man ;
Bereft of all, he lived to rue,
And own the prophecy too true,
In anger spoke by Palmer HUGH.
What end was his, or bad or good,
Is not for mortal man to know,
The record is not writ below,
'Twixt GOD and him the reckoning stood.

XVIII.

Bethink thee, mortal ! for an eye,
Thou canst not see, is *gazing* nigh ;
Nor Hell's abyss, nor Heaven's expanse,
Nor silent darkness of the tomb,
Nor midnight's deepest, sable gloom,
Can shun JEHOVAH's sleepless glance.
Bethink thee, mortal ! for a pen
Records above all deeds of men ;
And thine are writ in deathless page,
Where good or bad alike are sealed,
Till the Archangel's blast hath pealed,

And woke the dead of every age.
Bethink thee, mortal ! of thy state,
Or Heaven or Hell on thee await ;
Thy life hangs trembling at the nod
Of HIM, who gave thy clay its breath,
Worm that thou art ! and heir of Death !
Oh ! haste, and make thy peace with God.

END OF PART I.



PART II.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHRONICLE.

For lack of heir, the Earl's domain
Devolved to Britain's crown again.
As time rolled on, each royal guest
Of Sammerhall became possessed ;
And thither kings, whilom, repaired,
In chase a lordly pastime shared,
Till civil war brought butcher-work,
'Twixt house of Lancaster and York.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Address to the ROSE—RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE of YORK, with his Forces intrenched at SANDAL—QUEEN MARGARET and her NOBLES besiege the DUKE with a four-fold Army—the Christmas Festivities in the Camp and Castle—the Christmas Carols are heard at midnight—the dawn—the DUKE in Council—Sir DAVID HALL in vain attempts to dissuade him from an engagement till his Son EDWARD arrives with fresh troops—he is bent on fighting—the call to Arms—various KNIGHTS prepare for Battle—they march out into the CAMP—the QUEEN'S FORCES under Arms—the NOBLES and SQUIRES pass before her, and receive the RED ROSE—both ARMIES pause for the signal of BATTLE.

WARS OF THE ROSES.

THE BATTLE—EVE, AND MORN.

I.

IF fabled story speak aright,
And Philomel in Eastern bowers,
Attune his lay to thee by night,
Love-sacred rose ! fair queen of flowers !
And thou wert reared in Paradise,

And robed in pure, unearthly dyes,
To glad not men's, but angels' eyes,
And perfume, with ambrosial scent,
A spirit's joyous element ;
When deadliest feud—when fiercest hate,
In mortal strife o'erwhelmed the State,
Why didst thou plume War's bloody crest,
Or smile upon each foeman's breast ?
Why yield thy blossoms, red or white,
To mark twin rival hosts in fight,
And fill with death thy roseate bower ?
Alas ! beneath thy spotless flower,
Amid fell battle's mingled roar,
How many a chieftain sank in gore,
And stained the bloodless badge he wore !
Or, if the red-rose decked his side,
In deeper shades of blood was dyed !

II.

Rallying round PLANTAGENET,¹⁰
Five thousand valiant swords were met ;
Their tents were pitched in open ground,
Old SANDAL's friendly walls around ;
And glancing scorn on four-fold foes,
The cry for battle fiercely rose.

III.

Queen MARGARET, trusting in her might,
Accepts with joy the proffered fight.
On either hand, in copse-wood shade,
Lay WILTS and CLIFFORD's ambuscade,
Whilst SOMERSET commands her force,
For main attack, or foot, or horse ;
And thus arrayed, the royal host,
Assail the DUKE with taunt and boast,
To lure him from his sheltered post.

IV.

Hark ! how the revel reigns within,
How wild yon trumpet note !
Yon lancet-windows, tall and thin,
Are gleaming in the moat ;
The yule-log blazes bright,
And thaws the wint'ry night ;
PLANTAGENET in banquet-hall,
Is holding Christmas festival.
Full many a gallant knight is there,
Full many a soldier peer ;
They quaff the bowl to banish care,
Nor stint the goodly cheer ;
But many a youthful cheek grows pale,
Amid that company,
And Laughter's lips are seen to quail,
Ev'n in their revelry :
Young RUTLAND's brow is death-like wan,
And dimly shines his eye ;
Nor marks the purple-stream flow on,
And pass him heedless by.
Alas ! it is the morrow's fight,
That rising fills his vacant sight,
A spectre ever nigh !

V.

But hark ! what peals of merriment,
Where groom and henchmen be,
The wassail-bowl will scarce content
Their most ungodly glee :
In antick garb, the mummers prank
An uncouth masquerade,
And reeling Frolic shakes the rank
Of yeoman, page, or maid.
The homely jest—the coarse reply,
Season their rustic revelry ;

Lo, there, what circles gaping gaze
At conjurer in dumb amaze ;
And here, where song and wassall fail,
List to the goblin-teller's tale.

VI.

Without, the watch-fire's ruddy blaze
The widely spreading camp displays.
The pressage dire of bloody fight,
Robs the young soldier of delight,
And but the ruffian revels there,
Or he grown phrensied by despair,
Void of a secret conscious fear,
That Death in ghastly guise is near.
But list ! adown the midnight gale,
Above the hoarse din pealing,
From infant lips, yon tender wail,
The SAVIOUR's hymn is stealing !¹¹
Like seraph's band,
'Mid demons, stand
Yon choral company ;
The revel stays ;
The sinner prays,
And bows to earth his knee,
For wild and high, yon anthems tell
Of God-babe born to Israel !

VII.

'Twas morn, and dimly broke the day,
With chilly breath and feeble ray,
Piercing December's wint'ry shroud
Of gathering storm and murky cloud ;
And cold, bleak gusts with boding sound,
Old SANDAL's turrets swept around,
And shook sharp icicles to ground.
Each watchman closer drew his cloak,

And smote his breast with brisker stroke,⁷
 And paced his round in quicker time ;
 Then quenched his torch, and brushed the rime
 From off his matted locks and eye,
 And strained his drowsy sight to spy
 The camp, where friend and foeman lie ;
 But mantling thick the night's robe lay,
 Where all was still, and cold, and grey.

VII.

PLANTAGENET within the pile,
 In lengthened council sate meanwhile ;
 And there Sir DAVID sued in vain,¹²
 The DUKE's rash prowess to restrain.
 Nor battle risk 'gainst four-fold foes,
 But safely mured, his host enclose,
 Till EDWARD's arms, and martial train,
 With succour SAMMERHALL could gain.
 " What ! hast thou loved me long, DAVY !
 " And will'st that I dishonoured be,
 " And linger here a coward's life ?
 " Vouch it, ye plains of NORMANDY !
 " Say, did I skulk in fortress there,
 " Though thrice outnumbered in the strife ?
 " No ! manlike sallied on the foe—
 " And how he fled, ye well do know,
 " My sword found little left to spare !
 " To-day I'll fight ere day be gone,
 " Let cowards flee ! I'll fight alone !"
 Ev'n as the shallop whirled,
 In dark Charybdis' toils,
 Swifter, and swifter hurled,
 More near her vortex boils,
 Just so the man, the Fates foredoom,
 More headlong rushes to his tomb !
 Deaf to all prayers the DUKE remained ;

By force of speech his purpose gained,
Or old, or young, deemed honour stained
To shrink from fight, how great so e'er
The hazard of defeat appear.

IX.

The council o'er—the trumpet's clang
Throughout the spacious area rang ;
The summons loud and quick obeyed,
For horse and man were fast arrayed :
Full many a knight of high degree,
Scions of South and West Country,
NEVILL, and HALL, and HARRINGTON,
Young RUTLAND, RICHARD's tender son,
March with the brave Earl SALISBURY.
On jetty steed, PLANTAGENET ;
Pennache he wore, and grim basenet ;
Gorget of steel—surcoat of blue ;
His charger housed in azure hue ;
With glittering lance upreared in rest,
His buckler dight with blazoned crest.
A goodly show, eke SALISBURY,
For none more knightly geared than he ;
His jupon, trappings, belt, and plume,
Vied with the damask rosebud's bloom ;
His golden casque was fenced with steel ;
And gold, the spurs that tipped his heel ;
In brazen armour clad for fight,
He pranced along on steed milk-white.

X.

The tread of hoofs on frozen ground,
Echoes the castle's walls around ;
Arrayed for fight in costly gear,
A hundred youthful squires appear ;
What varied crests of knighthood rare !

What plumes—what banners float in air !
From out the court—through darkened glade,
Their burnished steel illumines the shade,
And flings o'er stem—and rock—and stream,
A moment's strange, and war-like gleam,
'Till lost amid the thickening glen,
Vanish from sight or horse or men.

XI.

The neigh of steeds, and coursers' tramp,
Was heard, meanwhile, in MARGARET'S camp.
With odds that number four to one,
The conquest seemed already won.
The QUEEN beheld with joy and pride
Each noble knight to battle ride ;
For each equipped, in duty went,
To pay his homage at her tent ;
And thence took up his several post,
Throughout the widely scattered host.
Dukes SOMERSET, and EXETER,
Earls DEVON, WILTS, NORTHUMBERLAND,
Receive the red rose from her hand,
The loyal badge of LANCASTER.
Lords CLIFFORD—NEVILL—DACRE—ROSS,
With quaint device, or saint or cross,
Before their royal mistress pass :
And knights, and squires of varied class,
The flower of Northern chivalry,
In gorgeous suits, and trappings seen,
Doffing their morions, greet the queen.
The trumpet sounds—they march—on high
The Scots' jet plume nods gracefully ;
They wheel—disperse to left—to right—
Where'er their troops lie ranged for fight ;
Then rank on rank, in dread array,
Pause breathless for the coming fray.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

THE SUN breaks forth—the Trumpet sounds—the BATTLE opens fiercely—SALISBURY and PLANTAGENET in the thickest of the fight—CLIFFORD and WILTS quit their ambuscade and charge the rear—the YORKISTS are routed—the DUKE taken Prisoner—no Quarter asked or given—RUTLAND flies—is pursued by CLIFFORD—overtaken at WAKEFIELD BRIDGE, and stabbed—the Murderer dips his scarf in RUTLAND's blood, and bears it to his Father—the DUKE is seated on a mound—crowned in mockery—taunted by CLIFFORD, and stabbed—the body beheaded—WILTS takes possession of SANDAL—the QUEEN and her victorious NOBLES hold a Feast there—CLIFFORD presides—the YORKISTS lie unburied—the heads of the DUKE—SALISBURY—and RUTLAND exposed on YORK Gateway—Vengeance slumbers awhile on the Dead's deserted heap—she flies to TOWTON—the Battle rages through the Night—the LANCASTRIANS overthrown—CLIFFORD slain—his Head exposed in the place of those of RUTLAND, YORK, and SALISBURY, who obtain burial—ROSES still growing on TOWTON Battle-field—SANDAL receives EDWARD as KING—he erects a CROSS where the DUKE was slain—and re-endows the CHAPEL on WAKEFIELD BRIDGE—the present occupation of the CHAPEL—GOD's own Temple is the heart—thoughts on lawless Ambition—its bloody annals—the stamp of Vengeance, and the curse of WAR still dwell on SANDAL's shattered brow.

THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD.

I.

As day broke forth o'er helm and shield,
Throughout the waving, crested field ;

War's glittering pageant stood revealed ;
Then hearts throbbed high for victory,
Beneath their close-pent panoply,
And fiercely roll'd each wakeful eye.
Hark ! loud and dread the clarion peels !
The horrid front of battle reels !
On—on they rush—like steeds of fire !
Hell-armed, and barbed with quenchless ire !
The fluttering plume—the brandished lance,
Awhile in tattered ether dance,
Then clash with courser's deadliest speed,
Where sternest foemen toil and bleed.
Halbert and sword, and battle axe,
Gory and hot in slaughter wax ;
Where archer bends his yew-tree bow,
There winged destruction smites the foe ;
Where gun and matchlock, peel on peel,
Hurl bolt and ball, the stoutest reel ;
The hurtling storm of iron hail,
Pelts pitiless on rattling mail ;
The din of arms, the frantic bound,
Of blood-stained hoof on icy ground,
The shriek of death—the victor's yell,
Mingling, in one wide tumult swell.

II.

Where'er the thickest—deadliest fray,
SALISBURY'S red falchion cleaves its way ;
Where'er his crimson plume arose,
Back scattered fell his vanquished foes,
And triumph hailed the spotless rose.
PLANTAGENET beholds with pride,
How deep in blood his glaive is dyed ;
And dealing round his mortal blows,
Strives hard with EXETER to close ;

Or, if to meet in field they chance,
To break with SOMERSET a lance,

III.

But whose yon war-shout, scattering fear ?
'Twixt YORK and SANDAL's tower appear
The ambush foe—they charge the rear !
CLIFFORD and WILTS pour rank on rank,
From copse and brake, on either flank ;
In vain ! alas ! yon gallant band,
Confront grim death on every hand ;
They meet—their glittering spears are crossed,
The tide is turning—wavering—lost !
Anon, the war-horse breaks aloof,
Wounded, and riderless away,
The sear leaves scattered by his hoof,
The forest startled by his neigh ;
Feebler, and feebler, bound on bound,
His blood-trace dabbled many a rood ;
Deep in the thicket's solitude,
He shudders—staggers—sinks to ground !

IV.

In vain ! alas ! YORK's battle shout
Rallies no more his liegemen stout !
The bloody CLIFFORD, sword in hand,
Purples with gore the cumbered land :
Down sinks PLANTAGENET—his steed
Lies gasping 'neath him on the mead :
On every hand stern foemen strive,
To take the rebel DUKE alive ;
O'ercome at length, and wounded sore,
His feeble frame they captive lead,
Alas ! a darker fate in store !

V.

When RICHARD's azure plume went down,
The last, faint, flickering hope was flown :
But few there were who recked to fly,
They fought to conquer, or to die ;
And none for life were heard to crave,
No quarter sued—no quarter gave ;
They deemed the battle sweeter tomb,
Than meet the headsman's sterner doom.

VI.

But one there was—alack-a-day !¹³
By priest led forth from out the fray,
Whose flight caught CLIFFORD's wary eye.
He marked his vest's emblazonry,
Most like what RICHARD's self possessed,
Then pricked his steed, and hotly pressed,
The fleeing youth. Alas ! too late,
To shun thy father's coming fate !
Away ! Away ! thou gentle dove,
The falcon's wings are swift above !
Oh ! ruthless deed beyond compare !
What, could'st thou not a stripling spare ?
The archway gained—where chantry stood,¹⁴
On buttress based, and rolled the flood,
Of CALDER's tide with foaming crest,
Full soon their clattering steeds abreast—
Vile coward's blow ! the vengeful lord,
Plunges in RUTLAND's heart his sword !
The deed is done—mortal the wound—
The shrieking victim sinks to ground.

VII.

The silken scarf the stripling wore,
The murderer dipped in RUTLAND's gore,
Then straightway to his father bore.

The DUKE was seated on a mound,
With paper crown, and robe arrayed,
Whilst nobles scoffing, circled round.
With bloody scarf, and reeking blade,
CLIFFORD a seeming reverence made ;
“ Hail : prince without a people—hail !
“ King Richard ! kingdomless—all hail !
“ Rebel, and traitor to the State !
“ Thy foulest treason expiate !
“ Sweet sight ! thy RUTLAND’s fresh, warm blood !
“ And sweet, thy tears—most welcome flood !
“ False murderer of my sire !¹⁵
“ To glut an orphan’s ire,
“ I bid thee thus expire !”
He stabs—as sinks PLANTAGENET,
Beholds unmoved Queen MARGARET ;
And fiercely shout the rabble rout
Of vulgar souls, that stand without ;
Then heaping insult on the dead,
The prostrate body they behead.
But ere another sun had set,
Three bloody heads in insult met
On EBOR’s gate ; PLANTAGENET,
RUTLAND and SALISBURY, side by side,¹⁶
Looked down, all ghastly, gaping wide !

VIII.

SANDAL, meanwhile, unguarded lay,
And fell to WILTS an easy prey.
As day declined, from out her port,
Sounded strange mirth within,
As wild and high, through hall and court,
Arose the festive din.
The QUEEN and NOBLES bold,
A royal banquet hold ;

And hands with slaughter crimsoned o'er,
Goblets of wine all heedless pour ;
Lord CLIFFORD fills the chair of state,
The murderer where the murdered sate,
And rules the noisy fête.
But they who walked yon halls at morn,
Lie on the battle-field forlorn,
Limb from limb, convulsed and torn !
Upon the cold and senseless clay,
YORK's headless corse unburied lay,
And scared the moonbeam's timid ray,
Which glanced on him, and thousands round
For whom no winding sheet was found,
No bier, save SANDAL's grassy mound !
But Vengeance only sleeps awhile
Upon the dead's deserted pile,
She holds her darkest deeds of power,
Against wrath's swiftly coming hour.
With wilder rage, and deadlier doom,
With reeking sword and crimsoned wings,
Lo ! now she shakes her morion's plume,
And back to ten-fold slaughter springs.

IX.

But thrice the wintry moon had waned,¹⁷
Since SANDAL's plain was carnage-stained,
Ere TOWTON's fiercer fight was gained.
'Mid mingled storm of snow and sleet,
At eve the rival armies meet ;
So frantic closed the fiendish fight,
Unheeded passed the faded light ;
Unbroken through the dismal night,
The combat raged, and deathblows clashed,
As steel with steel, in darkness, flashed ;
The stroke—the shriek—the curse—the groan—
The heavy plunge of steed o'erthrown—

Man grappling man—the foe unknown,
Or half revealed where torches shone—
Till morn beheld the ceaseless fray
Unquelled—unquenched with dawn of day,
Nor YORK, nor LANCASTER gave way.
O'ercast for leagues the purpled plain,
In gory pools—with heaps of slain,
Amid the crimsoned snow-wreaths lain.

X.

Soon singled forth from out the dead,
Where vengeance loved to brood,
The bloody CLIFFORD's severed head,¹⁸
On EBOR's gateway stood :
Whilst honored burial gained the three
First victims of his cruelty,
RUTLAND, and YORK, and SALISBURY ;
Young EDWARD shed a warrior's tear
O'er a loved sire, and brother's bier.
Lo ! still on TOWTON's battle-field,¹⁹
And round her streamlet's grassy bed,
Ev'n now, the blood-stained meadows yield
The fairest roses, white and red !
For as each warrior sank to earth,
To these his gory badge gave birth ;
And cultured there by hand unknown,
In circles some, and some alone
Luxuriant rise and deck the plain,
And blossom o'er the slumbering slain ;
How few would deem their fragrant bloom
Was shed o'er fellest foemen's tomb !

XII.

Now SANDAL's gates, thrown open, ring,
To greet their young, victorious King.

Full soon a stately cross he built,²⁰
 To mark where RICHARD's blood was spilt.
 Full soon yon chantry rare,
 (Impinging midway CALDER's flood,
 Saint MARY's chapel fair,)
 Besprinkled o'er with RUTLAND's blood,
 He re-endowed, that priest might pray
 For such as fell in bloody fray,
 On SANDAL's slaughter-sickening day.
 Yes, oft, whilom, some pilgrim here,
 Journeying through the night,
 Would sheath his sword, or rest his spear,
 Hailing yon turret's light ;
 Full oft, by day, the passer by,
 Who chanced yon goodly fane to see,
 And heard the requiem steal on high,
 Would stay his foot, and entering there,
 With reverend mien, and bended knee,
 Pour forth a solitary prayer !
 Who now beholds that crumbling fane,
 Might deem devotion on the wane ;
 Nor priest, nor votary enter where
 Nor anthem breathes—nor voice of prayer,
 But busy Commerce plies her care,
 And daily seeks her wonted gain.
 Devotion owns a purer shrine
 Than reared by man—a work divine ;
 The holy oracles impart,
 That God's sole temple is the *heart*.

XIII.

Oh ! lust of Empire, could'st thou tell
 The yet unnumbered host that fell,
 In each protracted strife unknown,
 'Twixt nobles warring for a throne,
 Oh ! say, what boots a despot's sway,

When crime and blood have paved his way ;
Have dimmed his crown—his sceptre stained,
The laws of God and men profaned ?
Go—ask the widow's weeds—the hearse—
Go—ask the raven croaking hoarse—
Go—view the slaughter-covered field,
By morrow's rising sun revealed—
Go—ask each mangled—bleeding corse,
What is ambition ?—" Hell's own curse !"
Oh ! tale of blood, how full of woe
Thy purpled streams of carnage flow !
The mother's tear—the orphan's sigh,
Speak of their speechless agony.
How tainted by the breath of war
The loveliest spots in nature are !
Lo ! SANDAL ! on thy shattered brow,
There dwells the stamp of vengeance now
Ambition's scourge, the curse of war,
Has fixed thereon his deadliest scar !

END OF PART II.

PART III.

THE PARLIAMENTARY WARS.

CHRONICLE.

AGE after age, grey Sandal's tower
Confessed each reigning Monarch's power.
Edwards, and Henrys, one by one,
Bequeathed the pile from sire to son,
Till House of Stewart held by right
The proud and venerable site.
When Cromwell sought with bloody hand,
To grasp the sceptre of our land,
Resistless rebel ! Sandal's wall
Was doomed with Charles' throne to fall,

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

SANDAL'S antiquated style compared to the traveller's toil-worn aspect—SANDAL is held by BONIVANT for KING CHARLES—OVERTON besieges—opens a furious Cannonade—the fire returned with equal spirit from the CASTLE—the Birds are silent—Nature is awe-struck by the sound of Cannon—the besieged sally with varied success—SANDAL impregnable by assault—Famine appears among the Garrison—they still hold out undismayed—their hopes supported by good-tidings from the KING—they kindle fires on the high tower—the Garrison shout as if the KING were come to raise the siege—succour comes not—the Garrison are dwindled by famine and sword—BONIVANT calls a truce—obtains an honourable capitulation—marches out amid the plaudits of the enemy—SANDAL is demolished, and shrinks into a ruin.

THE PARLIAMENTARY WARS.

THE SIEGE.

I.

Ev'n as the brow of him estranged,
Whose wayward steps have widely ranged,
Since youth's or manhood's prime,
Brings home the furrows of hot tears

Sickness, and woe, and wasting years—
Or, may be, dim, unsightly scars,
A shattered relic of long wars !
Back to his native clime ;
So, many a stain on SANDAL's tower
Proclaims the time-destroying power ;
Full many a sapling-oak grown grey,
Tells of an earlier, greener day ;
And on yon dial's antique face,
The lapse of centuries ye trace ;
Yon pointed arch—yon fretted wall,
Yon oaken-raftered banquet hall,
With much beside, within, without,
Are Chroniclers ye may not doubt.

II.

Hark ! hark ! the foe is at her gate,²¹
Brave BONIVANT this day,
But vainly shields the blow of fate,
From SANDAL's tottering sway.
Stout OVERTON in CROMWELL's cause
Lays siege—his circle nearer draws,
Hems in the castle's rising ground ;
The Roundheads raise on every side,
Trench, foss, and fortress high and wide ;
And, lo, where stands yon Danish mound,²²
From cannon's mouth, War's tempest lowers ;
Then pours amain his deadly showers,
With thundering voice on SANDAL's towers,
Till hill, and dale, and plain rebound,
With each tumultuous burst of sound.

III.

A double moat encircling all,
Four fathoms deep beneath the wall,
Lave the broad, massive hold ;

And frowns each mural line along,
Wars' horrid engines, stout and strong,
And fearful to behold ;
Loop-hole, and keep, and battlement,
Robed in dense, sulph'rous element,
Indignant hurl their death-bolts blent
With fiercer fire, and louder shock,
'Till dungeons reel, and turrets rock.
As peal on peal, the echoes wake,
Answers each distant hill ;
And trembles every startled lake,
And hushed within her woodland brake,
The songster's note is still :
Betwixt the cannon's thundering stroke,
No voice is breathing there,
But wreaths of ever thickening smoke
Hang awe-struck in mid-air.

IV.

Anon, from out the portal rush,
Like ocean's tide, or torrent's gush,
A chosen band of Cavaliers ;
Where'er their serried rank appears,
The foe retires—or stands his ground,
Sheltered by trench, or swelling mound,
And stubborn fight strews death around ;
Till bleeding, foiled, by numbers riven,
The gallant band is backward driven.

V.

In vain ! ye shake—but cannot raze
Yon massive pile of bygone days !
Onset by day—assault by night,
Disclose no yawning breach to sight ;
War's iron tempest vainly falls
On SANDAL'S adamantine walls.

But though no outward trace appears
Of slackened nerve—or wasted strength,
Within, a secret canker wears,
For Famine's form stalks forth at length ;
More deadly is her silent thrall,
Within the close beleaguered wall,
Than where war's thickest death-bolts fall.

VI.

As hourly carnage strewed her slain,
The moon waxed full, and waned again :
But SANDAL's loyal guard within
Beheld, though undismayed,
Their ranks grow thinner and more thin,
As greedy Famine preyed ;
Yet lurking Treason was not heard
To breathe throughout one traitorous word.
When fortune smiled, and when there came
Good tidings from King CHARLES, a flame
On SANDAL's tower burned nightly bright,
And quickly answered was the light,
From POMFRET's distant turret's height :²³
As fiercely rose the wild acclaim,
The Roundheads trembled in their camp,
And ran to arms—the distant tramp
Of royal steeds seemed drawing near,
Whilst joyful cried each Cavalier,
“ A Prince ! A Prince ! ” as hill and tower
Woke to their shout at midnight hour.

VII.

Day by day, and night by night,
Brave BONIVANT prolongs the fight ;
Famine and sword have triumphed o'er
His little band of men ;
Succour comes not—till hope no more

Glows in his breast, and then
He calls a truce—and treats for life,
But vows to perish in the strife,
Save liberty be granted all
Within old SANDAL's leaguered wall.
Life—fame, and liberty are won ;
Yon veteran band, in stately file,
Pass through the portal one by one ;
Ev'n CROMWELL's warriors laud the while
The Cavaliers march out ;
Whilst gazing on their dauntless brows,
From rank to rank, the plaudit grows
To one accordant shout !

VIII.

But they are gone !—and SANDAL's walls
Crumble beneath the iron hand,
That raised a scaffold for a king,
And dared in regicide be great,
To curb the sceptre of our State.
For Fate ordained her princely halls
Should melt as by enchanter's wand,
Quick as the thought's imagining !
Bastion and turrets, where are they ?
Gone like the dreams of yesterday !
And SANDAL's feudal pride is gone,
Or shrunk into yon mouldering stone !

CANTO II.

 ARGUMENT.

An invocation to Poesy—the dreamer of by-gone hours—the memory of the dead poetical—the dreams of poesy described—some bright and momentary—some heavenly—some impious and daring—the BARD craves not these, but a parting gleam of other days—a pensive dream—the vale of the CALDER, as seen from SANDAL—the ruins—the deathlike stillness of the place—wishes for a BARD of the Olden Time, to sing of happier days—all is hushed in sleep—the graves covered with grass—an adder glides by—glitters and disappears—twilight—darkness—the rents of time are effaced—the ruins grow gigantic—Glory inhabits her tenement anew—Fancy restores all things—past ages recalled—a crowd of Phantoms rise—WARREN, ALICE and JOAN—YORK and RUTLAND—the besiegers—they vanish—the wreck alone might inspire the MUSE—War leaves Grandeur desolate—the BARD turns from perishable things, to the contemplation of things that perish not—hails his spirit's destiny.

 SANDAL CASTLE IN RUINS.

I.

HAIL, Poesy ! immortal power !
 Fair dreamer of a by-gone hour !
 Oh ! lull thy bard in tranquil bower ;
 Sit watching o'er his slumbering head,

And softly whisper of the dead,
Of olden time, of joyance fled.
Oh ! 'tis a sacred love thou hast
For all that was, but now is past ;
Though they be sped, whose footsteps wore
The paths they now may tread no more,
Yet these thou wouldst explore ;
Ah, yes ! by Fancy's aid,
Fly back to days of yore,
And raptured live them o'er,
Wild, visionary maid !
But these are not thine only dreams ;
Some less beloved, yet brighter far,
'Thou hast, which flit like sunny gleams,
Like lightning's flash, or falling star ;
They soar aloft on seraph's pinion,
And rear them palaces on high,
Fantastic halls of rainbow dye,
Till Fancy spurns dull earth's dominion,
Till Reason's steps are turned awry ;
'Tis then thy wild imaginings
Will dare, rash maid ! forbidden things,
Too bright for earth—too frail for heaven,
Yet deemed by inspiration given,
Vague visions such as ne'er can be
Embodied in reality—
Then impious grown—thine eye will pry
The thresholds of eternity !
But these thy bard craves not of thee,
Oh ! grant to him a parting gleam
Of other days—a pensive dream !

II.

Look down on CALDER's tranquil vale,
Her waters reddening in the sun ;

And mark yon barge's glowing sail,
Catch evening's glories one by one ;
Behold how burns yon distant spire,
Tinged with vesper's fading fire :
And far beyond, the purpled hills,
Slope softly melting in the gleam
Of daylight's faint, expiring beam,
Which quivers still in CALDER's stream,
And welkin's West with radiance fills—
Then turn, and bend thine eye in tears,
Where SANDAL's ruined arch appears :
Sole remnant of her kingly pile !
Gaze on yon arch, and mark the while,
Of all her feudal glory shared,
How War has reft what Time had spared !
SANDAL ! alas ! thy voice is still—
Nor wakes as erst from grass-grown hill,
The lute's soft strain in lady's bower ;
Oh ! for a bard of olden time,
To yield thee back thy life in rhyme,
And sing afresh thy glorious prime,
When wassail-rout convulsed thy tower,
And banquet shook thy festive halls !
But all is still—thy crumbling walls
No more shall echo back the tread
Of prancing steed—no more shall War
Roll at thy feet his iron car ;
Nor trumpet's clang, nor clashing swords,
Nor prisoner's sigh, nor love's last words,
Whisper amid thy voiceless dead !
How still is death ! and thou—how still !
I fear to climb thy turf-clad hill,
Or wander o'er thy hidden graves ;
Where'er I gaze, the green-sward heaves
In hillocks, and the dark bough waves

Its funeral plume of dusky leaves
So gently o'er the sleepers here,
I would not trample on their bier !

III.

But—see ! how soft yon adder glides,
In silent course the hill besides ;
And now her venomed head she hides ;
Anon—pursues her noiseless way,
And doubling shuns each rustling spray ;
How bright her streaks of silver-grey !
Like tracks of light at break of day
Adown a mountain's rugged sides—
'Tis passed—her arrowy form hath fled,
Where yon dark thicket's shades are spread.

IV.

The wings of night are brooding now,
Above—around—beneath ; the gloom
Of yon deep elms, that shade the tomb
Of Grandeur, shrouds the haughty brow
Of SANDAL's triple-vaulted tower ;
The rents of time, the wrecks of war,
Grow less and less distinct, and are
Effaced, as Darkness veils the hour ;
Yon loftier pile of massive stone
Shoots up into the dusky air,
By Eve's wan light gigantic grown,
And wakes the pride that slumbered there !
And yon rude walls resume their reign
By night, and Glory dwells again,
Ev'n in her hoary tenement ;
And Fancy's spell creates anew
Buttress, and arch, and battlement,
Rising in splendour on the view,
As erst they stood in grim array,
High towering in the face of day.

V.

Dim-peering through the veil of night,
Yon murky forms bring back a crowd
Of images, that seek the light,
And leap from out the misty shroud
Of ages—picturing as they glide
Athwart the tablet of my thought,
What did of good or ill betide
These walls, and all the deeds here wrought.

VI.

And Lo ! twain spectres robed in air,
Muffled, and still, are gliding by,
Stealing along so warily !
And ever gazing on yon pair,
And beckoning still, a phantom fair,
Follows them aye with tearful eye :
He sees thee, hears thee not !
His early vow forgot ;
Alas ! thou love-lorn JOAN-DE-BARR,
Thy WARREN bends his brow of war
On yon false dame of LANCASTER,
And ever gazes but on her !
They pass—but mark yon file of dead,
Rise from their cold, ensanguined bed.
York's bleeding corse, and severed head !
And he, the young PLANTAGENET,
Stabbed to the heart—in order set,
Range 'neath their roses, white or red,
Horsemen and footmen, grim as death,
Pause for the spectre-trumpet's breath ;
Rally, and wheel, and charge in fight,
Then plunge into the gloom of night—
And now, a dread, beleaguering host,
Compass the fortress round ;
With rank to rank, and post to post,
They darken all the ground ;

And flash on flash of lurid light
Reveals the dim, unearthly fight ;
Tho' hushed the cannon's roar,
Yet tower and keep in silence fall,
And silent sinks the crumbling wall,
And SANDAL is no more !

VII.

And now, the phantom-crowd is gone,
And yon rude remnants stand alone.
SANDAL ! thy wreck might well inspire,²¹
In glowing breasts—a poet's fire—
And cold the heart—and strange the eye,
That could unheeded pass thee by,
Nor read thereon the hest of Fate,
How War leaves Grandeur desolate !

VIII.

What, if the bard from out thy wreck
Of grey and moss-grown stone,
May gather strength his lay to deck,
With strain of loftier tone ?
May turn from earthly potentate,
Whose tottering crown, and crumbling state,
Are 'whelmed by time, by war, by fate,
To things which perish not, nor die,
Changeless in their eternity ?
Yes, turn from earth, and earthly toys,
To brighter hopes—unfading joys ;
Then heavenward raise his glistening eye
To unseen mansions in the sky,
And hail his spirit's destiny !

THE END.

NOTES

TO

SANDAL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

1.

O'er Sandal's green and thick-set wood."

THE castle of Sandal, or Sammerhall, is situated about two miles south of Wakefield. It stands on a considerable eminence, commanding a beautiful and extensive prospect, and once formed part of the vast possessions of John, last Earl of Warren and Surrey. The castle was probably built at a much earlier period, and we are informed that it was destroyed by Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, out of revenge for an insult committed on his wife by the said Earl of Warren, who, however, afterwards restored Sandal to its original grandeur. The inhabitants of Wakefield will easily recognise the origin of the street called "Warren-gate," or "Wrengate," which led to one of the Parks of the Earl of Warren. "Park Hills" was another chase belonging to the said Earl. The Earls of Warren appear to have had "Furcæ," or gallows, at Wakefield, and the right of punishing offenders thereby. The axe and gibbet are still in the custody of the Lord of the Manor, by whom they are preserved as relics of the feudal times.

2.

" 'Tis Joan-de-Barr, Earl Warren's bride."

Joan-de-Barr, daughter of Henry, Earl of Barr, and grand-daughter to Edward I., married John, Earl of Warren, by whom she was divorced, the Earl settling upon her 740 marks per annum. She went abroad, and died A.D. 1361.

3.

" They were not born in wedlock, they."

The Earl's children by Maud-de-Nerford, were John

and Thomas-de-Warren, also by her, or some other mistress, he had William—Joan—Catherine, and Isabel-de-Warren. Maud-de-Nerford appears to have generally resided at Sandal, and at the Earl's death, is said to have retained possession of the Manor, and to have held Courts at Wakefield till her decease, about the year 1350.

4.

“ To-night San Martin comes—to-night.”

Richard San Martin, a deformed knight, and relative of the Earl of Warren, was concerned in the capture of Alice-de-Lacy, the wife of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster; which circumstance occasioned her divorce from her husband, when she afterwards married the said Richard, who endeavoured, but without effect, to lay claim to the Earldoms of Lincoln and Salisbury.

5.

“ From Coningsburg, by covert way.”

Coningsburg Castle, (now Conisbro') near Doncaster, formerly one of the possessions of the Earl of Warren, probably built soon after the Conquest, on the site of a Saxon fort. Here it was that the Earl, and his sworn enemy, Thomas Earl of Lancaster, were both born.

6.

“ 'Tis night, soft night, and Kirby's feudal walls.”

Though hardly needful, it may be well to state, that the “Harper's Tale” is a mere fiction; the story, however, is not more improbable than many related in history.

7.

“ Beneath the dungeon-keep there lay

“ A winding subterranean way.”

There still exists a tradition among the inhabitants of Sandal, that formerly there was a subterranean way, leading from the castle to the cellars of the Great Bull Inn, Wakfield, and consequently passing under the river Calder. The author is informed that the said Inn was formerly a monastery.

8.

“ For when that noble stood arraigned.”

Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, was brought a prisoner to his own castle of Pomfret, by Sir Andrew-de-Harley,

March 21 (15 Edward II.), and being arraigned before the King, in the presence of the Earl of Warren and other Barons, was sentenced to death for high treason, and executed immediately afterwards.

9.

“ De Warren’s strength began to fade.”

John, Earl of Warren, died, without issue, June 30, 1347, on his 61st birthday. He was buried in the abbey church of Lewes, in Sussex.

His life was one of great activity. He appears to have taken part in all the principal events which characterise the reigns in which he lived. He attended Edward I. in his last expedition into Scotland. He formed part of the retinue of Edward II. when he went over to marry the King of France’s daughter. He attended that monarch in his Scotch expedition. He, together with other powerful barons, besieged Piers-de-Gaveston in Scarborough Castle, and took him prisoner. Soon after he refused to attend the king to Scotland, on account of several grievances remaining unredressed. 10 Edward II., however, he joined the army against the Scots. 13 Edward II. he was similarly employed, 18 Edward II. he was appointed Captain-general of the forces sent into Gascoign. 20 Edward II. he was made one of the twelve lords, who were to govern the kingdom during the prince’s minority. 1 Edward III. he was again in the expedition against Scotland. 7 Edward III. he was at the Battle of Halidown, and assisted Baliol, who is said to have resided in Sandal Castle for six months. 9 Edward III., Warren was again in Scotland. 13 Edward III. he was chosen one of the sureties of the King of England, for the completion of the marriage of the Black Prince, with the Daughter of the Duke of Brabant. 20 Edward III. he married Isabel-de-Houland, who survived him.

For further particulars, see “Memoirs of the ancient Earls of Warren and Surrey. By Rev. J. Watson, M.A., F.A.S.”

10.

“ Rallying round Plantagenet,

“ Five thousand valiant swords were met.”

The narrative of Sandal is again resumed after the lapse of 113 years from the death of the Earl of Warren, with which Part I. concludes.—It may be well to state the events which preceded, and occasioned the Battle of

Wakefield.—An Act of Settlement having been drawn up, it was agreed, that Henry VI. should keep the crown for life, but that the Duke of York and his family should succeed him at his death. The Queen, disdaining any arrangement which dethroned her child, joined her friends in the north, who had raised an army in the King's name—among these were the Earls of Northumberland—Lord Clifford—the Duke of Somerset—the Earl of Devon, &c., with an army of 20,000 men.

The Duke of York, leaving Warwick and Norfolk with the King, and directing his eldest son Edward to follow with the rest of his forces, set out with Rutland and the Earl of Salisbury towards the north, and arrived at his castle of Sandal on 21st December, with 5,000 or 6,000 men.—The Duke spent his Christmas at Sandal, and the Queen's forces lay some time at Pomfret—Edward was still at Shrewsbury. On 30th Dec., 1460, the Battle of Wakefield was fought.

For a full account of the Battle of Wakefield, see—Sharon Turner's History of England—Allen's History of Yorkshire—Speed's History of Great Britain—Henry's History of Great Britain—Pictorial History of England, also Shakspeare's King Henry VI., 3rd Part.

The reader will observe that the Duke of York is distinguished by the various appellations of "Richard,"—"Plantagenet,"—"York,"—"the Duke," &c.

11.

"The Saviour's hymn is stealing,"

The Author, on account of the Battle of Wakefield being in suspense for several days previous to the 30th December, on which day it actually took place, will hardly be considered guilty of an anachronism, in representing the Christmas carols as occurring on the eve of the engagement.

12.

"And there Sir David sued in vain,"

Sir David Hall, an old and faithful knight of Richard, Duke of York, slain in the Battle of Wakefield.

13.

"But one there was—alack-a-day !

"By priest led forth from out the fray,"

The name of the Earl of Rutland's tutor was, Sir Robert Aspoll, a priest.

14.

"The archway gained—where chantry stood,

See "*Whitaker's Loidis and Elmete*"—which speaks of the very early existence of a chantry on Wakefield bridge. Since the first edition of this poem was printed, the author has perused Mr. Scatchard's "*Dissertation*," &c., which throws considerable light on the early history of the chapel on Wakefield bridge.

The impression on the author's mind remains, in the main, the same as before his perusal of Mr. Scatchard's interesting work. The author had no difficulty in understanding the meaning of Dr. Whitaker, with reference to the early existence of a chapel, or chantry, on Wakefield bridge—and with regard to its prior endowment of £8, 10s. 3d., in the reign of Edward III., without any pretensions to antiquarian research, there appears to him, no inconsistency in there having been a re-endowment by Edward IV. of £14, 15s. 3½d., together with considerable repairs in the edifice, as probably additional service, in the form of masses for the dead, was required of the officiating priests at that period.

Mr. Scatchard's remarks on the west front of the chapel, as being of much earlier date than the reign of Edward IV., are very satisfactory; in fact, if any enlargement of the chapel took place at the period of its second endowment, the proximity of the bridge to the west front, would alone prevent much alteration in that quarter; whilst the building might have been more easily enlarged at the eastern extremity.

The most difficult point really appears to be, to ascertain what was the exact amount of repairs, alterations, or enlargement, which took place in the reign of Edward IV., to give rise to the general, but mistaken idea, that the Chapel was originally founded by that Monarch.

From Mr. Scatchard's work there is abundant evidence that this chapel was founded by the townspeople of Wakefield, certainly not later than the year 1357, when they appear to have presented it to King Edward III., in return for his protection of the trade of the town. Mr. Scatchard mentions that in the "*Gents. Mag.*" for Dec., 1756, an account is given of the discovery of a number of antique figures in wood and alabaster found concealed in the roof of the chapel. One of these figures is said to represent St. William, 30th Archbishop of York. The rest, Scripture characters—and in nowise illustrative of the Battle of Wakefield.

In the XVI. century, this beautiful building was occupied as the Exchange, or general resort of merchants. Subsequently, it has been used as a warehouse—an old clothes shop—a flax-dresser's shop—a news room—a cheese-cake house—a dwelling house—and a cornfactor's office.

15.

“ False murderer of my sire.”

Thomas, Lord Clifford, slain at the first Battle of St. Albans, May 22nd, (33rd Henry VI.) by the Yorkists, was father to John, Lord Clifford, who slew the Duke of York, and young Rutland, at the Battle of Wakefield.

16.

“ Rutland and Salisbury, side by side.”

The Earl of Salisbury, being taken prisoner after the Battle of Wakefield, was sent to Pontefract Castle by Queen Margaret, and beheaded there : his head was afterwards exposed on the gates of York, together with many others.

17.

“ But thrice the wintry moon had waned,

“ Since Sandal's plain was carnage stained.”

Towton, a village three miles S. E. of Tadcaster. The celebrated battle between the houses of York and Lancaster, and so fatal to the latter, was fought there on Palm Sunday, 1461.

18.

“ The bloody Clifford's severed head”

John, Lord Clifford, was slain the day before the Battle of Towton; having put off his gorget, he was struck in the throat by an arrow, and immediately expired.

19.

“ Lo ! still on Towton's battle field”

The author is informed by a gentleman who has visited the field of battle at Towton, that roses of a peculiar kind still grow there, some in distinct circles in the centre of the pasture ground. Many of the inhabitants of the village believe, that these roses have sprung from the pits in which the slain were buried after the battle.

20.

“ Full soon a stately cross he built.”

This cross was destroyed by the Parliamentary army at the siege of Sandal Castle.

Nothing now remains to mark the site, but a ditch, which cuts off a small triangular piece of ground, said to be the exact spot where the Duke of York was slain.

21.

“ Hark! hark! the foe is at her gate.”

Richard III. made use of Sandal as a royal residence. Subsequently it was employed as the Manor House, where the Courts were held, and was occupied by the Saviles for many generations in the capacity of Manor Stewards.

The reader should bear in mind the lapse of 184 years since the Battle of Towton, the last prominent event with which Part II. closes.

During the Parliamentary wars, Sandal Castle was held by Colonel Bonivant for King Charles, and after a siege of three weeks surrendered to Colonel Overton, September 30, 1645. The castle was dismantled about a year afterwards, by order of the Parliament.

In the reign of James II. the ruined castle and park adjoining belonged to Sir Richard Beaumont; by him it was conveyed to Neviles of Chevet, and from them it found its way into the Pilkington family, and thus, to its present possessor, Sir W. Pilkington, Bt. of Chevet.

There is a drawing of Sandal Castle preserved in the Duchy Office of Lancaster, made in the reign of Elizabeth, from which the engraving now extant, has been executed.

22.

“ And, lo, where stands yon Danish mound.”

Lowe Hill may have a Roman origin, but at present it bears the marks of a Danish mount, surrounded with a double ditch. If a watch tower formerly stood here, it may have given name to the town of Wakefield, called in Domesday Book, Wachfeld.

John-de-Warren is said to have attempted to build a castle on Lowe Hill, but was necessitated to relinquish the undertaking from the violence of the winds.

The distance of Lowe Hill from Sandal, makes it less probable that Overton should have planted his chief battery there, when the hill, facing the opposite, and least defensible part of the castle, stands much nearer. However, so speaks tradition.

23.

“ From Pomfret’s distant turret’s height.”

Pomfret Castle being besieged at the same time with

Sandal, this expedient was hit upon by the governors of both castles, for the purpose of keeping up the spirits of their garrisons—and whichever first received the good tidings, was to signify the same by kindling a fire on the highest tower of his castle. See Boothroyd's History of Pomfret.

24.

“Sandal! thy wreck might well inspire.”

The author has pleasure in transcribing the following spirited verses, which were written by a gentleman on his first visit to the ruins of Sandal Castle, inasmuch as they will evince, that the author has asserted the truth, and that as regards Sandal—

“The wreck might well inspire,

“In glowing breasts—a poet's fire.”

ODE TO SANDAL.

“RELIC hoar of ancient days!

“How scant, and scattered is the wreck,

“That serves to mark the sacred place,

“Which erst thy towers were wont to deck.

“Thy spacious courts no more are trod;

“Thy warriors sleep beneath the sod;

“Thy bastions dark, no longer crown,

“Those mounds from which they once did frown.

“But stately hall, and vaulted keep,

“And light thrown arch, and turret steep,

“And citadel of loftiest pride,

“And treble-gate, and draw bridge wide,

“Are gone, are sunken from our sight,

“Soon lost amid the misty, darkling night,

“Which ever follows close on Time's oblivious flight!

“Gone! is the Baron's feudal state;

“Gone! is the fame of the mighty and great;

“Gone! is the prowess of martial knight;

“Gone! are the charms of his lady bright;

“Gone! is the pomp of thy chivalry,

“Of thy pageants gay, and thy healdry:

“But though lost thy state, and shrunk thy form,

“Thou yet hast power our hearts to warm;

“Whilst pitying thee, and musing still,

“We slowly turn from SANDAL HILL.”

HENRIE CLIFFORDE .

AND

MARGARET PERCY,

A Ballad.

BY

W . H . LEATHAM.

L O N D O N :

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS,

MDCCCXLI.



P R E F A C E .

The Scenery of Bolton Abbey is too familiar to the Tourist to need any illustration—and many persons who have not travelled to that romantic spot, will probably have become acquainted with it through the admirable notice in “Howitt’s Visits to Remarkable Places”, in “Montague’s Gleanings in Craven,”—in Dr. Whitaker’s valuable “History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven”, or through the poetry of Wordsworth and Rogers.

To render the subsequent poem intelligible, and to obviate the necessity for notes, the author will proceed to give a brief historical sketch of the personages who figure therein.

The subject of the following ballad, Henry, Lord Clifford, 1st. Earl of Cumberland, and XIth Lord of the Honor of Skipton, born 1493, was son of Henry, Lord Clifford, surnamed “the Shepherd Lord”, and grandson of John, Lord Clifford, surnamed “the bloody Clifford”, or “the black-faced Clifford”, who was killed the day before the battle of Towton—and whose history is too well known to need any comment here—suffice it to say that his son, on the accession of Henry VII, emerged from the fells of Cumberland, where he had been principally concealed, in the guise of a Shepherd, for 25 years.

The restoration of the Shepherd Lord to the estates and honours of his ancestors has been celebrated by Wordsworth in his “Song of the Feast of Brougham Castle,” &c. also the characters and virtues of this nobleman have been set forth in his “White Doe of Rylstone.” In the notes to these poems will be found considerable extracts from Dr. Whitaker’s History of Craven, which fully introduce the reader to the history of this personage.

He appears to have preferred the solitude of Barden, where he enlarged the Tower out of a Keeper’s Lodge, to the grandeur of his castle at Skipton.

His intimacy with the Canons of Bolton afforded him an opportunity of pursuing his favorite studies, Astronomy and Alchemy. Richard Moyne, (or Moone) who was the last Prior of Bolton, and who built the base of the unfinished tower which now forms the west front of the abbey, was among his intimate friends.

There was, however, one circumstance which conspired to interrupt the happy retirement of this venerable nobleman, the disgraceful conduct of his son Henry. Dr. Whitaker presents us with a copy of a curious letter written by the Shepherd Lord to a privy councillor, complaining of this "mad-cap Harry", in which he speaks of the "ungodly and ungudely" disposition of his son "Henrie Clifford" despising his commaunds and threatening his servants, and striking with his own hand his "pore ser-vaunt Henrie Popeley in peryl of dethe, w^{ch} so lyeth, and is lyke to dye"; moreover he complains of his son's thefts, committed to support "his inordinate pride and ryot", "apparelling himself and his horse in cloth of golde, and goldsmyth's wark, more lyk a duke, than a pore Baron's sonne, as hee ys." The old Lord proceeds to inform us, that notwithstanding he had given Henry £15, "and over that his blessing upon his gude and lawful demeanour", desiring him to forsake the council of certain evil disposed persons "as wel yonge gents as oth's," lest "he sholde bee utterlie undone for ev^r, as wel bodilie as ghostlie", yet that he continued his course of disobedience "and trobled divers housys of religioun, to bring from them their tythes, shamefully betyng ther tenaunts and s^vants, in such wyse as some whol townes were fayne to kepe the churches both nighte and daye, and dare not come att ther own housys".

This complaint appears to have met with no attention from a young monarch like Henry VIII, with whom Henry Clifford had been educated. Dr. Whitaker fixes the date of this letter about 1512, or 1513 ;—it must therefore have been written when Henry was 20 years old, and about the time that the Old Lord signalized himself at the age of 60, by marching with a large body of men from Craven and elsewhere, to take a principal command in the army which fought under the Earl of Surrey at Flodden, and where the gallant conduct of the Shepherd Lord won him great renown.

Supposing then that his son was at this time keeping company with outlaws, it may not be too improbable a conjecture that he was also engaged in this battle, tho' perhaps he fought in disguise. In support of this supposition, it is remarkable that the success of that engagement commenced by the vigorous charge of the Bastard Heron, with a band of *outlaws*, upon the left wing of the Scots, commanded by Lord Home, who had previously driven back the right wing of the English vanguard—; but thus rallied by the bravery of Heron and his outlaws until Lord Dacre came up

with 1500 horse, the English eventually drove Lord Home off the field. The other particulars of the Battle of Flodden are too familiar to the reader to need repetition. There remains only one circumstance, in connexion with this young nobleman, which requires some further notice, his marriage with the Lady Margaret Percy, daughter of the Earl of Northumberland.

Dr. WHITAKER, to whom the Author is indebted for the conjecture respecting the way in which HENRY became acquainted with Lady MARGARET, has boldly surmised, that the beautiful Ballad of the "Not-browne Mayde" contains the history of this acquaintance, of course varied sufficiently from the precise facts of the case, "in order to throw a decent veil of poetical fiction over a recent and well known fact." It seems indeed highly probable, that HENRY became acquainted with his future bride, when lurking in the garb of an outlaw in the huge forests that surrounded ALNWICK CASTLE and its neighbourhood. Whatever the truth may be, we hear no complaint against him after his marriage, and he appears to have been a second prodigal son reclaimed. It seems probable, that he took up his residence forthwith at SKIPTON CASTLE, and he is said to have built, at an after period, in the short space of four or five months, the whole of the eastern gallery of that Castle, terminating in the octagonal Tower, for the reception of his high-born daughter-in-law, the Lady Eleanor BRANDON.

Having completed his sketch of the personages introduced in the following poem, the Author may be permitted to make a few introductory remarks on the style and versification he has thought fit to adopt. There is one anomalous feature in the present day which every one will observe, a hankering after the decorations, costumes, pastimes, &c., of a bye-gone age. We have just beheld a revival of Tilts and Tournaments at Eglinton Castle ; we daily see some new elevation in the Gothic style springing up around our populous towns ; we observe the dress of our fashionable ladies gradually assimilating to the costume portrayed in our Vandykes and Sir Peter Lelys ; we cannot but acknowledge how much of our lighter literature is descriptive of a past age—how many of our most popular painters are for ever pencilling some scene in "the olden time";—and lastly, we have lately witnessed the formation of the "Percy Society" for the express purpose of republishing the ancient poetry of our country. These are facts which speak of our encreasing fondness for an age antecedent to our own.

Whether it be that this our day is so full of railroads, of manufactories, and of other innovations, as to disgust the more sensitive amongst us, the Author cannot say ; but, if this be the case, it is no wonder that the higher classes seek refuge in the more congenial regions of "the Olden Time."

Seeing, however, that this love of Antiquity does exist to a large extent, the Author may need less apology for having imitated in the narrative parts of the following poem the Old Ballad style, so generally admired by all true Englishmen; and though he has scattered a few obsolete words here and there, as a matter of course, yet he has avoided, as much as possible, making this practice general, finding that in many parts of the Poem, he was obliged to depart from the old style altogether, as unfit for other than the narrative portions. With these remarks, the Author begs to add the following list of the obsolete words which he has introduced in the subsequent pages; together with the particular meaning in which he has used them, according to the glossary attached to "Percy's Reliques."

An—if.
 Busk—prepare.
 Bedone—wrought.
 Baleful—sorrowful.
 Chiding—noise.
 Certes—certainly.
 Chanticleer—a cock.
 Cankardly—peevishly.
 Cushat—dove.
 Deftly—skilfully.
 Eke—also.
 Eftsoon—in a short time.
 Featly—nimble.
 Fayne—glad.
 Fytte—a canto of a poem.
 Guerdon—reward.
 Glaive—sword.
 Gear—clothing.
 Gripp'd—grasped.
 Gramercye!—thank you!
 Hawberk—lesser coat of mail.
 Hooly—slowly.

Ilka—each
 Kirtle—kilt—petticoat.
 Kith and kin—friends and relations.
 Lithe—hear—listen.
 Losel—an idle fellow.
 Mote—might—may.
 Moil—to labour.
 Pricked—spurred on.
 Pardie!—pardieu!
 Roode—cross.
 Sooth—truth.
 Syth—since.
 Withouten—without.
 Wot—to know.
 Woe worth!—exclamation.
 Waly!—do. of grief.
 Whilom—formerly.
 Whute—to whistle.
 Weet—to know.
 Y—wis—truly.
 Y—prefixed to words.

Hennie Clifforde and Margaret Percy.

Now, list, ye Lords and Ladyes fair !
Ye sturdy Hinds' as well !
Now, lithe of Clifforde's outlaw'd heir,
" Young Harry of the dell."
Now, hearken ! how that graceless boy,
Became his father's pride ;
Eftsoon, he worked him mickle joy,
Eke, how he won his bride.
The moral, then, ye'll find, y-wis,
" Right godly sorrow yeldeth bliss ;"
And more, as heaven hath will'd below,
" What proveth weal, oft seemeth woe."

Epitaph.

It happ'd, whilom, in Bolton's dell,
When silent hung the convent's bell,
There glimmer'd forth one lonely light,
That trembled in the stream ;
Buttress, and mullion's dusky height,
Rose faintly in that gleam ;
And far beyond, the eye might trace,
The stars between, a darkened space,
Where towered the wondrous pile ;

Close on the margin of the flood,
 Mystic, and giantlike, there stood
 Chancel, and nave, and isle.
 Anon, some meteor, silently,
 Career'd athwart the midnight sky,
 As 'twere a tear-drop big and bright,
 It trickle'd down the cheek of night,
 Yet seem'd to greet that ancient place,
 And light each window's faded face,
 As with a ghastly smile!
 Nor died away till Wharfe's hoarse stream,
 Had multiplied each transient beam.

Their beads were told, their prayers were said,
 The Monks of Bolton were a-bed,
 Save Prior Moyne, whose lamp was lit,
 For his was many a studious fit,
 And oft he vex'd the drowsy night,
 In hours from slumber stole,
 To pour by this unhallow'd light,
 O'er mystic page, and scroll.
 But hark! as thus he sits so late,
 A stranger knocks at Bolton's gate.

"Alacke! a most uncourteous guest!"

"What, ho! what news? at whose behest,

"Dare travellers break our godly rest?"

"I come a wayworn Pilgrim here,

"And fayne would stay till morn"—

"Now, by our Ladye, if thy gear,

"Bespeak the truth forlorn,

"Thy tongue were not forsworn,

"And Bolton's gate shall ope to thee,

"In christian love and courtesy!"

He spake, and straightway entrance gave:

The Pilgrim thrust his sturdy stave

Within the opening door,

Then turning, whuted loud and shrill,

Till answering from the woodland hill,

Rose laughter's frantic roar;

And troop, on troop, came hurrying down;

But ill conceal'd by Palmer's gown,

With staff and scallop shell:

Then wilder still the chiding broke,

Till ilk' affrighted Friar woke

Within the peaceful dell.

"How, now? good Father Moyne! quoth they,
 "One hundred marks of thee,
 "Or thou shalt wend with us away,
 "Under the green-wood tree!"

Then one by one, with haggard mien,
 Each sleep-awaken'd Monk was seen,
 With ghost-astounded air;
 For when he view'd the burly knaves,
 Bearded and bronz'd, with secret glaives,
 Stand with uplifted, oaken staves,
 He mote, in sooth, despair!

Full well he marked each Pilgrim's face,
 Was writh'd in many a foul grimace
 To see his woeful plight;
 For Father Moyne was sorely tried,
 Which way to turn the thieves aside,
 Or punish them outright.

"Now Prior Moyne! we must away,
 "To the green wood, ere break of day,
 "And thou with us shalt go!
 The priest is loath, but yield he must,
 Or pay one hundred marks on trust,
 With mickle wrath and woe.
 The bag is brought—the coin is told,
 And doubly curst the sinners bold,
 Who robb'd the church, and filch'd her gold!
 Then swift as lightning, while 'tis night,
 Each losel takes his hasty flight.

But one there was that troop among,
 Tho' banded with their guilty throng,
 Was with them not in heart,
 And stealing forth from out the crowd,
 Was heard discoursing thus aloud,
 In secret and apart——

"Oh, that my soul had words to tell,
 "The charm of Midnight's spell!
 "What time the dew on leaf, and flower,
 "Descending in such tender shower,
 "So gladden's summer's sultry bower,
 "That Earth awakes at morning tide,
 "All jewell'd as a bride!
 "What time Titania calls her court,
 "To tread the mazy dance, and sport,
 "Round and round, in fairy ring,
 "Wooing thus her fickle King.
 "What time the owl will screech aloud
 "To meet a dead's man shroud:

“For now the spirits of the dead,
“Rise from their earthly bed,
“And steal abroad in misty guise,
“Fearing to meet all eyes;
“But at the church bell’s solemn sound,
“Each shrinking ghost sinks underground,
“And elf, and goblin disappear,
“At crow of chanticleer.
“But more unhallow’d things, I ween,
“Than fay or ghost were seen,
“Walking abroad at this lone hour,
“Save aw’d by holy power;
“For now throughout all earthly bounds,
“Heaven’s angels walk their rounds.
“Yes! there’s a world we cannot pry,
“Where spirits dwell continually,
“And haply some throng round me now,
“To gaze upon my fever’d brow!

“Oh! that my soul had words to tell,
“The power of Midnight’s spell!
“What time the silent stars on high,
“Wandering through the moonless sky,
“Gaze on Night’s solemn witchery!
“When Heaven and Earth unconscious seem,
“Wrapp’d in a stilly dream!
“When scarce an acorn quits the wood,
“But falling, starts the solitude,
“Rousing the stag, or cushat-dove,
“That sleeps beneath, or roosts above;
“But tho’ ’tis still on fell, and moor,
“O’er hill and dale, o’er tarn and brake,
“Yon torrent’s voice is heard to roar,
“Hurrying to some unknown shore;
“She alone throughout the dell,
“Owns no Midnight spell!
“Her leaping waters are awake!
“As if their chiding current spake,
“Thus in the slumbering ear of Night,
“Of Times’ oblivious flight.

“Ay! ’tis a strange—a solemn hour,
“The guilty soul hath felt its power;
“He who hath done some deed of ill,
“Must tremble when all flesh is still!
“There is a pause, so like to death,

“ The silence of the grave,
“ I feel the chillness of her breath,
“ Whene’er yon dark boughs wave
“ There comes a hollow voice within,
“ Whispering of each secret sin ;
“ And Memory calls her dreaded power,
“ And years come back in one short hour ;
“ Then Conscience owns each guileful part,
“ And deeds and thoughts in long array,
“ Throng around my lonely heart,
“ In semblance of the judgment day !
“ I wot not how the murderer’s eye,
“ Can brook to meet the midnight sky,
“ Nor know even there the glance of God,
“ Beholds the blood-stain’d paths he trod !
“ Yes ! Midnight breathes a holier hour,
“ The sainted death-bed owns her power ;
“ Oh ! then the hush of all around,
“ Scares not the Spirit in her bound,
“ From earth to heaven, and entering there,
“ Holds fast her hope in faith and prayer !
“ And they, whose hearts with God are right,
“ Will know no fears descend with night,
“ Their souls will then more fitly rise,
“ In adoration to the skies !
“ Is Clifforde’s heart so foul, so fell,
“ As own no dread in Midnight’s spell ?
“ Then hear my vow, thou silent sky,
“ Harken ! ye quenchless fires on high,
“ Bright with man’s mortal destiny !
“ Oh ! aid a holier path to win,
“ And cast away this sting of sin !
“ Great God ! from this time forth, I pray
“ My stony heart may melt away,
“ And thine be all my manlier day !”

END of *Fortie E.*

Fytte EE.

Oh! morn! thou art a glorious birth,
Re-kindling light and life on earth!
How blithely crows the wild heath-cock,
Shaking his plumage grey,
Full in the face of day;
Then up, o'er hill and gorse-clad rock,
On steady pinion flies,
Close where his moor-hen lies;
Lo! she too mounts on speckled wing,
Sweeping aloft o'er tarn and ling;
Most innocent and joyous thing!
But see ye not yon fallow-deer,
From out the ferny covert peer,
Rous'd with the blush of dawn?
The meek Does mincing as they tread,
The Stags, with gallant antlers spread,
Stalking afield, with lordly head;
They cross the dewy upland near,
With watchful eye and wakeful ear,
Snuffing the breath of morn!
Now round about old Barden's towers,
Round ivied wall and leafy bowers,
Light mists are hovering thin,
Or falling soft, in silver showers,
The Wharfe's deep vale within;
Now walks abroad the glorious Sun,
Scattering away the dawn-clouds dun;
Hark! with the birth of day is heard
The piping of each minstrel bird.

Where stately oaks in forest pride,
Rise from yon river's bed,
Mantling the hills on either side,
In one broad covert spread,
Old Clifford's Hall and Chantry's isle,
Lattice and solemn tracery,
Basking like Youth in Love's first smile,
Glow red beneath the golden sky !

" Now, busk thee ! busk thee ! Hal Popeley—

" Saddle thy master's steed,

" He will ride to the Priory,

" Busk thee, man, with speed !"

And Clifford's Shepherd Lord is gone,

An aged man, alone,

To Bolton Abbey wends his way,

Thus early in the day.

And as he wound his path along,

It did his old heart good,

To lithe the merry throstle's song,

In the cool, green wood ;

And when he saw each wild cascade,

Like liquid amber foam,

From rock to rock, adown the glade,

Fresh from its mountain home—

Now here a chalice trickling o'er,

With crystal waters fill'd,

Now leaping there, with mimic roar,

Disporting as a child,

The Shepherd Lord in sooth was pleas'd,

He felt his care-worn spirit eas'd.

But when he viewed the rocky cleft,

By the chaf'd river rudely reft,

Where perish'd Adeliza's boy,

The boy of Egremont, her joy !

Oh ! then bold Clifford's heart was sad,

He thought of his own wayward lad,

His Henrie, leagued with fierce outlaws,

Track'd like a hunted deer !

Certes, his aged eye had cause,

To shed that secret tear !

But Lo ! the abbey's walls appear,

In solemn, sacred shade,

The matin bell hath charm'd his ear,

Stealing adown the glade :

Each arch, each window, towering higher,

Grow in the gleam of light,

Till northern transept, nave and choir,
 Stand perfect in his sight !
 Lo ! here, a crystal cascade gleams,
 Athwart a purple crag,
 Like thread of burnished silver seems,
 On some emblazon'd flag ;
 Lo! there, the Wharfe's meandering streams,
 Wind round the Abbey's feet,
 Rekindling morning's glorious beams,
 From out their foaming sheet ;
 Yon bleak, blue belt of Romellis'*-moor,
 Southward, forbids the eye explore ;
 North, east, and west slopes stately wood,
 To screen the Prior's solitude,
 Fencing round the peaceful dell,
 Like a forest citadel.

Now Prior Moyne comes forth to greet,
 His lordly guest as seems him meet,
 But woe-begone, and cancardly—
 " Father ! how now ? what aileth thee ?"
 And then the holy Prior told,
 How thieves had filch'd his hoarded gold,
 " And by this dagger found at morn,
 " Which thou wast wont to bear,
 " But, certes, syth by Henrie worn,
 " I know thy son was there !"
 In sooth, was Clifford's Baron sad,
 To think what graceless son he had—
 " Alacke ! Alacke ! that reckless boy
 " Was erst his Father's boast and joy,
 " But now he works him sore annoy,
 " In wanton deeds of ill !
 " Whene'er I sought to curb his pride,
 " Or word or council he defied,
 " So stubborn was his will ;
 " And thrice my henchman sore abus'd,
 " In sorry sort to tell ;
 " Him grieving thus to see misus'd .
 " Who served his Lord full well,
 " The youth to task I straightway took,
 " For such ungodly deed,
 " But wise reproof he would not brook,
 " But mounted his hot steed,
 " And left his Father's house and home,
 " Banded with outlaw'd men to roam !

* Romellis, pronounced Rumbles.

“ May God in mercy, as of old,
“ Bring back this lost sheep to his fold !
“ But now, sage Father, I have need
“ Of thy best blessing, with all speed,
“ For Scotland’s king has cross’d the Tweed,
“ And dares our arms in fight ;
“ The brave Earl Surrey marches north,
“ With England’s valour, flower and worth,
“ To prove proud James’s might ;
“ Faith ! I must prick through moor and glen,
“ To rouse my sternest mountain men ;
“ Full few, I ween, there be will lag
“ Behind old Clifford’s sword and flag !
“ These aged limbs shall shine in mail,
“ This hoary head in steel,
“ And gripp’d for England’s weal
“ This sword shall with God’s grace prevail
“ ’Gainst all who dare assail !”
“ Adieu ! the Church’s prayers be thine,
“ She prays thy guerdon be divine ;
“ Heav’n shield thy head, and speed thine arms,
“ And bring thee safe from war’s alarms :
“ May conquest deck thy hoary crest,
“ And yield thee glory, peace and rest.”

End of *ſytte* EE.

Finis.

Now Henrie fayne would homeward hie,
But durst not brook his sire,
Yet deem'd some feat in chivalry,
Mote 'swage his parent's ire ;
Right well he knew old CLIFFORDE'S breast,
Would leap to greet a warrior's crest,
Nor deeds in arms a pathway vain,
Back to his father's heart again.
Then he, the young, the brave outlaw,
Thus bent on valorous deed,
Full tidings heard of Scotland's war,
And hied him North with speed ;
But ever journey'd covertly,
Upon his own true steed,
And bound him to the green-wood tree,
Of rest when he had need.
Alacke ! it was a weary way,
Still forward, forward night and day !
At length, he rode nigh Alnwick's wall,
Where rises Percy's ancient hall,
And there in forest shade,
His bower and bed were made.
It happ'd at morn, on palfrey gay,
Withouten groom or squire,
Fair Margaret PERCY rode that way,
In maidenly attire ;
But as she hied where CLIFFORDE lay,
Who fayne would hidden be,
Her steed sprang backward, and away

Dash'd with the fair ladye !
Eftsoon, he heard a piercing cry,
What way the steed had stray'd,
And rushing from his covert nigh
He hasten'd up the glade—
“ Woe worth thy steed ! thou fair ladye,
“ For lowly art thou laid ;
“ I prithee, say, what frighteth thee,
“ Thou young and winsome maid ?”
Nor sign, or answer maketh she,
For in a swoon she lies,
Her pallid cheeks are sad to see,
Her meekly closed eyes !
But he has sought the cooling spring,
Whose fountain trickleth near,
That he might o'er her pale brow fling,
Its waters crystal clear ;
And he her drooping head has laid,
Besprinkled on his knee,
Then marvels much so blithe a maid,
Should thus unconscious be.
Now first he bares her snowy breast,
To greet the gent'le breeze ;
And opes her gold-embroider'd vest
To give her bosom ease—
When lo ! her dove-like eyes unclose !
Her cheeks are mantling like the rose !
“ What meaneth this ? am I the jeer
Of outlaws in the wood ?
“ Then know I am an Earl's daughter,
“ Of Percy's gentle blood !”
“ Fair ladye thou hast naught to fear,
“ I swear by holy roode,
“ An beést thou an Earl's daughter
“ I'll prove thy liege-man good !
“ And tho' an out-law here I roam,
“ I have a courtly steed,
“ Shall bear thee to thy house and home,
“ O'er flood, and fell, and mead.”
“ Gramercye ! stranger, for thine aid,”
Full soon was Henrie's steed array'd,
And light on croup, the winsome maid,
The outlaw at her side ;
And thus they journey'd through the wood,
Where gnarled oaks gigantic stood,

And beeches tall and wide ;
With fit discourse they wiled the way,
Conversing of the Border fray,
What fate might there betide .
Oft gazing thus on Henrie's brow,
Blithe Margaret felt a conscious glow,
Suffuse her maiden face ;
His brow was fair as hers, in sooth,
And he, in mien, a peerless youth,
Replete with manly grace ;
And his, methinks, a peerless eye,
So bright 'twould make a damsel sigh,
Then smile, in changeful mood—
Despite his garb, she deem'd she saw,
Little to mark the bold out-law,
But much of gentle blood :
Y-wis, she sought to quench the flame,
Which prompted much to know his name,
Who had her liege-man stood ;
But when she ween'd her wish to win,
And queried of his kith and kin,
Ev'n Margaret vainly pray'd—
“ I may not tell an Earl's Daughter,
“ My kith and kin, or else I were,
“ By wicked men betray'd ;
“ But syth I am thy liege-man sworn,
“ An outlaw, yet not basely born,
“ Oh ! turn thou not away in scorn,
“ When this small boon I crave ;
“ Yon golden band that binds thy hair,
“ Oh ! give me in my helm to wear,
“ (No coward's hand shall soil it there)
“ The Percy's blood is brave,
“ 'Twill fire my heart,—'twill sharp my glaive,
“ To think, high dame, on thee !
“ Well mote I fight for her who gave,
“ Such golden braid to me !
“ Nay list ! I swear by holy roode,
“ Should conquest grace my plume,
“ If thou wilt meet me in the wood,
“ Withouten squire or groom,
“ I'll yield thee back thy shining braid,
“ And eke disclose my kin ;
“ But if in battle low I'm laid,
“ I die unkenn'd therein !”

Now she has pledg'd that outlaw 'd man,
And granted him his boon ;
As forth to kiss her hand he ran,
And bent him lowly down,
All suddenly athwart the way,
Rode troop on troop in dense array ,
A mighty, martial train ;
But as they met young Clifforde's eye,
He rose from ground full speedily,
And gaz'd thereon amain !
Then drew fair Margaret's steed aside,
To screen her from the sight
Of bearded men in soldier pride,
Marching in armour bright.
Ilk' badge, ilk' crest young Henrie knew ;
Upborne round Clifforde's chief,
But when his Father rode in view,
His heart was stirr'd with grief ;
He turn'd away from horse and men,
And sought to hide from Margaret's ken,
But maids are quick of eye,
Eftsoon, she mark'd his pallid brow ;
When queried whence his teardrops flow,
He mote not tell her why ;
But when that sudden grief was pass'd,
And she drew nigh to home,
“ Godspeed !” he bid her, at the last,
For he must onward roam ;
Then she went thoughtful on her way,
And reach'd her Father's Hall,
But spake not of the Gallant gay,
Who held her heart in thrall.

END of Fytte III.

Fytte XV.

~~~~~

Stern Alnwick's Tower, so fill'd of late,  
With chidings of loud War,  
Was emptied of her pomp and state,  
The Battle raged afar:  
And hooly, hooly pass'd the day,  
And hooly pass'd the night,  
The brave Earl Percy was away,  
Away was Margaret's Knight,  
Lo ! she sits watching in her bower,  
For tidings of the fight,  
And heavy treads each weary Hour,  
Which erst had stept so light ;  
As o'er the past her memory strays,  
Some comfort there to find ;  
Like ages seem those baleful days,  
By absence made unkind.  
But Lo ! yon pennon's sheen afar,  
Tells of the ebbing tide of war !  
" Oh ! flee they shatter'd, spent, and strown ?  
" Or come they back with Conquest's crown ?  
St. George ! a steed, a winged steed  
A steed draws nigh apace !  
Nor spur, nor reign can haste his speed ;  
He runs a headlong race !  
Ye know full well yon feather high,  
Ye ken yon cloke of yore,  
" A herald, ho ! and victory,"  
And he is seen no more ;

No man may stay his journeying,  
Who beareth tidings to our king.  
But list ! along the woodland come  
The distant notes of trump and drum ;  
Lo ! hawberks gleam, and banners dance,  
In long and close array,  
Or basenet grim, or plume, or lance,  
Bespeak their winding way ;  
The brave Earl Surrey, horse and men,  
Are marching up the forest glen,  
And Percy's Earl is there.  
Now Margaret forth will ride to greet  
Her sire's return, as seems her meet,  
But with a trembling air,  
Lest they who come in triumph back,  
For her should come in vain,  
Lest they her heart's true Knight should lack,  
In battle sorely slain.  
But mark how Margaret's mantling cheek,  
Kindles like morning's purple streak !  
How glow yon burning eyes !  
For scarce have sire and daughter met,  
Up-borne in some unknown basenet,  
Her fillet she espies !  
Now downward steps yon comely Knight,  
Who wears that golden fillet bright,  
And doffs his helm before her sight,  
And sinks upon his knee ;  
" I yield thee back, thou peerless maid !  
" A soldier's thanks, with this thy braid,  
" A talisman to me !  
" For when the Scots, with brave Earl Home,  
" Bore down upon our wing,  
" The Bastard Heron, wreath'd in foam ,  
" Then charg'd for England's king,  
" And this fair braid in Clifford's crest,  
" So hotly on the Northerns press'd,  
" We turn'd the tide of war,  
" Till Dacre's horsemen back'd our fight,  
" With many a yeomen, squire and knight,  
" Advancing from afar ;  
" But syth Sir Knight his spurs hath won,  
" The danger past, the strife bedone,  
" He, faithful to his vow of old,  
" Now yields thee back thy braid of gold !"

Then reach'd she forth her lily hand,  
 And clasp'd with grace the proffer'd band ;  
 But as uprose the youth,  
 A father's eye in wild delight,  
 Was fix'd upon that comely Knight,  
 " Oh, wonderment ! in sooth,  
 " And was that gallant youth my son,  
 " Whose spurs on bloody Flodden won,  
 " Enraptured mine old eye ?  
 " Right well I mark'd how boldly press'd ;  
 " That golden, fillet-wreathed crest,  
 " Where danger was most nigh !  
 " Little I ween'd to see the day,  
 " When Henrie's sword should win its way,  
 " To deeds of martial pride,  
 " When outlaw's kirtle cast away,  
 " Yon limbs should shine in stern array,  
 " Like Knight of olden tide !"  
 " Sir Knight !" quoth Percy's Earl, " pardie" !  
 " A double welcome give I thee,  
 " An be'est thou Clifford's son ;  
 " I bid thee to my Castle's Hall,  
 " That of this wond'rous braid we all  
 " May hear from thee anon !"

Then forward ! forward ! horse and men,  
 Forward ! with trump and drum,  
 Now up the winding forest glen,  
 To Aluwick's Towers they come.  
 Full many a heart high beats with glee,  
 Where brimming goblets shine,  
 No heart amid that company,  
 Blithe Margaret ! beats like thine !  
 Ye dames ! who ween our ladye fair,  
 In green-wood seal'd her fate,  
 Will deem the Minstrel may forbear,  
 Of courtship now to prate ;  
 But ye who think with mickle speed,  
 The high-born maiden won,  
 Have cause, y-wis, to take good heed,  
 Ye meet no Clifforde's son,  
 Lest ye too find some lover's eye,  
 With spell empower'd, ye weet not why,  
 To make a dainty damsel sigh !  
 Now wake ! my harp ! awake ! and sing  
 Of Henrie's wedded bliss !

Old Skipton's walls where wont to ring  
 With no such mirth as this !  
 For bride and bridegroom eke are here ;  
 Young Love is fresh as May ;  
 Fair Margaret wears her silken gear,  
 The groom his doublet gay ;  
 In sooth a comely pair they are,  
 Her kirtle trimm'd with gold ;  
 All shining in her raven-hair,  
 Twines Henrie's braid of old.  
 His carriage has a princely mien,  
 Which comes of gentle blood,  
 That doth a peasant's garb outshine,  
 And speak of lineage good ;  
 But tho' so princely is his port,  
 Right subtilly moves each limb ;  
 He mickle loves ilk' manly sport,  
 To hunt, to joust, to swim ;  
 Faith ! he can cleave the willow wand,  
 Right deftly strike the roe,  
 So featly moils his connyng hand,  
 With arrow, and with bow.  
 Tho' blithely shines the bridal day,  
 It glimmers 'oft through tears,  
 Ye cannot tear young hearts away  
 From all their childish years !  
 Yes, Bridals have their sorrowing,  
 Tho' gentler than the dove,  
 For plighted hearts will fondly cling,  
 To all their girlish love !  
 Then " waly !" cries the bower-woman,  
 Then " waly !" cries the page,  
 Tho' teardrops flow, tho' cheeks be wan,  
 All grief will Love assuage !  
 Then may both health and happiness,  
 With all true lovers be,  
 And may they have of joy no less,  
 Then MARGARET and HENRIE !

THE END.

CHARLES NICHOLS, TYPOGRAPHER, WAKEFIELD.

THE

SIEGE OF GRANADA

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

LONDON,

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS,

MDCCCXLI.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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### M O O R S .

ABDALLAH, (*King of Granada.*)

ALFAKAH, (*Mother of Abdallah.*)

ZINGA, (*a Moorish Lady.*)      }  
ASPASIA, (*a Greek.*)                } *Wives of Abdallah.*

CAZIM, (*Vizier.*)

EL-RONGA, (*Conspirator.*)

### S P A N I A R D S .

FERDINAND, (*King of Aragon.*)

ISABELLA, (*Queen of Castile.*)

CARDINAL MENDOZA.

RODRIGO, MARQUIS CADIZ.

GONSALVO-DE-CORDOVA, (*"the Great Captain,"*)  
*Employed as Secret Ambassador.*

OTHER LORDS—SOLDIERS, ETC.



## HISTORICAL NOTES.

The siege of Granada was commenced April 26th, 1491, and terminated in the surrender of the city, January 2nd, 1492.

The Spaniards encamped with an army of 50,000 (or according to some Historians, 80,000) men at the fountain of Ojos-de-Huescar, two leagues from the city. The Marquises of Cadiz and Villena, the Counts Tendilla, Cabra, Urena, Gonsalvo-de-Cordova and his Brother Alonso-de-Aguilar, and the flower of Spanish Chivalry attended the camp of Ferdinand and Isabella. Granada contained at this time a population swelled to the amount of 200,000 including 20,000 of the best Moslem troops devoted to Abdallah, the King. The city, fenced on the East by the Sierra Nevada covered with snow, presented most formidable fortifications on the side of the Vega, where the Spaniards were encamped, the river Xenil winding between the besieger and the besieged. Isabella frequently rode through the camp superbly mounted, and enlivened the tedium of the siege by the presence of her ladies, and a succession of festivities and tournaments.

One day whilst the King and Queen were watching the progress of the siege from an open window, a most formidable sally was made by the flower of Abdallah's troops: the Marquis of Cadiz, who was mounting guard at the time, after a desperate resistance, succeeded in driving back the Moors with a loss of 2000 men. On another occasion, whilst the Queen was occupying a splendid tent belonging to the said Marquis, the pavilion took fire, and the conflagration becoming general was rendered more appalling by the darkness of the night; the trumpets sounded to arms and Ferdinand, apprehending a sally from the city, posted a strong body of troops over against Granada. The Queen however sustained no injury, but the loss of property consumed by the fire was immense. To prevent the recurrence of a similar disaster, the Spaniards, in the short space of three months, erected a town in the form of a cross, which was appropriately named "Santa Fe." The Moors became dispirited at the permanent encampment which their enemies had made, and being completely hemmed in from all succour from without, whilst the Spaniards could scour the country for provisions in all directions, began to suffer the extremities of hunger. Abdallah, seeing but one termination to the struggle, commenced making, through his Vizier—Abul-Cazim-Abdelmalic, secret overtures to Ferdinand for the surrender of the city.

These conferences were conducted on the part of the Spaniards by Ferdinand's secretary, Fernando-de-Zafra, and by the renowned Gonsalvo-de-Cordova, who afterwards obtained the title of "the Great Cap-

tain." They were carried forward with the utmost secrecy and finally completed, November 25th, 1491: Abdallah engaging that his Capital should be surrendered within sixty days. The terms of Capitulation were in every way favorable to Granada. The Moors were to keep possession of their moschs;—their religion, together with its rites and ceremonies—their dress—customs—property—laws, &c to be inviolate—they were to retain their civil authorities, but subject to a Castilian Governor—they were to pay no taxes for three years—during which time, all who were desirous of leaving their country, might be transported together with their property, free of expense to the shores of Africa—at the expiration of that period they were to pay the same tax to the crown of Castile as had formerly been exacted by their Arabian Sovereigns. The King, Abdallah, was to reign over a specific territory in Alpuxarras and do homage to the Castilian crown. These were the favorable terms on which the capitulation was made. Terms which, in after years, were cruelly violated by Ferdinand and Isabella.

Although the conference had been conducted with the utmost secrecy on both sides, yet notwithstanding, some of the terms of the capitulation became known in the city—a rebellion broke out, and Abdallah was obliged to anticipate the day of surrender by fixing January 2nd, 1492—on which day it actually took place.

The transactions of the last day of the siege and the final surrender of Granada form the subject of the following Poem. Abdallah, like his unfortunate uncle, El-Zagal, after pining some time in obscurity, passed over to Fez, and died fighting for an African Prince. Had the Moors acted in concert, instead of allowing their kingdom to be wrested from them piecemeal—they would, in all probability, have retained possession of Granada to a much later period in the annals of Spain.

(See Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella.")

### N O T E S .

CALED. The foremost leader of the Saracens—OMAR, ditto.  
BAZA, ALMERIA, VELEZ AND MALAGA. Moorish cities taken by the Spaniards.

See Lewis's "*Sketches of the Alhambra*" and Roberts's "*Spanish Sketches*."

ALPUXARRAS. A mountainous district stretching south east of Granada and sending arms to the sea.

AZRAEL. Angel of death.

JERREED. A javelin.

ATAGHAN. Long dagger worn in a scabbard at the belt.

AL-SIRAT. The bridge of breath leading into Paradise—Hell flows beneath it.

EBIIS. Prince of darkness.

The Hill of Padul is still designated by the poetical title of "El Ultimo Sospiro del Moro" the last sigh of the Moor. The Moors had possessed Granada 741 years.

COMARES' TOWER in the Alhambra contains "The Hall of the Ambassadors."

# THE SIEGE OF GRANADA.

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## ACT I.

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### SCENE I.

*(Balcony in the Alhambra—enter Zinga, Aspasia, Alfakah and Abdallah—Sunset.)*

*Zinga (looking towards the city)*

Beautiful city of Abdallah's power!  
How like a bride thou meetest Evening's hour,  
Crowned with green chaplets from thine orange bower!  
Beautiful city! how the rosy light  
Kindles thy blushes at the fall of night!  
Deep Xenil girds thee like a golden zone,  
And proud Nevada's mountains rear thy throne!  
Lo! high in air, thy crescent meets all eyes,  
Like her fair sister of the pathless skies!  
Methinks, it ill beseems thine hour of woe,  
To wear bright jewels on thy radiant brow;  
It ill beseems thee, daughter of the West!  
To shroud thy sorrows in such gorgeous vest;  
It ill beseems thee on the brink of fate,  
To wave thy banner and unfurl thy state—  
Who knows, fair city! but, ere morrow's dawn,  
Castile may wed thee with a conqueror's scorn?

*Aspasia—*Hark! the loud booming of the sun-set gun  
Hath woke Sierra in his shroud of snow,  
And from yon craggy summit wild and dun,  
Day's last farewell bath peeled o'er friend and foe!  
And now there rises o'er the city's hum  
The Turkish tambour and the Moorish drum!  
And list! the camp beneath, yon silver bell  
Calls forth to vesper prayers the infidel!  
And now 'tis hushed---my timid eye shall rest  
Upon this gorgeous picture's troubled breast---

Death-still the camp---the leaguered lines along  
 Or dusky Moor or fierce Castilian throng---  
 Death-still, save as some straggler from the host  
 Mutters low watchword, at the sentry's post---

*Alfakah. (looking towards the camp)*

Proud foe ! thy foe, Granada, Allah, thine !  
 Great Caled ! where thy might ? great Omar ! where  
 Thy arm puissant and thy wrath divine ?  
 Sons of the Caliphs ! is there none to wear  
 The Moslem's sword that conquered lands and seas  
 From blood-dyed Indus, to the Pyrenees ?  
 Ah ! none ! Baza is fallen---Almeria lost,  
 Velez surrendered---Malaga betrayed---  
 The last proud city of our Moorish host,  
 Granada ! thou must fall, thy grave is made !  
 Oh, thou fair city ! whose imperial sway  
 Yon wild Sierras and rich plains obey,  
 Seven hundred years have owned thy pomp and power---  
 Seven hundred years look down from yon red tower---  
 (Fortress and palace of unnumbered kings !  
 Gorgeous Alhambra !) and their glory clings  
 To arch and battlement and dungeon fell,  
 Where oft has pined the pallid Infidel !

*Abdallah*—Proud foe ! how vigilant ! his bristling spears  
 Now point as ever at Granada's gate ;  
 And tho' no outward cry of wail he hears  
 Yet knows the silent tortures that await  
 The crowded city with her emptied store,  
 Fell Famine's canker gnawing at her core !  
 Alas ! no help from Tunis or Algiers ?  
 Eight tedious moons have waned and none appears ;  
 Eight tedious moons, as daily from her port  
 Granada's horsemen, with a Prophet's shout,  
 Rush on the Infidel—the foe without  
 Drives back our sally to the leaguered fort ;  
 Out-numbered thus, more bloody than before,  
 Each day quaffs deeper drafts of Islam gore !

*Zinga*—Allah ! great Allah ! shall “The Faithful” lie  
 Unburied—unrevenged before thine eye !  
 Thy will be done ! it is thine own decree,  
 Or Spain had perished and our home were free !

*Aspasia*—There is an ebb and flow in Fortune's tide,  
 Now circling empire's in her billows wide,  
 Receding now, she leaves them reft and bare  
 With wrecks and ruins scattered every where !

Renowned Granada! is it thus with thee?  
 And has thy tide of splendour ebb'd so far,  
 Henceforth a desert islet thou must be,  
 Lashed by the bloody surges of the sea  
 Of Spanish Conquest and undying war?  
 Followers of Jesus! is it thus ye fight  
 To prop your creed—for *there*, if read aright,  
 Ye are forbid to bare the conqueror's sword  
 And blood-stained, combat for your Holy Word;  
 If read aright—the very doom that waits  
 The revolution of Earth's potentates,  
 The very doom which shakes Granada's wall,  
 Altho' perchance ye know it not, shall fall  
 On Rome's proud Pontiff; and his throne down hurled,  
 Shall mark God's vengeance on an ingrate world!  
*(turning to Abdallah)*

'Twere shame, Abdallah, should we linger here,  
 Our vow were bootless and unmeet our tear—  
 The solemn stillness of the evening air  
 Woke by Muezzin calls us hence to prayer—

*Abdallah*—I fain would to the mosch—but 'tis the hour  
 That Cazim meets me in Comares' tower—  
 I must away---but with a heavy heart,  
 Linked by such woes it is a grief to part:  
 Business dispatched, I will the harem seek;  
 Attend me there my Zinga and my Greek,  
 And thou, my mother---for I've much to tell  
 That boots Granada and the Infidel.  
*(exeunt Abdallah, Zinga, Aspasia and Alfakah.)*

## S C E N E II.

*(Hall of the Ambassadors in the Alhambra—enter Abdallah  
 and Cazim—afterwards El-Ronga—and  
 Gonsalvo-de-Cordova, disguised as a Moor.)*

*Cazim*---Most gracious king! much people are in arms,  
 And call thee Traitor to the public weal;  
 The city's heart is rife with strange alarms,  
 And foul suspicions Cazim would conceal;  
 Thy purpose of surrender has got breath,  
 Ten thousand Moors have sworn an oath of death,  
 That ere to-morrow's sun shall sink to rest,  
 A dagger shall transfix Abdallah's breast!

And he, the foremost of this rebel band,  
I have arrested—

*Abdallah*—Straightway give command  
That he appear---

*Cazim*---Without, the guards await—  
(*Cazim makes a signal, and El-Ronga enters surrounded  
by the Guard.*)

*Abdallah*---El-Ronga! hast thou sworn to slay thy King?

*El-Ronga*---I have---he is a Traitor to the state!

*Abdallah*---(*aside*)---Alas! his words are like a scorpion's sting--  
(*aloud*) Wherefore a Traitor? is he not a Moor?

*El-Ronga*---By Allah! no! or else he would have died

Moor-like in battle at Granada's side---

Nor looked at life---or foul, Castilian lure,

But slept in glory with a name to live!

But now Abdallah's name accurst shall be,

Accurst---a by-word for all treachery!

No fouler name a Moslem tongue shall give

Than thine, Abdallah!--I had sworn thy life,

And vowed to perish if in vain the strife,

Nor I alone---ten thousand Arab swords

Are bared for thee---Yes! mine are stabbing words,

Thou hast my life---a life but little worth---

Take it, false Tyrant! I am not of earth!

*Abdallah*---Thy life is mine---what, if I set thee free?

Art thou still sworn a regicide to be?

*El-Ronga*---Still sworn, by Allah! and his Prophet's word!

An oath but cancelled by Abdallah's sword!

*Abdallah*---Bold rebel! thou hast wronged me, by my troth!

Ye all have wronged me who have sworn that oath.

Am I not king? and think ye I would sell

Kingdom and sceptre to the Infidel?

A Moor, a Moslem and Granada's Lord?

Seven tedious moons, alas! my troops have warred,

And drenched the Vega, with unceasing blood;

And yet in vain, for famine with her brood

Of torturing deaths has filled our city's wall,

And I have seen and wept—

*El-Ronga* (*interrupts*)

Thou should'st have died!

*Abdallah*---But if I still may live, and thou, and all

Within Granada's kingdom far and wide---

And if there be a way where Honor's name

Shall know no whispers that her pride defame,

Our foe appeased---and yet Granada free !  
Am I a Traitor ?

*El-Ronga*---

Vilest treachery !

*Abdallah*---Nay, thou'rt obdurate---reasoning were vain---

I much despair thy rebel ear to gain---

(*To the Guard*) Away with him ! (*aside*) before to-morrow's noon  
(*excunt El-Ronga and Guard.*)

His pardon granted were no welcome boon !

His words are daggers ! how they pierce my side !

(*To Cazim*) To check these noble Moors till morning tide

Thou must essay---and then it matters not---

Then, Cazim, we must share one common lot !

Admit Gonsalvo in his Moorish garb---

(*exit Cazim*)

(*aside*) This last foul business leaves the sharpest barb--

To traffic with an enemy and sell

Granada's kingdom to the Infidel !

*Cazim and Gonsalvo enter*---

(*aloud*) Gonsalvo ! is the stipulation signed ?

*Gonsalvo (giving Abdallah a scroll)*

'Tis signed, my Liege ! this royal oath will bind

King Ferdinand and our most noble Queen,

(Upon surrender of thy city's keys,

Fortress and cannon, and thy armories)

To leave untouched whate'er by law hath been

Decreed in this thy realm---your rites---your lives---

Your sons and daughters---concubines and wives---

Your creed and customs---moschs and minarets,

Remain inviolate---the only debts

Are homage to our king as supreme head ;

And when three years from this same date are sped

To pay the wonted sum in tax to Spain

For ever hence---whoe'er will cross the main

To Africa, free passage may obtain

For self and goods---in Alpuxarras thou

Shalt unmolested reign-----

*Abdallah*---

I pledge my vow---

(*signs the stipulation*)

(*To Gonsalvo*)

Within Granada's wall a rebel crew

Have sworn my life---my trusty guard are few,

I dare not vouch to hold the city's peace

Beyond the morrow---and would fain release

My obligation to surrender all

Within that day---lest some mishap befall---

*Gonsalvo*---'To morrow Ferdinand will stand prepared---

*Abdallah*---Abdallah will not fail --(*aside*) the deed is dared !

The Traitor lives---Abdallah is no more !

Seven hundred years ! your regal pomp is o'er !

(*exeunt Abdallah, Cazim and Gonsalvo.*)

### S C E N E    I I I .

(*The Harem in the Alhambra, a splendid arabesque apartment  
brilliantly illuminated—Alfakah, Aspasia and Zinga  
seated in royal robes—Abdallah enters.*)

*Zinga*---How fares my Lord ? thy brow is 'whelmed with care  
Abdallah !

*Aspasia*---        Yes ! thy brow is deadly pale !

(*rising*)

I'll ope the casement that the evening air

May blow upon thee with her gentlest gale---

(*Aspasia opens the lattice, the moon-beams stream into the room  
—the beautiful " Fount of the Lions" visible without*)

*Alfakah*---Hast thou no tidings meet for woman's ear

My son ? forget not we are prisoners here

The live-long day---and fain would learn how fares

Our sovereign's weal---

*Abdallah*—Alfakah ! ask me not---

I am o'erwhelmed with cares that crowd on cares---

I have no joyous tidings of our lot---

Beside the famine, which is raging wide,

A fiercer pestilence has spread its wing;

'Tis said---upon the city's eastern side,

Ten thousand Moors are rebels to their king---

I have their leader ta'en, and hold him bound

Within Comares' dungeon underground---

Ye need not wonder if Abdallah's brow

Be bowed with care---and somewhat pallid now.

*Aspasia* (*standing at the open window*)

My Lord ! the Lion Fount is bathed in light---

Oh ! breathe the air ! and view yon crescent bright

Reflected there---it is a heavenly night !

(*Abdallah advances to the window*)

Yon fretted stone work and yon columns twain

Moon-lit, bring back my soul to Greece again.



Oh! how mine eye hath worshipped at the shrine  
 Now desolate---my Father's deemed divine!  
 Yes! where Aspasia dwelt a timid maid,  
 By night she roved in Tempe's ruined glade,  
 To sit and muse with solitary eye  
 On the stern relics of Antiquity!  
 And here---My Lord! within thy Moslem hall,  
 The pensive moonbeams o'er yon fountain fall  
 So silently, the current of soft thought  
 Flows back enchanted and the scene is fraught  
 With magic, as the mind, in strange disguise,  
 Reveals lost objects to her wondering eyes!

(*turning to Abdallah*)

But why so sad? thou see'st---hear'est not---  
 My own Abdallah! is not care forgot?

(*turning to the window*)

In this still picture of unearthly hue,  
 So calm---so bloodless---yes! the warrior's eye  
 Hath dreamed of peace until entranced he grew,  
 And all enamoured of the pearly light,  
 Forgot the ruddy blaze of battle's night,  
 And wooed no breast but thine, Tranquillity!

*Abdallah*—Gentle Aspasia! lovest thou this scene,  
 And would'st thou feel one pang of sorrow keen  
 To bid these walls farewell---a last farewell?  
 Or would'st thou home return in Greece to dwell,  
 And hate Granada's name and think thee blest  
 To leave Abdallah's city of the West?

*Aspasia*—Why ask, my Lord? Aspasia loves but *thee*,  
 Where'er Abdallah rules her Greece must be!

*Abdallah*—Enough, my gentle Greek, if such thy love,  
 Full soon, methinks, thy tenderness to prove  
 Fate will demand—

(*turning to Zinga*)

My Zinga, what sayest thou?  
 Granada is thy birth-place---on thy brow  
 The sun has writ in Arabic thy name---  
 Kindling to beauty, Hagar's blush of shame--  
 Calling thee daughter! would'st thou leave this hall  
 To rove the world with me whate'er befall?

*Zinga*—Thy Zinga follows thee whate'er betide--  
 Before Aspasia wed, she was thy bride!  
 Deem not that Zinga's is a Christian's love!  
 'Till Azrael calls her, she will faithful prove!

*Abdallah*---I knew thee well, my Zinga! none more true,  
 Thine eyes are pole-stars to my wandering heart;  
 So darkly beautiful they shun the light  
 In timid glances borrowed from the night:  
 I love thy raven locks and swarthy hue,  
 Thou art a Moor---sworn Moors shall never part!

*(turning to Alfakah with great emotion)*

Alfakah! gentlest mother of my Youth!  
 I dare no longer hide from thee the truth---  
 The city of thy Father's is not thine!

*(wringing his hands)*

Granada's throne and sceptre are not mine!  
 We are but outcasts from our conquered land!  
 Castile has won Granada from mine hand!  
 To-morrow's sun we leave these walls to roam  
 Far on the mountains to a wilder home!  
 But hark! we purchase of the Infidel  
 Life---rites---and liberty to all who dwell  
 Within Granada's wall---the young---the bold---

*Alfakah (interrupts him with great indignation)*

Allah!---great Allah! have I lived to see  
 My Son defamed by foulest treachery?  
 His birth-right lost---his father's kingdom sold!  
 Where is thy bribe? fling down the Christian's gold!  
 Do'st thou lack soldiers? arm the Harem, king!  
 Mount us on horseback! Alfakah can fling  
 The swift jerreed---well may the noblest blood  
 Rise in revolt---when kings are Traitors grown!  
 Granada's power seven hundred years hath stood,  
 And now, alas! by her false king o'erthrown!---

*Abdallah (aside)* Alas! El-Ronga's words were sweet to these!

Alfakah stabs me with my father's sword!  
 I know not how her anger to appease,  
 My o'er-full heart denies each 'swasive word!  
*(aloud)* My Mother! thou hast wronged thy hapless son!  
 Say, is it not enough to be undone?  
 Abdallah's woes are more than he can bear---  
 He thought to find in thee a heart to share  
 The load of ills, that bow him to the earth!  
 Hast thou not found him from his earliest birth  
 A more than son? and wilt thou cast him off  
 To be Granada's curse---Alfakah's scoff?  
 If but Granada live, he yields his throne---  
 He yields his sceptre for her life alone---

Is this a Traitor's part? has he not lost  
 His crown--his pomp--his power---his wealth--his host--  
 All for Granada? shall a mother's ban  
 Rest on Abdallah? nay, this ataghan  
 Can do the deed---

*(Aspasia and Zinga rush to Abdallah and prevent  
 him from stabbing himself.)*

Well, if it must not be---  
 Granada's king shall live till she be free!

*(Curtain falls.)*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*(Early morning. Hall in the Spanish Camp at "Santa Fe."  
 enter Ferdinand and Isabella—Cardinal Mendoza  
 —Gonsalvo-de-Cordova—Rodrigo, Marquis  
 of Cadiz, and other Lords.)*

*Ferdinand---* This day's surrender of Granada's keys,  
 And abdication of Abdallah's power  
 In favor of our twain joint sovereignties,  
 Has happened in a most unlooked for hour;  
 It seems from heaven a special providence,  
 And comes, as all God's gifts, we scarce know whence.

*Mendoza---* Ev'n so, my Liege! and claims some signal mark,  
 Whereby these Infidels may own our power  
 Rests in our creed---a rock---a shield---an ark  
 Through chance and change and battle's wavering hour!  
 Hang all success upon yon silver cross---  
 And on their waning crescent all their loss---  
 Let our "Te Deum" burst from choir to choir---  
 And incense rise to God in fragrant fire---  
 Bow down the army as due praise is given,  
 When the loud anthem swells its voice to heaven,  
 And then, methinks, this Moorish horde will own  
 And tremble at the shrine they now disown.

*Isabella*---Lord Cardinal! thy council is most just,  
 Let thanks be given to God! in Him we trust  
 That these our conquests may redound his praise,  
 And rear his altar where the Moslem prays!  
 This signal triumph o'er the Moorish race,  
 Yields back to God his ancient dwelling place!  
 From sea to sea Hispania shall be His!  
 The blest fulfilment of my hopes is this!  
 Lord Cardinal! thou know'st my soul hath yearned  
 To spread our Faith! where'er our valour burned  
 Invincible---where'er (discovered lands,  
 Far in the ocean, bowed to our commands---  
 My soul hath yearned o'er their idolatry,  
 God grant they all evangelized may be!

*Mendoza*---Most pious Queen! it shall be my first care  
 The Gospel to these fiery Moors to bear,  
 And turn thy conquest to one glorious end,  
 The church's weal---where all good action's blend.

*Isabella. (turning to Gonsalvo)*

Gonsalvo! we are much in debt to thee  
 For this success of thy night embassy;  
 Thou hast display'd such skill and brilliant parts  
 Our royal thanks we yield thee from our hearts!

*(turning to Rodrigo)*

Nor less to thee, Rodrigo, thou hast borne  
 The brunt of war, alike, from eve to morn,  
 And morn to eve, and ever vigilant  
 Hast checked each sortie from the leaguered wall  
 Till Hope had sighed farewell, and abject want  
 Preyed on the crowded foe from hut to hall;  
 But this, methinks, were feeble praise and scant.

*(turning to the other Lords)*

Yes! services like thine Villena---thine  
 Tendilla---Cabra---and Urena, shine  
 Like jewels round our crown---they are inlaid  
 Within our hearts---their lustre cannot fade!

*(turning to the other Lords)*

Full many a noble name I could unfold  
 But time forbids---we must be brief and bold  
 In our first steps---Granada is not ours  
 Till yon bright crucifix has crowned her towers---

*(turning to Ferdinand)*

Whene'er your royal march shall be decreed  
 I hold myself prepared to mount my steed---

*(exit Isabella)*

*Ferdinand*---Lord Cardinal! our royal will commands  
 That thou should'st lead the van, and climb the Hill  
 Of Martyrs, where Alhambra proudly stands,  
 Then pass by "Los Molinos'" port until  
 The tower be gained---there raise the cross on high,  
 And let our standards be unfurled and fly  
 In honor of St. Iago and Castile!  
 Whilst all the army round in concert kneel,  
 As swells the loud "Te Deum" to the skies!  
     *(turning to the Lords)*                      *(exit Mendoza.)*

My Lords! be wary lest there should arise  
 Some treachery---o'ermasked in deep disguise;  
 The Infidel is wily to the last,  
 And lies in ambush ere his dart be cast;  
 Beware, I say---Abdallah hath not power  
 To check rebellion in this fickle hour;  
 Marshal your squadrons in a firm array,  
 As to the breach---there may be plots this day  
 More darkly laid than ye 'or I surmise,  
 Moors are still Moors---their strength in cunning lies---  
                                                             *(exeunt Ferdinand and Lords)*

## S C E N E    I I.

*(Morning. The plain without the walls of Granada—enter Ferdinand splendidly attired—Isabella in full suit of Armour on horseback—Abdallah with courtiers on Arab Steeds—Marquis of Cadiz—Gonsalvo-de-Cordova and other Lords, all on horseback)*

*(Cardinal Mendoza with the household troops and veteran infantry are seen winding up the Hill of Martyrs to take possession of the Alhambra—the whole army drawn up in battle array beneath the walls)*

*Marquis Cadiz*---The siege is o'er---Granada's pomp is ours!  
 Full soon shall sparkle from Alhambra's towers  
 Our silver cross---St. Iago and Castile  
 Shall wave their banners in the face of morn!  
 And this victorious army prostrate kneel  
 As the loud anthem to the skies is borne!  
 Thrice glorious day for Spain! may all thy foes  
 Be conquered thus---see! how the sunbeam glows  
 Amid yon lances kindled to a blaze!  
 And o'er the panoply the burnished rays

Dart lightning! Lo! the royal "*cortege*" nears---  
Our sovereign king, and twice ten thousand spears!

(*Enter Ferdinand and Soldiers, Isabella at a short distance*)

All hail, Granada's king! great Ferdinand! (*bowing down*)

*Ferdinand.* Thanks for thy greeting! but behold yon band

(*Abdallah and fifty horsemen approach from the Alhambra*)

Of Arab horse---Abdallah quits the gate,

His steeds are swift, I will the Moor await.

(*aside*) Abdallah moves my pity, not my scorn---

A beggar now who was a monarch born!

His heart will break---he should have died in fight---

I will be courteous, 'tis the grace of might---

(*Enter Abdallah and courtiers--Abdallah attempts to dismount  
but is prevented by Ferdinand who embraces him*)

*Abdallah*---Abdallah yields thee up Alhambra's keys,

(*Ferdinand takes the keys from Abdallah*)

Thine are they, king, since Allah so decrees!

Be merciful, the Moors will serve thee well---

Abdallah asks no more---farewell! farewell!

(*The Queen approaches at this moment on horseback--*

*Abdallah makes her a low obeisance and spurs his*

*horse into a gallop, to join his family, who have*

*already set out for Alpuxarras*)

*Ferdinand (to Isabella)*

The fiery Moor is gone---his heart o'erflows---

Methinks, I feel strange pity for his woes---

I would have soothed him with some kindly word

But he is gone---his soul was inly gored---

*Isabella (to Ferdinand)*

"Be merciful!" he said---I know thou wilt--

Enough the Islam blood already spilt---

Let "mercy" be our watchword at the gate--

Sure "mercy" will console Granada's fate---

(*aside*) These Moors do honor to a pagan creed---

E'vn as their Koran teaches such their deed--

Revenge is virtue there---with us 'tis sin--

Say, where the Christian that has faithful been

To holy writ---the Moslems do us shame--

"One God---one Prophet---Mahomet his name"

They ever teach---but we a Saviour's creed,

The faith our lips avow ill suits our deed!--

*(The silver cross glitters on the red tower of the Alhambra together with the joint standards of St. Iago and Castile, the "Te Deum" breaks from the royal chapel, and the whole army prostrate themselves—the courtiers approach Isabella, and salute her on bended knees, as Queen of Granada)*

*Isabella*---My Lords! rise up---give God the glory all!

*(To Ferdinand)*

Let us march forward to Granada's wall---

And view the conquest heaven has held in store

That Spain may hence be ours from shore to shore---

*Ferdinand (to Isabella)*

Yes! forward now, the battlement is ours,

No treachery can lurk within yon towers:

Thrice happy day! the crown of all our toil,

Granada is thy dower with all her spoil!

*(exeunt Ferdinand, Isabella and train)*

*Marquis Cadiz*—

Hark! how the trumpet sounds---how beat the drums!

I too will march--but here Gonsalvo comes--

*(enter Gonsalvo, with soldiers)*

Gonsalvo! welcome to this glorious morn!

It is a recompence for all the past--

And yet the camp a pleasant guise hath worn--

The light fandango and the tourney, chas'd

The tardy hour--by Spanish maidens grac'd,

And then, anon, fierce sorties, night and morn,

Kept us awake, e'vn to the very last--

But now the siege is o'er, our work is done,

Unless some foreign conquest be begun--

*Gonsalvo*---Methinks, there will be wars--and fiercer far--

O'er Latium's vale there hangs a blood-red star;

I saw it kindle with a lurid light--

Thrice I have seen it, latest, yester night!

Methought, as I returned at 'witching hour,

In Moorish garments from Abdallah's tower--

And backward gazed--I saw a moonlit cloud

Hang o'er the fated city like a shroud;

And there were voices in the midnight air--

Wild shrieks--and blood-stained arms that waved on high

And pointed to yon meteor in the sky,

That glowed like fire--and boded battle there--

Methought it augured ill to Spain, and told

Of further blood---

*Marquis Cadiz*--- Gonsalvo! I am bold,  
 But like thy tale the less--but let it go  
 Or buried in our bosoms ever lie,  
 And if foul deeds and bloodshed come or no,  
 None can elude his fate, nor thou or I!--

*(exeunt Gonsalvo and Marquis of Cadiz)*

### S C E N E    I I I .

*(The hill of Padul, a rocky eminence commanding a view of Granada—enter Abdallah, Alfakah, Aspasia, Zinga and Courtiers, &c)*

*Abdallah (looking back on Granada)*

Here I will check my steed and gaze farewell--  
 A last farewell! proud city of my sires!  
 My home--my birthplace--where "the Faithful" dwell!  
 Alas! from out the embers of thy fires  
 No phoenix shall arise--thy pomp is o'er!  
 Quenched is the spirit of the fiery Moor!  
 Thy sun is set--thy crescent sunk in gore!  
 Where are the children of thy citron grove,  
 So fierce in battle and so soft in love?  
 Are they enslaved? no! they will brook no chain,  
 Save Beauty weave it in her bridal train!  
 Freedom or death!--and death brings paradise!  
 Thrice happy he who like a warrior dies!  
 But see! there glitters on Alhambra's tower  
 A crucifix! oh! dread--mysterious power!  
 The crescent pales before thee! like the sun  
 Outshining moon and stars! thy will be done,  
 Great Allah! we are but thy footstool's dust!  
 To me thou hadst bestowed a sceptred trust--  
 I was a king--I wore a crown of gold--  
 My sires had reared my throne in days of old--  
 And twice ten thousand horsemen waved my sword--  
 My beauteous city with rich spoil was stored--  
 I reigned supreme--My word was law--my ire  
 Fell fierce like lightning and consumed as fire!  
 And now, I wander with a scattered band,  
 The meanest exile of the fairest land!  
 Had I not loved thee, City of my birth!  
 Had I not loved thy voice of song and mirth--  
 Thou fairest daughter of this princely earth!  
 Had I not wandered where thy Xenil flows,



And gazed in rapture on Sierra's snows,  
 Purpling at twilight with deep sunset-glows--  
 Had I not known thee as my royal bride--  
 My own Granada! then I had not sighed  
 To part for ever--but thou wast mine own--  
 My pride--my all--my weak heart's highest throne!

*(Abdallah weeps)*

Then let these tears flow on--for ever flow--  
 They are the first--the last Abdallah's eyes shall know!

*Alfakah*---Weep on, my son! such tears become thee well,  
 Methinks, those tears would glad the Infidel!  
 It well beseems thee woman-like to weep--  
 The loss of what thou could'st not man-like keep--  
 Thy mother's eyes are dry--she can behold  
 The city where her Fathers reigned of old  
 Unmoved, save only as her cheek with shame  
 Kindles to madness when Abdallah's name  
 Falls on her ear--but let me gaze my fill  
 At fair Granada's turrets from this hill--  
 There rise her ruddy towers--and minarets,  
 Growing more gorgeous as the daylight sets,  
 Basking in beauty as if all were peace!  
 Cloud floats on cloud!--soft as a golden fleece!  
 If I have loved thee I can curse thy foe--  
 Yes! blood shall follow him--and want--and woe!  
 Oh! if Alfakah were a Moslem king,  
 And Eblis should Al-Sirat's archway fling  
 My foe and me betwixt—I would pass o'er  
 To slake my vengeance in his welling gore!  
 And if "the bridge of breath" were stretched to thee,  
 Granada! and black Hell yawned under me,  
 I would pass o'er to meet the Infidel!  
 But all is vain--Granada, fare-thee-well!

*(exit Alfakah—Abdallah remains weeping with Aspasia  
 and Zinga)*

*Aspasia (to Abdallah)*

Weep not my Lord! thou hast one faithful heart,  
 Aspasia and Abdallah shall not part!  
 When first she loved it was thine hour of joy--  
 All that thou leavest there hath power to cloy--  
 Weep not, Abdallah! hast thou not a throne  
 Reared in my bosom where thou reign'st alone?  
 Nay, gaze not thus, thy heart is worn with grief--  
 Leave the proud city to her Christian chief!

There is a wilder home for me and thee,  
Where thou may'st dwell unharmed and tranquilly!

*(Abdallah tries to tear himself away)*

*Zinga (weeping, to Abdallah)*

Away, my Lord! away! 'twill soon be o'er—  
This parting pang will torture thee no more—  
Away--Abdallah! Zinga bids thee go--  
Her tears are flowing fast--she knows thy woe—  
Remember we are Moors--our blood allied—  
Abdallah's heart is mine--it swells with pride—  
Away! lest some rude Infidel should see  
This strange--unwonted pass of agony!—

*(Abdallah collects all his strength, tears himself away for ever from the city of his heart—Aspasia and Zinga exeunt by his side)*

F I N I S .

# EMILIA MONTEIRO;

A Ballad

OF

THE OLD HALL, HEATH.

BY

W. H. LEATHAM.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS;

AND

ILLINGWORTH AND HICKS, WAKEFIELD.

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MDCCCXLI.

WAKEFIELD :  
JLLINGWORTH AND HICKS, PRINTERS.

## PREFACE.

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THE early history of the Old Hall, Heath, is involved in much obscurity. The numerous topographers of Yorkshire make little or no mention of this interesting edifice. If the author may hazard a conjecture from its general appearance, it seems to him to have been built about the reign of James I. It appears, by an inscription in Ledsham church, that Lady Bolles died at Heath Hall\*, 5th of May, A.D. 1662. She bequeathed a charity to the town of Wakefield, which still bears her name. She was created a baronettess in her own right, it is supposed, after the death of her second husband, Thomas Bolles. A full-length white-marble monument at Ledsham represents Lady Bolles dressed in a shroud, and the following is the inscription underneath :—

“ Here under lyeth the body of the Right Worshipful  
DAME MARY BOLLES, of Heath Hall, in the county of York,

\* “ The Old Hall,” Heath, was formerly called “ Heath Hall.”

Baronettess, one of the daughters of William Witham, of the worshipful and ancient family of Withams of Leadstone Hall, in the county aforesaid, Esq<sup>re</sup>.; who married to her first husband, Thomas Jobson of Cudworth, in the said county, Esq<sup>re</sup>, by whom she had issue, Thomas Jobson, Esq<sup>re</sup>, and Elizabeth, who married Thomas Sherrebrooke of Oxon, in the county of Nottingham, Esq<sup>re</sup>. The said Dame Mary Bolles had to her second husband Thomas Bolles of Osbarstone, in the county of Nottingham, Esq<sup>re</sup>, by whom she had issue, Anne, who married the Right Worshipful Sir William Dalston, of Dalston, in the county of Cumberland, Knight and Baronet, and Mary, who married Thomas Legh, of Adlington, in the county of Chester, Esq<sup>re</sup>.—The said Dame Mary Bolles being above eighty years of age, departed this mortal life at Heath Hall aforesaid, the 5th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1662.”

Lady Bolles is said to have left strict injunctions, that the room in which she breathed her last should be walled up for ever. This chamber is reported to have been thus walled up for fifty years after her decease, but to have been afterwards opened; and the consequence has been, that the said Lady is unable to rest in her grave, and has

haunted the Old Hall ever since. This fact is currently reported among the peasantry at Heath and its vicinity !

The accompanying Ballad relates to a period in the recollection of most persons, when the Old Hall was tenanted by a sisterhood of French nuns. The neighbouring churchyard of Kirkthorp contains the graves of eight individuals who were buried there during the years 1813 and 1818, all of whom were members of the above-named religious order.

In addition to these is the grave of a young lady from Lisbon, who had not taken the veil, but who was an inmate of the convent. The inscription is as follows :—

“ EMILIA MONTEIRO.

BORN AT LISBON.

DIED JULY THIRD.

1816.

AGED 15.”

This short and meagre epitaph has suggested the following poem, wherein the author has but recorded the real history of thousands of young and sensitive beings who have speedily fallen victims to the restraints and mortifications

of a monastic life. This has occurred when extraordinary misfortunes have driven them to the convent as a refuge, instead of stimulating them to mix in the active duties of every-day life, as the best and most rational means of dispelling an otherwise incurable melancholy.

The Old Hall has ceased to be a convent for some years, its former tenants having built themselves a commodious nunnery at Princethorp, in Warwickshire. The Old Hall is the property of John George Smyth, Esq., of Heath Hall.



# EMILIA MONTEIRO ;

## A Ballad

OF

### THE OLD HALL, HEATH.

---

#### I.

NIGH " merry Wakefield " eastward stands  
A fine, old, English Hall ;  
The vale around, the eye commands  
Its turrets stout and tall :  
'Tis built upon a wooded scar  
On Calder's southern bank ;  
In front, the green turf stretches far,  
Behind, the trees grow rank,  
As downward slopes the crumbling cliff,  
Close to the water's edge,  
Where slowly glides the laden skiff  
'Mid willow, reed, and sedge ;  
And fathomless the river's " reach,"  
Beneath that steep ascent,  
So thick o'erhung with elm and beech,  
At noon the day seems spent !

There is a wild and darkling way,  
With briar and thicket wove,  
That leads the wanderer into day  
From out that twilight grove—  
When lo ! a goodly sight is seen—  
“ The fine, old, English Hall ! ”  
Its western windows robed in green,  
And turrets crown the wall—  
The moss-grown steps—a cumbrous flight—  
The proud arms o’er the door—  
The jealous casements mock the sight,  
’Twixt mullions stout and hoar—  
Where many a swallow builds her nest,  
Amidst the fretted stone,  
She plumes the Baron’s carved crest  
With feathers of her own—  
Whilst high above, the busy rooks  
Wheel round the aged grove—  
The stockdoves sit in leafy nooks,  
And breathe their songs of love.  
Or right, or left, the Terrace spreads  
Its broad and level way,  
Where laurel clumps and myrtle beds  
An avenue display ;  
And greener than the shining bay  
The tulip-tree is seen—  
Oh ! when she wears her blossoms gay,  
In sooth she looks a Queen !  
Above—below—the charmed eye  
Finds beauty everywhere ;  
Yon aged elms that tower on high,  
A solemn splendour wear ;

Yon gnarlèd oak, which stands alone,  
With centuries grown hoar,  
Each tenant of the Hall hath known,  
And haply may know more ;  
His trunk, by lightning rudely riven,  
Is girt with iron zone,  
When Winter's howling blast is driven,  
His branches smite and groan.  
But, mark ye ! through the gateway's bound,  
The village smiling in !  
How green the turf—how gay the sound  
Of urchins' playful din !  
The blue smoke wreathes from many a cot,  
Where rose and wallflower grow—  
Oh ! happy is the peasant's lot—  
Where pride may work no woe !  
Lo ! there, how still the river flows  
The fertile mead adown ;  
How bright the aged church-spire glows  
Above the close-built town !  
Here, westward, opes the distant view  
O'er hill, and vale, and wood ;  
Upon yon mount—those relics few  
Mark where old Sandal stood \* ;  
In yonder plain—so richly green,  
The brave old York was slain ;  
On Calder's bridge the fane is seen  
Where Rutland sued in vain—  
Those days of strife were bloody days  
To all this fair country !  
Sure he who hears their record, prays  
The like he ne'er may see !

\* See "Sandal in the Olden Time : " an Historical Poem,  
by W. H. LEATHAM.

God grant us peace, and plenty too,  
And thankful hearts beside !  
And there's no wrong our foes can do,  
While Heaven is on our side !

## II.

Of all the tenants of that Hall,  
(Now tenants of the grave,)  
There's one fair girl I would recall  
From out oblivion's wave :—  
Oft by her simple tomb I stand,  
Which tells but age and name,  
And birth-place in a foreign land,  
(For this is all her claim,)  
And yet her scanty record here  
Hath spoken to my heart,  
And I have mused upon her bier  
Until we could not part !  
Yes ! I have sought that grassy mound  
For tidings of the dead,  
Until, methought, a solemn sound  
My longings answerèd—  
And these rude lines to me were given,  
When all was mute beside,  
Of one whose beauty blooms in heaven,  
Though here to grief allied.

## III.

' Ah—stranger ! wouldst thou know my tale,  
Prepare thy heart for woe—  
And yet what may thy tears avail,  
My grief is ended now !

Emilia was a rich man's child,  
His wealth was on the sea ;  
But once, when Biscay's waves rolled wild,  
He came not back to me.  
They told me ship and all were lost ;  
Of grief my mother died ;  
And I, an orphan girl, was tossed  
Upon the world so wide !  
But in a convent's sacred shade  
I shelter some time found,  
Till war a dismal havoc made  
Of all the country round :  
Then in a friendly ship I sailed  
From Lisbon's wave-washed wall,  
Until fair England's cliffs I hailed,  
And reached yon gothic hall,  
Where dwelt a holy sisterhood  
Of exiled nuns of France,  
For still there rolled a tide of blood  
O'er Europe's wide expanse.  
And there were some who came with me  
From vine-clad Portugál,  
Who sorrowed not to cross the sea,  
And dwell within that Hall.  
But though I loved my native land,  
I loved Alphonso more,  
He stood amid the mournful band,  
We left on Tagus' shore ;  
And though we had not met for years,  
His heart was still the same ;  
I saw his eye o'erflow with tears,  
I heard him breathe my name.

He was my playmate from a child,  
In meadow, house, and grove,  
And oft our watchful mothers smiled  
On our young dream of love.  
Alphonso had a cherub's brow  
O'erhung with jetty hair,  
And on his cheek a crimson glow  
The damask roses wear !  
Then soon he grew a graceful youth,  
Of frank and manly mien,  
As flashed his dark eye, love and truth  
Were never fairer seen !  
Oh ! when I knew that he was gone,  
I sorrowed for his sake,  
Amid that Hall I felt so lone,  
I thought my heart would break !  
And many a long—long night I wept  
Before my sobs were heard,  
Till some one to my chamber crept  
With soft and suasive word,  
And told me mine was earthly love,  
And was but sin in me,  
That all my thoughts should soar above,  
And but with angels be.  
Oh ! this was hard for me to think,  
And yet they told me so,  
Till time did much to break the link  
That chained my heart below.  
At length, the world grew dead in me,  
Its pleasure and its pain,  
And e'en Alphonso seemed to be  
A phantom of my brain !

I coveted no other lot,  
Than might beseem a nun,  
Nor willed to quit the sheltered spot,  
Where this strange peace begun ;  
Save only, when this life was o'er,  
To reach that heavenly place,  
Where saints and angels evermore  
Shall see God face to face.

## IV.

“ It happed one eve, beneath the moon,  
I wandered forth alone,  
And saw her solemn lustre strewn,  
Upon the carvèd stone ;  
I heard the gush of distant fall  
Far down the winding vale,  
And, round the ivy-mantled wall,  
The sigh of parting gale.  
My heart was melted in that hour—  
My childhood all came back—  
In vain I strove with utmost power  
To stem that torrent's track.  
My father's smile—my mother's love—  
And *his*—my playmate gay,  
Came round me in that moonlit grove,  
As fresh as yesterday !  
Oh God ! till then I little knew  
How weak a heart was mine !  
I ne'er could steel that heart anew,  
It owned an earthly shrine !  
But as I wept o'er years gone by,  
And gazed on yon old Hall,  
Methought a figure glided nigh,  
So stately—black, and tall—

Upon the terrace walk it stood,  
Betwixt the wall and me—  
And by her sable garb and hood,  
A sister nun might be.  
As I had tarried long—methought,  
She came to search for me ;  
To meet that nun I straightway sought,  
And ran forth hastily :  
But when my feet had reached the spot,  
And she stood full in sight,  
I gazed, but found I knew her not—  
Then sore was my affright !

“ With trembling step I hurried by,  
But cast one parting look,  
When lurid fire shot from her eye,  
Her bony hands she shook !  
I fell—the sisters heard my shriek,  
And found me cold as death ;  
'Twas long before my pallid cheek  
Was flushed with quickening breath :  
And when that fearful swoon was o'er,  
I straightway told them all ;  
They bade me speak of it no more,  
Lest worse might me befall ;  
But one old menial said she knew  
' The walking Lady ' well,  
And I must shrive myself anew,  
If I would peaceful dwell.  
So to the priest I forthwith went,  
And whispered in his ear,  
How I in tears that eve had spent,  
In thoughts to me so dear :



And much he tried to soothe my mind,  
But all proved worse than vain :  
From day to day my spirit pined,  
I sank beneath my pain ;  
Though many a nun, with counsel kind,  
Did all that love could do,  
Yet broken hearts are sore to bind,  
Though they who bind be true !  
They saw me sinking day by day ;  
I told them I should die ;  
And some would turn their face away,  
And some would wail and sigh.  
But I was calm, and looked on death  
As on a happy thing,  
I knew that grief would part with breath,  
The grave would blessings bring ;  
I thought that God had weaned my heart  
From all the world could give,  
And they from whom on earth we part,  
With us in heaven shall live !

“ Oh ! had I longer lived on earth,  
I should ‘ the veil ’ have worn,  
Although ‘ the vows ’ seemed little worth  
To one so ’reft and lorn.  
The sacraments I did repeat  
Upon my dying bed,  
The holy oil, on neck and feet,  
The ‘ ghostly father ’ spread ;  
And whilst the solemn Litany  
Was pealing from the choir,  
It pleased Heaven in one short sigh  
Emilia should expire ! ”

## V.

Ah ! when I thought on this sad tale,  
I thanked my God that I  
Had learned to deem of small avail  
Religious pageantry ;  
That I had learned to worship Him  
Without or pomp or pride,  
Nor found Devotion's flame burn dim,  
By secret prayer supplied.  
Although some think the toil and strife  
Of this world sin may be,  
And therefore deem a hermit's life  
The way to purity,  
To shun the world is not for all,  
Or sure the world were void,  
But strive to live without its thrall  
By baseness unalloyed.  
This creed I hold in charity,  
Which should to all belong ;  
Then may a happy death-bed be  
To such as judge me wrong !

THE END.

## NOTE.

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Since this little Ballad was in type, through the kindness of JOSEPH HUNTER, Esq., F.A.S., (author of "The Deanery of Doncaster," &c.) J. G. SMYTH, Esq., and HENRY LUMB, Esq., the author has obtained the following particulars of the history of *Heath Hall*.

Heath Hall was built by JOHN KAYE, (usually described, of Oakenshaw, a son of the heiress of Dodsworth) in the reign of Elizabeth. His wife's arms, quartered with those of KAYE, and carved in stone, may still be seen over the principal entrance.

The Hall, and Lands adjacent, were purchased of the KAYES by LADY BOLLES, and at her death, descended by her daughter, ANN, (who married SIR WILLIAM DALSTON, bart.) to the family of that name, and became their chief seat for many generations. Finally, their heiress, ELIZABETH, married CAPTAIN THEOBALD DILLON, who thus became possessed of the property.

At her decease, leaving no issue, and agreeably with the will of her father, SIR GEORGE DALSTON, bart., it came to his nephew, FRANCIS FAUQUIER, Esq., and his heirs male, in default of such, to WILLIAM FAUQUIER, Esq., of whose son, of the same name, the Hall and Lands were purchased by the HON. JOHN SMYTH, the grandfather of the present possessor, JOHN GEORGE SMYTH, Esq.



STRAFFORD.



# STRAFFORD ;

A Tragedy.

BY

W. H. LEATHAM.

---

LONDON:  
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS;  
ILLINGWORTH AND <sup>AND</sup> HICKS, WAKEFIELD.

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MDCCCXLII.

WAKEFIELD:  
ILLINGWORTH AND HICKS, PRINTERS, MARKET-PLACE,  
(SUCCESSORS TO RICHARD NICHOLS.)



## PREFACE.

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THE fate of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, is one of the most memorable and instructive on record. On this account alone, the Author of the accompanying Dramatic Fragment entertains a hope, that the subject he has selected from English history, may not prove without interest to the reader. To condense into the narrow compass of dramatic action, the eventful period which elapsed between Strafford's impeachment and his execution, has proved no easy task. If the reader should observe any chronological errors, he must be willing to excuse them on the ground above stated. Wherever history has supplied the words and arguments of the great men who figured on the political stage, during this memorable epoch, the author has not scrupled to appropriate them, if thought suitable to his undertaking. For the events he has described and

much of the language he has adopted, he must refer to numerous authorities of celebrity: amongst these he may mention, " Clarendon's History of the Rebellion," " Lingard's History of England," and " Forster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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### Parliamentarians.

EARL OF BEDFORD.

LORD SAY.

LORD KIMBOLTON, VISCOUNT MANDEVILLE, *afterwards Second Earl of Manchester.*

EARL OF ROTHES, } *Scotch Commissioners.*  
LORD LOWDEN, }

PYM, *Leader of the House of Commons.*

HAMPDEN.

ST. JOHN.

VANE *the Younger.*

FIENNES, *Second Son of Lord Say.*

SECRETARY VANE.

SIR WM. BALFOUR, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

LETITIA HAMPDEN, *Hampden's Second Wife.*

CITIZENS, TRAINBANDS, and EXECUTIONER.

### Royalists.

KING CHARLES I.

QUEEN HENRIETTA.

LAUD, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD.

EARL OF ARUNDEL, *High Steward.*

LORD LINDSAY, *High Constable.*

JUXON, *Bishop of London.*

WILLIAMS, *Bishop of Lincoln.*

SECRETARY WINDEBANK.

SECRETARY CARLETON.

SIR GEORGE WENTWORTH, *Brother to the Earl of Strafford.*

LORD CLARE, *Brother-in-law to the Earl of Strafford.*

BISHOPS, LADIES, and MESSENGERS OF COURT.



# STRAFFORD.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—HAMPDEN'S TOWN HOUSE.

---

*Enter PYM, ST. JOHN, HAMPDEN, and VANE (the younger.)*

PYM.

The Earl's impeachment is drawn up.

HAMPDEN.

Read the articles.

PYM.

*As President of the North,*

He stands accused of many acts and words  
Subversive of all law.

*As Governor of Ireland,*

Charged with counselling his royal master  
To rule her people like a conquered realm—  
With various acts of malice, fraud, and guilt  
T'wards Cork, Mountnorris, Loftus, and Kildare—  
With warrants of seizure, quartering of troops—  
With foul embezzlement of customs, dues—  
With gross monopolies, tobacco, flax.

Imports and exports, raised to fill his purse ;  
With fostering popery in court and camp ;  
With oaths illegal forced on subject-Scots.

*As Chief Minister of England,*  
Accused of stirring up the Scottish war ;  
Of giving evil counsel to the king,  
To raise, by stretch of his prerogative,  
The sums by Parliament withheld ; and more,  
Of tendering his Irish troops to force  
England's obedience—and of dictating  
The royal censure passed on Parliament ;  
Of seizing public moneys in the Tower,  
Of purposing an issue of base coin,  
A fresh levy of ship-money, new loans,  
Grievous to the subject ; and of foul threats  
Against the city : arbitrary acts  
*Wrought to subvert all fundamental laws !*

HAMPDEN.

Good, how many articles ?

PYM.

Twenty-eight. <sup>(1)</sup>

HAMPDEN.

Have we proof for each ?

PYM.

Ay—more than sufficient.

ST. JOHN.

To-morrow we will debate the matter.

VANE.

To-morrow we will impeach the tyrant.

PYM.

To-morrow—or we stand impeached by him  
Of treasonable correspondence with  
The Scots.

HAMPDEN.

'Tis like that Strafford is apprised of this  
By Denzil Hollis.

PYM.

No matter, Hollis wishes but his life.

ST. JOHN.

His life ! He hath already lived too long !

HAMPDEN.

Patience ! we shall accomplish his sure death ;  
I would not have him fall as Buckingham,  
By foul assassination. British law,  
So wronged by him, will rid him from the earth !

ST. JOHN.

I will no other course.

HAMPDEN.

Who comes here ?

*Enter* EARL OF BEDFORD, LORD SAY, and his son N. FIENNES.

LORD KIMBOLTON and the SCOTCH COMMISSIONERS.

Well met my lords !

EARL OF BEDFORD.

How fares the business ?

PYM.

The articles are here, read and approved :  
To-morrow, the impeachment—else, too late.

LORD SAY.

Wherefore such haste ?

PYM.

Your lordships may not know, but we have news  
That you, your son, and many more, are doomed  
By Strafford to certain accusation.

FIENNES.

Then let us strike the foremost blow !

LORD KIMBOLTON.

Agreed !

LORD LOWDEN.

Forthwith.

EARL OF ROTHES.

In self defence. For Scotland's wrongs !

HAMPDEN.

For England's liberty !

PYM.

For tyrannies unpunished !

ST. JOHN.

For crimes unnumbered !

EARL OF BEDFORD

For our children's freedom !

VANE.

Ay, for thousands yet unborn !

PYM.

Farewell, my lords and gentlemen ! 'tis late ;

The morrow will bring work enough for all.

These tyrants rob us of our sleep.

[Exit.]

EARL OF BEDFORD.

Fare ye well, patriots ! I will see the Lords,

Their house shall not have risen ere ye come.

[Exit.]

VANE.

Need I as yet produce my father's notes ?

HAMPDEN.

No, they will be after-proofs of treason.

[Exit VANE.]

ST. JOHN.

Hotham and Clotworthy must be advised

Of our proceedings ; I will seek them out.

[Exit.]

LORD SAY.

Adieu, gentlemen ! we will away.

[To the COMMISSIONERS.]

[Exeunt LORD SAY, FIENNES, and the SCOTCH COMMISSIONERS.]



LORD KIMBOLTON.

Hampden ! this stroke will either rid the land  
Of tyranny, or strew it o'er with graves.

HAMPDEN.

That monster, tyranny, hath many heads.  
The Court is rank with tyrants as with slaves !  
The work is well begun. Heaven prosper it !  
The Commons House can boast of fitting men  
For such an enterprise ; and yet, methinks,  
Those walls too strait a field for us to keep.  
The strife will soon be out of doors. The sword  
Alone can arbitrate such mighty wrongs,  
And then there'll be enow of graves for us  
To lie in !

LORD KIMBOLTON.

Well, come what may, I have a sword unsheathed !  
Farewell, good Hampden, may God prosper thee !

[*Exit.*]

HAMPDEN.

Farewell, my Lord !

[*Crosses the room and places himself opposite to the  
picture of Eliot.*]

Blest portraiture of my departed friend ! <sup>(2)</sup>  
This was thy latest gift. Oh, what a change  
Did tyranny imprint upon thy brow !  
Thy soul untouched ! yes, that thou gavest me  
When health was on thy brow—and this to show  
Thy sons the worst that tyrants can inflict.  
I fear them not, “ The Monarchy of Man ”  
Is of the mind, imperishably great.

*Enter LETITIA HAMPDEN unobserved.*

Rome, Athens, Sparta, boasted men of soul !

Martyrs and patriots cease not ! Ramus ! thou  
The greatest ! death, slow coming death, was nought  
To thee, and thou, my friend, hast conquered it !  
Oh ! how the band of glorious names enrolled  
Swells ever.

LETITIA. (*Aside.*)

But yesterday a bride—forgotten now !  
Oh ! how these uncouth times make war with love.  
He lives but for his country.

HAMPDEN.

Letitia ! pardon me, 'tis foul neglect !  
Thou shouldst have spoken, I was deep in thought  
And saw thee not ; those tears I'll kiss away.

[*Kissing her, takes her hand.*]

These loud long-talking men are gone. I love  
Thy gentle palm to press my heated brow.

LETITIA.

Dost thou, Hampden ? methought I might have stole  
Unwelcome on thy business hours ?

HAMPDEN.

Unwelcome ? never ! think not that of me,  
I love thee more than they. Alas ! if cares  
Did not oppress me, oftener should we meet.

LETITIA.

Alas ! these cares of Church and State increase,  
To-day and yesterday we scarce have met.  
To-morrow—

HAMPDEN.

To-morrow will unload a weight of care,  
Perchance the last.

LETITIA.

Oft hast thou told me this—as oft untrue.

HAMPDEN.

Mark me ; to-morrow is the day ordained  
For Strafford's fall, with him our fears will cease.  
This day hath wearied me, I will to rest.

[*Exeunt HAMPDEN and Wife.*]

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SCENE II.—STRAFFORD'S APARTMENTS IN LONDON.

STRAFFORD. (*Sitting alone.*)

My soul is heavy and my body weak  
With foul disorders. Oh ! that vivid dream !  
How strange that things gone by return in sleep.  
Twelve years ago we parted, and his words <sup>(3)</sup>  
And savage mien still haunt my waking hours ;  
But yester-night, I dreamed them o'er again,  
Methinks, they are a prophecy of death !  
Oh, Pym ! we took sweet council once as friends.  
I left thee for a loftier road in life ;  
False glory beckoned me and lust of rule,  
And I have quaffed the luscious wine of power,  
And fed on dainties—yes, the highest state  
A subject can aspire to, I have shared,  
And made my fellow men my tools and baits.  
And now my sovereign holds his throne by me.  
My enemies are gathered to a host ;  
This parliament is compassing my death,  
Yet, lion-like, I rush into their toils !  
I do defy them all ! I have a soul  
Can brook the worst these rebels dare to do.  
If I but stand amongst them they will quail.  
And yet there lurks a spirit in this land,

A hatred of the old and beaten track,  
A searching into all authority,  
No power can conquer. Soon 'twill swallow all,  
Church, throne, law, liberty itself, engulfed  
Will pass away ; the rapid march of mind !  
Free thought will take its course, despite all rule ;  
The people, day by day, shake off their chains,  
And armies mutiny ; what power is left ?  
Now, one by one, the stars of royalty  
Go out. The crown can boast no diadem !  
Long have I seen the sky o'ercast with clouds  
That boded tempest ; they are red with blood,  
Perchance with mine, or with mine enemies'.  
I will strike first, it may ward off the blow  
Now threatening. Up ! I will impeach Lord Say,  
Sir Harry Vane, Pym, and their rebel crew.  
Here comes a royal messenger.

*Enter* MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

My Lord, the King requires your presence.

STRAFFORD.

I will attend his Majesty forthwith.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.

Poor worn-out servant ! badge of royalty !  
Thou hast but little peace, thy master less.  
I would 'twere in my power to stem the tide  
Which sets against us ; Strafford's bark is wrecked.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—THE PALACE AT WHITEHALL.

*The KING seated, LAUD standing by him.*

CHARLES.

Of all past parliaments, sure, 'tis the worst,  
The most ungracious to a royal ear.  
Daily some strange proceeding comes to light.  
The Non-conformists rise, the Papists fall ;  
Prynne, Burton, Bastwick are returned in state,  
The mob bedight with bay and rosemary ;  
Their Judges sorely fined, " Ship Money" lost,  
Escuage and fines, " the Earl Marshall's Court,"  
" Council of York," and that of " Stannary,"  
And " Marches of Wales," decreed illegal ;  
The " Coat and Conduct Money" deemed unjust.  
What next will follow, God Almighty knows !  
I prithee, Laud, advise some remedy.

LAUD.

My liege ! these troublous times will brook no check ;  
The Commons fume and fret, they must have rein ;  
New creeds are springing up throughout the land  
Like mushrooms ; each will have its little day,  
Then rot into the soil. The Scottish war  
Hath taught a lesson we must ne'er forget.  
Ireland hath scarce been held by Strafford's arm ;  
England will own no master save your liege ;  
You must in patience wait a fairer gale.

*Enter STRAFFORD. Kneels and kisses the King's hand.*

CHARLES.

Strafford ! these times go hard with royalty !  
We scarce know where to beg our morrow's meal !

STRAFFORD.

If kings are beggars what must servants be !  
An', please your Majesty, I had a scheme  
To impeach the foremost of these rebel lords,  
And was, the hour your royal mandate came,  
Bent on this business.

CHARLES.

Delay not, or the season may be lost,  
So bold a stroke deserves our royal thanks ;  
When well accomplished, hasten back.

STRAFFORD.

I obey your Majesty in all things.

[Exit.

CHARLES (to LAUD.)

Attend the Earl, his gait is feeble.

LAUD.

I crave no better company.

[Exit.

CHARLES.

Methinks, these men will find a hornet's nest ;  
The surly Commons sit with lockèd doors ;  
The Lords are still embroiled with Bedford's speech,  
And all the streets are filled with prating fools.

[The KING remains alone, pacing the room.

Enter the QUEEN.

HENRIETTA.

Your Majesty will pardon me,——  
'Tis said the Commons have broke up in haste,  
The Lords attend their message at the bar,  
Where Pym impeaches Strafford in their name.  
The Earl scarce left the palace when the news  
Arrived.

CHARLES.

Impossible ! and yet, methinks, he's safe ;

While there's a King in England not a hair  
Of Strafford's head by this rude Parliament  
Shall fall !

HENRIETTA.

This Parliament will compass aught they please,  
Unless your Majesty have foreign help ;  
Your subjects, trait'rous grown, defy your power.  
Here comes a messenger.

*Enter* SECRETARY WINDEBANK.

CHARLES.

What news ?

WINDEBANK.

Bad news, your Majesty, bad news indeed—  
The noble Earl of Strafford lies impeached ;  
He entered as the Commons thronged the bar,  
And made as towards his seat, but was rebuffed,  
Essaying to speak was silenced—bid begone.  
He bowed and strode away by Maxwell's side,  
Who asked his sword ; his air was dignified ;  
His courage never left him, till the coach,  
Wherein he stepped, soon hurried him away,  
Whilst thousands, shouting, stared—none capping him.

CHARLES.

And was there none to speak a word for him ?  
No friend in all the house that dared to speak ?

WINDEBANK.

Scarce one, if any.

CHARLES.

This news I cannot stomach ; 'tis grievous !  
Poor Strafford ! thou hast gained this sore rebuke  
For steadfast loyalty !

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, and WINDEBANK.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—PYM'S LODGINGS IN WESTMINSTER.

PYM *seated at a desk.*

~~~~~

PYM.

"Tis past—the master-stroke of policy !
I scarcely dared believe the aim so good.
’Twas well hit, and bravely.——
Oh ! what a change hath twelve short years enwrought
In Strafford ; sickness, and care and riot,
Each in its turn hath set a stamp on him ;
Albeit, thus the body shrunk and bowed,
The quenchless fire burns still in his fierce eye ;
The pride of genius sits upon his brow,
And his unbending soul rules over all.
His fortunes, maybe, now have reached their goal,
Yet, with such giant foe we have to cope,
All guards are needful !—What remains undone ?
The trial must be hastened ; Laud impeached,
With Finch and Windebank ; this will paralyze
The Court ; and Ratcliffe, Strafford’s creature, bound
In his master’s toil ; those servile Judges
Roundly fined ; the new Church-Canons damned,

And Triennial Parliaments enforced ;
The Scottish army still retained in check
Of Court intrigues, and Popish plots.

Enter HAMPDEN, ST. JOHN and LORD SAY. PYM rises.

Welcome, my Lord and gentlemen, 'tis late,
I have enough for each committee's work ;
What think ye of our first success ?

LORD SAY.

'Tis wonderful ! thou didst demean thyself
To admiration.

PYM.

My Lord, we would entrust you with one thing—
To move that all the Privy Councillors
Be catechised, their oaths of secrecy
Absolved.

LORD SAY.

Assuredly I will.

HAMPDEN.

And carry it.

PYM.

The deputies from Ireland are arrived
With numerous accusations—here, at home,
There have been divers schemes to slip the noose,
But, thanks to Goring, he has peached the whole.

ST. JOHN.

What schemes ?

PYM.

A royal scheme to seize the Tower itself,
And tamper with the Governor.

HAMPDEN.

The Commons shall be told of this.

PYM.

'Twill aid the Earl's impeachment and his death.

Enter LORD LOWDEN *and* EARL OF BEDFORD.

BEDFORD.

How now, gentlemen ! pleasant news from Court !
The King will make us Privy Councillors !
We shall have offices assigned to us.
Bristol and Essex, Hertford, Kimbolton,
Savile, and you, Lord Say, and I myself,
Sworn of the Privy Council—my Office,
Treasurer.

PYM.

And mine ?

BEDFORD.

Chancellor of the Exchequer !

ST. JOHN.

And mine ?

BEDFORD.

Solicitor-General !

LORD SAY.

And mine ?

BEDFORD.

Master of the Wards !

HAMPDEN.

And mine ?

BEDFORD.

Tutor to the Prince ! and Denzil Hollis,
Secretary of State.

PYM.

My Lord ! what means this vein of humour ?

BEDFORD.

On oath, 'tis true ; I have it from the King.

PYM.

Without conditions ?

BEDFORD.

None that are binding.

LORD LOWDEN.

I shall crave your best services for us.

BEDFORD.

Scotland shall be our first care.

PYM.

I fear these offices will please our friends
But little.

BEDFORD.

Essex, methinks, will not accept of place.

HAMPDEN.

I hope this royal favour will not cost
Too dear; this fiery race must be outrun;
No nerve be slackened till our judgment pass;
The Court would purchase Strafford at a price.

PYM.

Fear not, we will not blench our purpose.

ST. JOHN.

'Twill give us greater power if rightly used.

LORD LOWDEN.

The great "Incendiary" must not escape,
The King has gracious grown to us of late,
And made us large concessions.

PYM (to HAMPDEN.)

If thou be Tutor, let the Prince be schooled
In our academy.

HAMPDEN.

Trust me, the word "prerogative" shall be
Erased from his vocabulary!

PYM.

Come, gentlemen, we'll sound the Commons' fore
We take our new appointments.

BEDFORD.

And I will test the Lords.

[*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE II.—THE TOWER.

STRAFFORD *holding a letter from the KING in his hand.*

STRAFFORD.

Thus much his Majesty assures me of.

“ You shall not suffer in life, fame, fortune.”

A royal pledge, “ and but a mean reward

For service such as mine !” This too is true ;

If Strafford still were at thine elbow, then

Thou might'st accomplish it ; but now bereft,

Thy will is weak, thy means of action gone !

Poor Prince ! thou wilt be taught in sterner schools

Than monarchy befit. Thy servant's fate

Might serve thee as a fair ensample, yet

Despair was never mine, there lives a hope.

*[Lays down the letter, and takes up a copy of the
articles of impeachment.]*

These articles I have perused with care ;

Methinks, the charge hath nothing capital :

I have assured my wife and children so ;

I can disprove the chief ; the lesser, least,

Though ne'er construed as treason, maybe, crime.

I will be well advised in points of law,

These are the turning points with skilful men :

I will demean myself with such an air,

That ev'n mine enemies shall think me clear.

My noble carriage all men shall admire ;

I will attune my speech to catch the ear

Of listening thousands ; every cadence full,

And fitly turned, shall reach their inmost soul.

[A pause.]

Vain man ! this idle boast will serve thee not,
False, flattering hope ! naught but thy blood will serve
Thy fierce accusers. Yes, "The Apostate's" blood !
Thy sentence now is passed, thy scaffold set,
A few short hours and Strafford will be dust !

[*Starts from his seat.*

There's yet one course untried—these walls are proof
'Gainst all assault, but gold may loose the bars.

[*Rings the bell.*

I'll try the mettle of their Governor.

WARDER *enters.*

Here, (*throwing him money,*) tell thy master I would
speak with him.

[*Exit WARDER.*

If Balfour be what he was wont, 'tis vain ;
And yet men change with wind and tide—good men
Are sometimes wrought upon by promises.

Enter BALFOUR, bowing.

Good morrow, Balfour ; my cell is irksome,
I fain would have thy company awhile.
Wilt thou inform me who my neighbours are ?

BALFOUR.

My Lord, if that be all you crave, 'tis done ;
His Grace of Canterbury on the left,
And, on the right, Sir Robert Berkeley lies.

STRAFFORD.

Are these good men with treason charged ?

BALFOUR.

They are, my Lord.

STRAFFORD.

Thou hast a precious charge from Church and State !
What ransom dost thou ask for such as they ?

BALFOUR.

The Speaker's warrant.

STRAFFORD.

Nay, wilt thou take no other quit than his ?

BALFOUR.

None, my Lord.

STRAFFORD.

I'll proffer thee ten thousand sterling pounds
For mine.

BALFOUR.

I'd sooner loose my head !

STRAFFORD.

Nay, twice ten thousand, and a match to boot.
Remember thou hast children, they must live
As is befitting rank and station !

BALFOUR.

I scorn thy paltry pelf and proffered match !
My poverty is to mine honour, else
I were not fit to hold the post I fill.

STRAFFORD.

Stay, Balfour, mine was but a jest ; think not
I sought to tamper with thine honesty.
I too have been a trusty servant, hence
Can value faith in others.

BALFOUR.

My Lord, you will excuse my presence.

[Exit

STRAFFORD.

This man is proof 'gainst all temptations—hope
There's none of him ; where shall I find it else ?
True, Heaven hath humbled me, but 'tis in wrath !
Long hath she lost my fealty for my King's,
And now she may reject it, justly too.
I'm but a weak and sinful man, God knows

My strong temptations—seeking *liberty*
But in the exercise of lawless power !
Unbridled appetite, and stubborn will,
For ever working out my own resolve,
Albeit at the hazard of my fame.
Brooking no control, not ev'n my master's ;
Foremost in every council, as in deed,
And unsubdued by dangers, sickness, death !
Such Strafford was, and such he still will be !
This prison-house shall fetter me no more,
The judgment hall shall be my banqueting ;
Ev'n at the scaffold I will scorn my foes,
And wear the calmest visage in the crowd !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—WESTMINSTER HALL, FITTED UP FOR
STRAFFORD'S TRIAL.

*The last day's trial. A splendid assembly of LORDS, JUDGES,
COMMONS, and SPECTATORS, including the KING, QUEEN, and
COURT.*

Enter LADIES in a gallery.

FIRST LADY.

Oh ! what a solemn pomp pervades this hall !
There sit the Scotch Commissioners, and there
The Lords of Ireland, joint accusers they
With these the Commoners ; in the centre
Range the Peers enrobed. The Lord Keeper there,
And Judges on the woolsacks further on.
The throne stands empty, but yon gallery
Contains the King, the Queen, and all the Court.

[*The KING tears down the curtain of his box.*

Its fellow here, the foreign nobles fill ;
The Earl of Arundel presides ; Lindsay,
As High Constable.

SECOND LADY.

But where is Strafford ?

STRAFFORD enters, attended by BALFOUR and GUARDS.

FIRST LADY.

Now thou may'st behold him as he enters,
Wearing his George, and dressed in mourning clothes,
His thick dark hair cut short from off his brow.

[STRAFFORD continues advancing.]

SECOND LADY.

Oh ! what a manly dignity and grace !
And yet how worn and pale his visage seems,
His step how feeble !

[STRAFFORD arrives at his desk.]

FIRST LADY.

See, thrice he makes obeisance to the Chair.

[The HIGH STEWARD bows to him.]

SECOND LADY.

And now he kneels.

FIRST LADY.

And now he bows to all his fellow Peers.

[Some of the PEERS return the salutation.]

SECOND LADY.

Who stand beside him ?

FIRST LADY.

The Lieutenant of the Tower, and Strafford's
Secretaries.

STRAFFORD converses with his LAWYERS.

SECOND LADY.

Now he is seated at the desk. Poor soul !
With all his crimes, I can but pity him !

[STRAFFORD seats himself facing the Court.]

FIRST LADY.

Hark ! 'tis Pym, the accuser, speaks !

[PYM rises with his notes in his hand.

PYM.

My Lords !

By Secretary Vane these notes were writ

At a junto of the Privy Council,

Held for the Scots' affairs last May. My Lords,

This was Earl Strafford's language to the King—

These words :—" *You have an army in Ireland*

That you may use to reduce this kingdom

To obedience." And here lies our charge.

[Turning to VANE the elder.

Sir Harry Vane ! upon your oath, these notes

Are in your hand-writing ?

VANE steps forward and examines the document.

My Lords, I'll swear to them.

PYM.

You'll swear the Earl made use of words to this

Effect ?

VANE.

I will.

[VANE takes his seat.

LORD CLARE (*rises.*)

My Lords ! suppose these be the very words,

The junto met on Scotch affairs alone.

" *This kingdom*" could but refer to Scotland.

[LORD CLARE sits down.

PYM.

My Lords ! a brother may incline to screen

His relative from accusation ;

I do contend such forced construction false.

This unhappy Earl hath used such cunning

To set a countenance of honesty
And justice on his actions, as he hath
Been negligent in their performance ! Yes,
He hath put on a vizard of fair truth,
Of goodness, of uprightness. I have torn
That vizard off, he stands unmasked, condemned !
Would God may change him for the time to come !
When *will* is set above all *law* 'tis crime !
Behold, how many prisoners of rank
Condemned and executed without law !
So many public rapines on the state !
Soldiers sent forth to make good his decrees !
So many whippings for monopolies,
So many jurors fined in star-chamber,
Disgraced, and set in 'pillory ! My Lords,
Ye must condemn him for such tyranny !
We charge him with the breach of nature's law,
The light of reason in our common souls !
My Lords, the intoxicating cup of power
Hath poisoned his heart, and turned his councils,
Acts, and deeds, to treason !
'Tis God—and only God, subsists alone ;
All other beings are amenable
To laws this unhappy Earl hath broken.
We hold our lives and liberties by law ;
In Ireland these have been subverted. Why ?
Because, forsooth, she's deemed a conquered realm.
Pernicious council this for royal ears !
Shall it be treason to *debase the coin*,
And not be greater treason to *debase*

*The spirits of the subjects of the King,
And set a stamp of servitude on them?*
Strafford hath debased, by tyrannous acts,
The sister kingdom! true, he hath alleged
A time of exigence; the fault was his,
His acts the cause; his crime no transient one;
He sought to work perpetual treason;
Treason transmitted to our children's sons!
So *many* treasons hath this man performed,
That life, honour and estate, tho' forfeit,
Will leave him *debtor* to the Commonwealth!
Neither will this be a *novel* way of blood.
The *law* doth lack in nothing, but the age
Gone by, hath bred *no man with crimes like his!*

PYM looks at STRAFFORD, their eyes meet, and a momentary
confusion overcomes the speaker.

My Lords! I'll say no more, these fourteen days
Have brought you evidence enough of guilt,
On which ye will condemn this wretched man
Of dire attempts to change *the wholesome laws*
Of these joint realms to tyranny.

[PYM sits down.]

EARL OF ARUNDEL.

Strafford! the Lords will hear thee in defence.

STRAFFORD (*rising slowly, and making repeated obeisances.*)

My Lords! the very title of the notes
Adduced against me, must absolve my guilt.
“The junto held upon the *Scot's* affairs.”
“*This kingdom*” can but mean “the *Scottish* realm.”
The varied charges laid against me have
Been fully answered. Mark—I did not *frame*

Instructions for the council held at York ;
They were *decreed me*, when I left that court
For Ireland ; I could be no party there
To actions not mine own. My words, my Lords,
Have been *perverted* ; still, I do contend
That Ireland is a conquered kingdom, hence
The King's prerogative far greater there.
The judgments charged against me were not given
In courts incompetent ; a single vote
Was all I gave ; the ancient usages
Of quartering troops, I can and will defend ;
The trade in *flax* I have made prosperous ;
Tobacco dues have filled the public purse ;
The oath on Scottish subjects was enforced
By fretful times, and sanctioned by the state.
My Lords, when war with Scotland was resolved
I did but counsel means to haste its end.
On such emergency as foreign war,
To levy contributions is but *just*.
Those in Yorkshire were but voluntary ;
My threats against the city were but heard
By one, and he a partial evidence ;
Seizing the bullion, coining base money,
I swear, my Lords, were not proposed by me !
As to certain words in council given,
By duty of my oath I spoke my mind,
Or else were perjured to Almighty God.
Shall I be charged with treason hence ; thank Heaven !
I fear not them who kill the body ! If
This be all my guilt, I leave the issue !

My Lords, if under oath of secrecy,
A counsellor be thus with treason charged
Who hath his honest judgment given—I ask,
Who found so *bold* as be *a counsellor* ?
I solemnly conjure your lordships ne'er
To break that trust your children claim from you—
The charge of this great Commonwealth ! My Lords !
Opinions make a *heretic*, but not
A traitor ! If words but spoken idly,
In familiar discourse at board or bed,
To gain a better apprehension,
To gain more light and judgment, if *these words*
Are brought against a man as *treason*, then,
Farewell society ! most *silent* world !
A city will become a hermitage !
No man will dare impart his thoughts to friends !

[*A pause, and in a weak voice.*

Alone, and unsupported here, my Lords,
Your better judgments, better memories
Supply ; my own infirmities are great !
The King condemns not, his rule is mercy ;
With reverence spoken, *he's* not my Judge,
Nor yet the *Commons* ; *you alone*, my Lords,
Thanks to the wisdom of our ancestors !
My Lords, the shedding of my blood will make

[*His voice becomes earnest and sonorous.*

An easy way for yours, if learned men,
As mine accusers, loose their tongues at you,
If open enemies be witnesses,
If every *word, intent and circumstance*

Be sifted and alleged as *treason* ; if
Your friends, your counsel be denied, ye may
Foresee the issue of such precedent !
They speak against my *arbitrary laws*,
I, against their *arbitrary treason* !
This, my Lords, regards you and your children.
For myself, were it not for your welfare,
And for the interest of *a saint in heaven*,
Who left me here two pledges upon earth,

[STRAFFORD *falters, and tears trickle down his cheeks ; then, after a pause, he resumes his discourse, the Court greatly affected, the Ladies weeping.*

And but for this, I should not take the pains
To keep up this lorn tenement of mine !
I could not leave the world at *fitter time*
Than now, with proof of my integrity
To God, my king, and country !
My Lords ! somewhat more I would have spoken,
My voice, my spirits fail me ! A pharos
May I be to keep you out of shipwreck !
Now, my Lords ! for myself I have been taught,
Through God's good blessing, that the afflictions
Of this, our *present* life, are naught compared
To the eternal weight of glory *hence* !
And so, my Lords, ev'n so, with tranquil mind,
I do await your judgment, life or death !
In te, Domine, (*looking towards heaven*) confido,
Non confundar in Æternum !

[STRAFFORD *slowly takes his seat, the Court remains greatly affected, all eyes rivetted upon him.*

THE EARL OF ARUNDEL (*rising*).

My Lords, your verdict. Is Thomas Wentworth,
Earl of Strafford, guilty or not guilty ?

[*The Lords leave their seats and confer with the Judges. The Court remains in a state of strong excitement.*]

FIRST LADY.

Oh, God ! I pray he be acquitted !

SECOND LADY.

Did ever man speak words more eloquent ?
His fierce accusers must have stony hearts
Indeed, to charge him with such hateful crimes !

[*The Lords take their places, and the High Constable proclaims silence. The EARL OF BEDFORD hands a paper to the President.*]

EARL OF ARUNDEL (*rises, all eyes are turned towards him*).

Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, the Lords
Have found thee guilty, on various charges,
Of high treason to the Commonwealth !

[*STRAFFORD rises and bows, and is immediately led away by the Lieutenant of the Tower and two hundred Train Bands ; a general murmur and exclamation runs through the multitude. The curtain falls.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE PALACE AT WHITEHALL.

The KING alone in a state of great excitement.

CHARLES.

My schemes are thwarted, every plan hath failed !
Bedford, on whom I most relied, is dead ; ⁽⁴⁾
Lord Say's advice hath made the Commons mad ;
Strafford's defence hath won him many friends,
Too many, for this fearful bill is passed
Both houses, lest the trial should have failed,
And now they wait my signature. Hollis,
His brother, hath wrought no relaxation
Of their vengeance.

[*Takes up a letter from STRAFFORD.*

This letter breathes a noble spirit—sure,
This man deserves to live—he pardons me.
“ My consent shall more acquit you, herein
To God than all the world can do besides !”
And then he prays protection for his son
And daughters—can he absolve me ? never !
What will the world, my conscience, whisper me,
If I consent that Strafford forfeit life ?

What can absolve me from the *damning guilt* ?

Are not my acts imputed to his charge ?

Is he the scape-goat for his monarch's sins ?

[*A Messenger announces the BISHOP OF LONDON and others.*

Your Reverences come in fitting time,

We crave your fatherly advice hereon.

What say'st thou, Juxon, shall we be absolved

[*Takes up the Bill of Attainder.*

From foul dishonour if we sign this bill ?

JUXON.

An' please your Majesty, my counsel is

To shed no blood you deem is innocent !

CHARLES.

What say'st thou, Williams ?

WILLIAMS.

Whate'er opinion you may entertain

As *Charles Stuart*, methinks, your Majesty,

As *King*, is bound to give your royal seal

To what hath passed both Lords and Commons.

CHARLES (*turning to the other BISHOPS*).

What think your Reverences ?

FIRST BISHOP, (*pointing to WILLIAMS*).

An' please your Majesty, I think as he.

SECOND BISHOP.

I deem your Majesty in duty bound

To act, tho', as an individual,

You may dissent.

CHARLES.

I thank ye, good prelates, for your counsel.

[*BISHOPS retire.*

Unhappy Prince ! why did I bring to Court,

At this fierce time, the man I could not shield,

And drag him to the death his foes prepare ?

Enter the QUEEN abruptly, in much alarm.

HENRIETTA.

The Palace Yard is filled with multitudes—
Their cries and threats of vengeance shake the Court—
I fear they will break in and murder us.
'Tis said that Goring hath disclosed our plot ; ⁽⁵⁾
They speak of foreign armies landing here,
Ascribing all to me—and most of all,
They cry for Strafford's blood !

CHARLES.

Peace, woman ! I am now resolved—'tis done,
This bill, by force, must be assented to.

[Calls for SECRETARY CARLETON.]

'Tis but a question who shall bleed the first,
I, or Strafford !

Enter SECRETARY CARLETON.

CHARLES *(taking the document in his hand, and greatly affected)*.
Carleton ! thou'rt witness this hath cost me much,
Thou know'st there hath not been a way untried
To save my servant, be now my witness ;
If one half my kingdom would have saved him
I would have parted with it. When Kings weep
[He sheds tears.]

'Tis ominous !

*[He signs a commission to give his assent to the Bill of
Attainder, and CARLETON takes it away.]*

There may be hope, to-morrow I will send
A strong petition by the Prince of Wales, ⁽⁶⁾
To crave imprisonment for life, or aught
But death, for Strafford.

HENRIETTA.

Hark ! how the rabble shout ! the news is spread
That Strafford's death-warrant is signed !

CHARLES.

Let us away, their cries are horrible !

[*Exeunt KING and QUEEN.*]

SCENE II.—THE TOWER.

STRAFFORD *alone.*

STRAFFORD.

Alas ! these speeches of the King are posts
Which bring my death more swiftly on. They fret
The Commons, chafing them on the old sore,
The King's *prerogative*, and their *just rights* !
Mine hath been a strange and chequered life ; love,
Hate, ambition, hitherto hath ruled me—
The last the most ! thrice married, blest with heirs,
Raised to great honours and emoluments,
Trusted with greater power than any man,
Abused it *less* than *many* ; when abused,
To serve my king, for this I stand condemned.
My private life hath many blots, God knows ;
I have corrupted women less than men ;
I trust to be forgiven.—

Enter SECRETARY CARLETON.

CARLETON.

My Lord, the King hath signed your death-warrant.

[*STRAFFORD deeply moved, but soon recovers his self-possession.*]

STRAFFORD (*laying his hand on his heart*).

Put not your trust in Princes !

Enter LORD CLARE and SIR GEORGE WENTWORTH.

Wentworth and Clare ! bring ye no reprieve ?

CLARE.

Faithful brothers, we come to comfort thee !

WENTWORTH.

Our efforts have proved vain, the die is struck !

STRAFFORD.

Kind brothers ! I thank you much,

[*Weeping.*]

I crave your pity on my orphan babes ;

The sting of death is passed if they be safe,

And cared for ; as for me, I am prepared .

To meet the worst ; God gives me strength to cope

With death, this body is not worth a thought.

And if, through mercy, I may keep my crown

In heaven, what care I for this mockery ?

Farewell, kind brothers, till my day of doom—

You will be there to comfort me ?

WENTWORTH AND CLARE.

We will !

[*Exeunt CLARE and SIR G. WENTWORTH, weeping, and
CARLETON behind.*]

SCENE III.—TOWER HILL.

An immense concourse of people. A scaffold erected, and guards.

Enter CITIZENS.

FIRST CITIZEN.

See how the crowd divides, he comes !

[STRAFFORD *approaches guarded.*]

SECOND CITIZEN.

Mark, how he moves his hat, and marches on

With steady tread and calm, undaunted brow,

More like a General, heading his troops,
'Than one for treason carried to the block !

FIRST CITIZEN.

What friends are those that speak with him ?

SECOND CITIZEN.

His brother, Sir George Wentworth, the Bishop
Of Armagh, and Earl of Cleveland.

[STRAFFORD *ascends the Scaffold*

FIRST CITIZEN.

Now they mount the scaffold.

SECOND CITIZEN.

See ! how he gazes on the crowd unmoved.

FIRST CITIZEN.

'Tis strange that tyrants can meet death like this !

SECOND CITIZEN.

Silence ! he's about to speak.

STRAFFORD (*bowing*).

Good people ! I declare mine innocence
Of all intent to harm the Commonwealth,
My country's happiness, my fondest wish !
My friends, it augurs ill to write *in blood*
This beginning of your reformation !
Believe me when I tell you I did think
That Parliaments in England, under God,
The surest means, as constituted here,
To make both king and people happy !

[STRAFFORD *then turns to take leave of his friends. He
observes his brother weeping.*

Brother !

What hast thou seen in me to make thee weep ?
Does innocent fear betray guilt in me ?
Or innocent boldness, atheism ?
That block my pillow, I shall rest from all

My labours !

No thoughts of envy, dreams of treason there !

No jealousies, no cares for king or state,

Or self, shall interrupt my peaceful sleep !

Remember me to my dear sister, wife,

And little ones ; yes, to that precious babe

That knows nor good nor evil, thought nor speech,

God speak for it and bless it !

[STRAFFORD undresses himself and winds his hair under a cap,
then looking at the block,

As cheerfully I lay aside this garb

As if I went to bed.

[Looking round.

Where's he that shall perform this office ?

[The EXECUTIONER comes forward.

I do forgive thee and all the world !

[To the EXECUTIONER.

[STRAFFORD kneels down by the block, and continues in prayer
with the BISHOP OF ARMAGH, and a Minister ; he speaks
a few words softly, and raises his hands, the Minister
closing them in his, he bows down to the block.

I will essay the block, and after that,

[To the EXECUTIONER.

Stretch forth my hands—then strike !

[STRAFFORD tries the fitness of the block with great com-
posure, then lays his head upon it and stretches forth
his hand. The EXECUTIONER strikes off his head at
a blow, and raises it up to all the people.

EXECUTIONER.

God save the King !

[The people shout and slowly disperse.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Sure, 'tis our great appeal from tyranny

To God ! Eliot is avenged !

SECOND CITIZEN.

Heaven grant it be the last ; methinks, he died
Like a gallant gentleman.

Enter BALFOUR and RUSHWORTH.

BALFOUR.

It pained me sore to view this bloody death ;
Thou should'st have seen his conduct in the Tower ;
Of late, he gained my confidence and love.
Poor Laud, his fellow prisoner, this morn
Swooned as we passed his cell ; he had intent
To give the Earl his blessing, but he fell !
What hast thou there ?

RUSHWORTH.

These are the heads of Strafford's speech—I found
Them on the Scaffold.

BALFOUR.

They were the latest words he wrote—perhaps
The truest.

RUSHWORTH.

They may be true or false. Where are you for ?

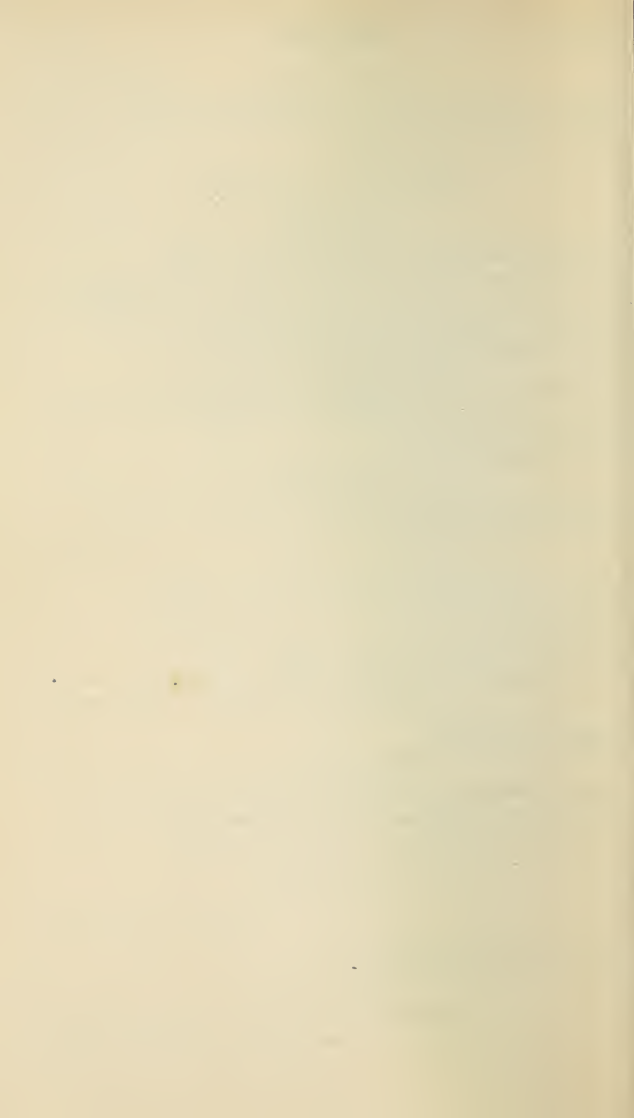
BALFOUR.

Back to the Tower.

RUSHWORTH.

I to the Commons.—Adieu !

[Exeunt BALFOUR, RUSHWORTH, and CITIZENS.]



NOTES.

1. Page 10.

"Twenty-eight."

These articles ultimately swelled to *twenty-eight*, the original number being *nine*.

2. Page 13.

"Blest portraiture of my departed friend !"

Sir John Eliot, before his death, sent for an artist to the Tower, and had his portrait painted exactly as he then appeared, wasted by disease, consequent on his long imprisonment. This portrait was designed for his sons, that it might be hung beside a painting at Port Eliot, (his family seat) which represented him in the vigour of health, to serve as a constant memorial of the sufferings he had undergone for the good of his country. Hampden being the guardian of the young Eliots, the author has supposed him in possession of the above-mentioned picture ; Eliot and he having also exchanged portraits at an earlier time. "The Monarchy of Man," was a philosophical treatise composed by Eliot during his confinement in the Tower. "Ramus," one of the most celebrated professors of philosophy of the sixteenth century, he suffered much persecution for having adopted the reformed religion, and miserably perished in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.

3. Page 15.

" Twelve years ago we parted, and his words "

Strafford is here supposed to have dreamed over the memorable parting which he had with Pym, at Greenwich, upwards of twelve years before, on which occasion these fearful words were addressed to Wentworth. " You are going to leave us, but I will never leave you. *while your head is upon your shoulders !*"

4. Page 36.

" Bedford, on whom I most relied, is dead ; "

The Earl of Bedford died suddenly of the small pox, and Lord Say being employed by the King in his place, Charles, by the advice of this new counsellor, sent for the two Houses, and, by his well-meant but ill-advised speech, sealed the doom of the unfortunate Strafford. The Commons resented the King's interference as a most flagrant violation of their privileges, and the Bill of Attainder, which they had preferred against the unhappy minister in case the trial by impeachment should fail, was pushed through both houses of parliament with an impetuosity that nothing could resist.

5. Page 38.

" 'Tis said that Goring hath disclosed our plot ; "

The various projects of bringing up the army to London, of siezing the Tower, and of landing troops from France, were betrayed by Colonel Goring to the Parliament.

6. Page 38.

" A strong petition by the Prince of Wales, "

This petition of the King sent by the hands of the young Prince of Wales to the Lords, produced no effect. The vultures that thirsted for the blood of Strafford were inexorable. It was the last weak effort of a weak monarch to protect his faithful servant.

WAKEFIELD:
ILLINGWORTH AND HICKS, PRINTERS, MARKET-PLACE.



OLIVER CROMWELL;

A Drama,

ERRATA.

Page 14, 2nd line, for "slow coming" read "slow-coming"

.. 14, 17th line, for "than they" read "than them"

.. 15, 11th line, for "council" read "counsel"

.. 20, 2nd line, for "belive" read "believe"

.. 20, 4th line, for "hath" read "have"

.. 22, 6th line, for "Privy Councel" read "Privy Council"

.. 22, 2nd line, for "Councillors" read "Counsellors"

.. 27, 7th line, for "council" read "counsel"

.. 30, 20th line, for "councils" read "counsels"

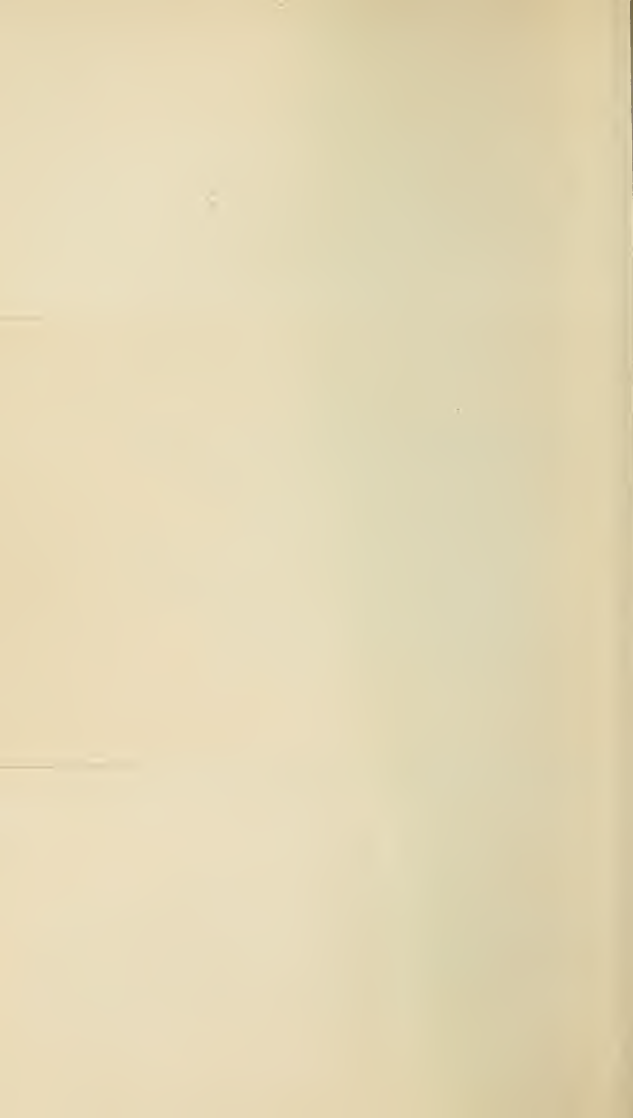
.. 30, 28th line, for "council" read "counsel"

LONDON :

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS ;

AND
ILLINGWORTH AND HICKS, WAKEFIELD.

MDCCCXLIII.



OLIVER CROMWELL;

A Drama,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

W. H. LEATHAM.



LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS;
AND
ILLINGWORTH AND HICKS, WAKEFIELD.

MDCCCXLIII.

WAKEFIELD:
ILLINGWORTH AND HICKS, PRINTERS, MARKET-PLACE,
(SUCCESSORS TO RICHARD NICHOLS.)

This little Drama

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

TO

JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.,

(OF THE INNER TEMPLE,)

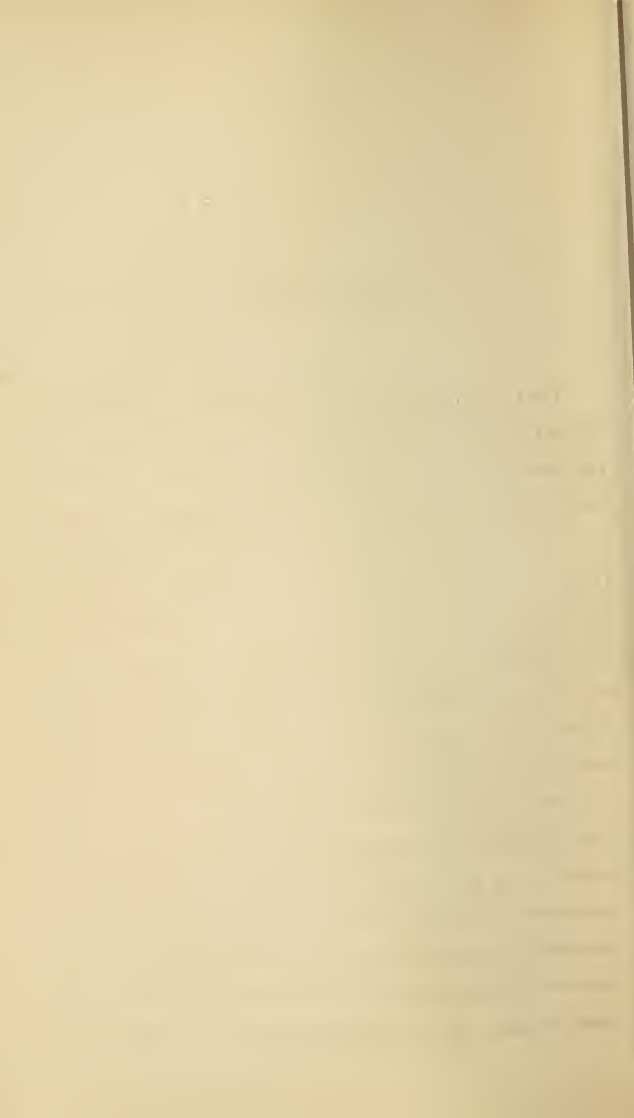
THE ONLY TRUE BIOGRAPHER OF THE STATESMEN OF THE
COMMONWEALTH.



P R E F A C E .



THIS little Drama is designed as a sequel to "STRAFFORD." The materials of both are drawn from the same sources. In the first place, I beg to acknowledge, more particularly, the valuable assistance I have derived from Mr. Forster's admirable biography of Oliver Cromwell, appended to his "Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth." Impressed with the opinion that the main features of Cromwell's life and actions, though unpoetical, are essentially dramatic, I was led to make an attempt towards displaying the most eventful scenes of this great man's history in the vivid and natural form of the Drama. I trusted that the great difficulties which presented themselves on first entertaining the idea—(arising more especially from the almost unlimited field over which the subject-matter extends)—would gradually lessen in amount, and finally resolve themselves into a careful selection of what was most suitable to be retained for the execution of the



PREFACE.



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task. In accordance with this hope, I have presented the reader with five brief Acts, containing some of the chief incidents which designate the age of Cromwell. Following the plan laid down in the little tragedy before mentioned, I have occasionally appropriated, wherever history has handed it down, the precise language of some of the most remarkable men who ever figured on the world's stage. In other instances, I have necessarily been thrown more on my own resources in furnishing details of events of which history does not afford the particulars. In conclusion, I may fairly state, that, in striving to accomplish my object, I have not knowingly perverted any single portion of acknowledged truth, but laboured to preserve throughout a strict impartiality.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

ACT I.—*25th April, to 24th June, 1643.*

This Act commences with 25th April, 1643, Cromwell's forty-fourth birth-day. His marriage took place, 22nd August, 1620—at which time he fixed his residence in his native town of Huntingdon.—In 1628, he took his seat in Parliament for that borough. In 1631, he sold his patrimony and removed with his wife and family to St. Ives.—In 1636, he again removed, on the death of his uncle, Sir Thos. Stewart, to Ely.—In 1640, he took his seat in Parliament for Cambridge—being returned, after a formidable opposition, by a majority of a single vote.—He now became an active member of the celebrated Long-Parliament, and took part in all their important proceedings, and was appointed to the command of a troop of horse at the breaking out of the civil war in 1642. The battle of Edge Hill was fought, 23rd October, 1642, and the war between King Charles and his Parliament continued, with various successes to each party, up to the time at which this Drama is supposed to commence. Cromwell was then actively engaged in Lincolnshire.—Act I closes with the death of Hampden, which took place, 24th June, 1643.

ACT II.—*2nd July, 1644, to 14th June 1645.*

On 19th September, 1643, the indiciſive battle of Newbury was fought.—In 1644 the campaign opened with fresh vigour. Essex and Waller were engaged with the King, whilst Manchester and Cromwell (who were associated in the command of the six confederated

counties) effected a conjunction with Fairfax, who was besieging the Marquis of Newcastle in the city of York. They had not long been thus occupied, when Prince Rupert came up, and the besiegers drew off to the neighbourhood of Tadcaster, where they were followed by the combined armies of Rupert and Newcastle, who gave them battle, on Marston Moor, July 2, 1644. These events occupy the beginning of Act II.—After the battle of Marston Moor, a complete new-modelling of the Parliamentary army took place, and early in the year 1645, Sir Thos. Fairfax was appointed Commander-in-Chief; and Cromwell, Lieutenant-General of Cavalry.—The treaty at Uxbridge having proved fruitless, both parties again had resource to arms, and on the 14th June, 1645, the battle of Naseby decided the fate of Charles I. With this event Act II. closes.

ACT III.—*November, 1648, to January 1649.*

Passing over the interval of time which elapsed between the battle, of Naseby and the trial and execution of the unfortunate Charles, the reader will find most of the leading occurrences of that period hinted at in Cromwell's soliloquy, in Scene I, where he is represented on his return from Scotland, at the close of the year 1648.—On the 30th January, 1649, the execution of King Charles took place. Act III. closes with a recital of this and subsequent events.

ACT IV.—*September 3, to October 1, 1651.*

Soon after the King's death, Cromwell was appointed Lieutenant-General and Governor-General of Ireland. It was only by wading through seas of blood that he succeeded in reducing that unhappy country to obedience to the Parliament—and on his return, in the following year, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army, and marching into Scotland, he gained a decided victory over the young King, on 3rd September, 1650, at Dunbar. Charles II. marched into England the following August, and was proclaimed King, at Worcester, on the 22nd of that month. Cromwell rapidly overtook him and routed his army on the anniversary of the above

mentioned battle of Dunbar. These transactions are hinted at in the first scene of Act IV. Scene II. is founded on the popular story related in Echard's History of England, p. 691, Scene III. and IV. relate to the adventures of the young monarch at Whiteladies and Boscobel—the author has taken a slight liberty with the narrative as given by Lingard, in conveying Charles from Whiteladies direct to the oak tree—instead of carrying him first of all to Boscobel, from which place he is said to have accompanied Colonel Careless to the celebrated oak. Act IV. closes with a brief account of Charles's final escape, on 16th October, 1651, from Shoreham, to the French coast.

ACT V.—*April, 1653, to 3rd September, 1658.*

This Act contains the main incidents of Cromwell's usurpation. He expelled the Long Parliament by force, April 20, 1653. The Barebone-Parliament commenced their sitting 4th July, in the same year. Cromwell was inaugurated Lord-Protector, 16th December, 1654. A new Parliament assembled, 4th September, 1655, and was dissolved soon afterwards. Writs were issued for a third Parliament to meet, 17th December, 1656. Cromwell finally refused the crown on 12th May, 1657. A second solemn inauguration followed. The prorogued Parliament assembled, 28th January, and was finally dissolved, 4th February, 1658. Cromwell had already fallen into ill health,—his favourite daughter, Claypole, died 4th August, and the Lord-Protector breathed his last, on his *fortunate day of 3rd September, 1658.* The Drama closes with these scenes.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Parliamentarians.

OLIVER CROMWELL.	MARTEN,	} <i>Republicans.</i>
ELIZABETH, <i>Wife to Oliver Cromwell.</i>	ST. JOHN,	
ELIZABETH, <i>Mother to Oliver Cromwell.</i>	VANE,	
OLIVER,	SIDNEY,	
RICHARD, } <i>Sons of Oliver Cromwell.</i>	WENTWORTH,	} <i>Officers in the Parlia- mentarian Army.</i>
HENRY,	SKIPPON,	
BRIDGET, <i>married to Ireton,</i> <i>and afterwards to Fleetwood</i>	D'OYLEY,	
ELIZABETH, <i>married to Clay-</i> <i>pole,</i>	TOMLINSON,	
MARY, <i>married to Lord Fau-</i> <i>conberg</i>	HACKER,	} <i>Chaplains to Cromwell.</i>
FRANCES, <i>married to Mr. Rich</i>	LINDSEY,	
LORD FAIRFAX	HARRISON,	
SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX, (<i>his Son, after-</i> <i>wards Lord General</i>).	INGOLDSBY,	
LADY FAIRFAX, <i>Wife to Sir T. Fairfax.</i>	LAMBERT,	} <i>Chaplains to Cromwell.</i>
EARL OF MANCHESTER.	WHITE	
LORD LEVEN.	GODWYN	
IRETON.	STERRY,	
HAMPDEN.	DR. GILES, <i>Rector of Chinner.</i>	} <i>Chaplain to Hampden's regiment.</i>
LETITIA HAMPDEN, <i>his Wife.</i>	DR. SPURSTOW,	
	THURLOE, <i>Secretary to Cromwell.</i>	
	OLD MAN OF WORCESTER.	
	PHYSICIAN, GUARDS AND ATTENDANTS.	

Royalists.

CHARLES II.	DR. JUXON, <i>Bishop of London.</i>
PRINCE RUPERT.	CHARLES GIFFORD.
MARQUIS OF NEWCASTLE.	YATES, <i>his Servant.</i>
LORD ASHLEY.	MRS. YATES, <i>Wife to the above.</i>
SIR MARMADUKE LANGDALE.	JOHN, GEORGE, RICHARD, } <i>Brothers to</i>
EARL OF LINDSEY.	AND WM. PENDERELL } <i>Mrs. Yates.</i>
LORD SEYMOUR.	SOLDIERS AND ATTENDANTS.
LORD WILMOT.	

OLIVER CROMWELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—CROMWELL'S HOUSE AT ELY.

An old-fashioned Apartment, fitted up as a library ; OLIVER CROMWELL sitting at his desk, his sword and armour lying by his side ; writing materials on the desk.

CROMWELL.

"TIS my birthday ! forty-and-four the years
That I have spent in vanity and sin !
From childhood's hour a brain-sick phantasy
Hath been my close companion—day or night.
I well remember how, one holiday,
When I, with sports o'ercome, laid down to rest,
The curtains of my couch were drawn aside,
And there appeared a more than mortal form
With aspect wond'rous sage, yet mild withal :
Awhile she stood, and gazing spoke these words—
" Cromwell ! before thy death, the greatest man
In England thou shalt be !" then vanished straight.
This presage haunts me still, yet ever mocks.
My boyhood was a moody dream of youth,
My college life but wild and dissolute ;

Then came my early marriage, with its cares—
Thought, once awakened, hath been busy since ;
Religion, politics have filled my brain,
And Parliaments have heard my untuned speech.
Oft have I urged redress for wrongs, Heaven knows !
Till King and Court grew wanton, and our rights
Were pleaded vainly ; when remonstrance failed,
The sword remained sole arbiter. The sword
Once drawn, I flung the scabbard to the winds—
And now, I fight for liberty and life !
But *where* the greatness held in store for me ?
True, I command a troop of Ironsides,
Right trusty men—godly—with lion hearts,
Sworn to defend the Parliament, to die
Rather than live enslaved by Church or State.
These I've prayed with, fought with, ay, conquered with,
But still remain a humble instrument
In God's right hand—whate'er command is his
The same shall be performed, cost what it may !
As yet there dawns no sun on our good cause—
The King maintains his ground, we too hold ours ;
Perchance one single sword may turn the scale !
Who knows but *this (taking up his sword)* may be the
one ordained
To free our groaning land from tyranny ?
'Twas by *one* vote I sat in Parliament,
Or else my voice had not been heard of late.
Edgehill was bravely fought—but won by whom ?
By neither host, so even was the strife ;
Had Charles or Essex owned one brave sword more,

Who knows but conquest might have followed it ?
Then henceforth strike for life and liberty !

[Lays down his sword.]

My son hath proved his soldiership : tho' young,
None showeth fairer promise. God bless him !
My cousin Hampden is a host himself,
He hath an ampler soul and abler head
Than any man I know ; courage withal
Unequalled ; Heaven shield his head in battle !
This late affair of ours at Gainsborough
Hath done much service, had it won but this,
Young Ireton's friendship ; yet, poor Cavendish
Was sorely butchered there—his life, if spared,
Perchance, had been our gain ; Newcastle now
Will wreak a brother's vengeance on our heads :
And hence to leave my trusty men a day
And scamper home with such a foe in field
In me were fool-hardy, if Boston's wall
Did not ensconce my troops from sharp assault ;
Howe'er, 'tis pleasant thus to sit at home
And hear familiar voices, tender words,
Whose sound falls softer on the soldier's ear
With din of arms disturbed—than music's chime !

Enter MARY and FRANCES CROMWELL, with spring flowers, singing.

SONG.

I.

Father ! we have sought the glade
Where the primrose pale is laid,
Where the violet blooms unseen,
'Mid the tender shoots of green :
These we gathered on our way,
Chaplets for thy natal day !

II.

Happy years we crave for thee,
 Green as spring thy winter be,
 Lighter heart and lesser cares
 Crown thy head with hoary hairs !
 Father ! this we beg of Heaven,
 Let thy blessing now be given !

[The children run into their father's arms, he kisses them and weeps.]

Welcome, ye little blossoms of my love !

Mary and Frances, press to my old heart.

[Taking up the flowers.]

Welcome ! sweet flowers, fair messengers of spring !

Ye speak of gladness to the coming year !

Speak ever thus to me, of innocence,

Of love, of tender hearts and tender words,

Of childhood and of joy ! speak ever thus

To these my children.

[Trumpet sounds.]

Hark ! 'tis a signal !

[The children look frightened ; CROMWELL puts on his armour hastily. Trumpets sound again, and horses' hoofs are heard approaching. The door opens and IRETON enters.]

IRETON.

Our scouts bring tidings of a fresh assault

Planned for the morrow, therefore haste thee back

To make a sure defence.

Enter young OLIVER and his MOTHER and SISTER, BRIDGET, leading her grandmother by the hand.

CROMWELL.

A brief adieu to mother, daughters, wife !

Oliver ! we must away—time presses.

OLD MRS. CROMWELL.

Nay ! stay, my son, thou hast scarce greeted me,

And now—

CROMWELL.

Adieu, mother! Please God, we meet again!

[*Exeunt CROMWELL and SON, followed by IRETON.*]

BRIDGET.

Yes! soon, very soon!

[*To her MOTHER.*]

Who is that comely youth?

Had he carried with him better tidings,

He were more welcome!

MRS. CROMWELL.

'Tis Colonel Ireton.

BRIDGET.

Oh, yes! I've heard my father speak of him:

A soldier and a courtier; so well bred,

So graceful and so brave.

MRS. CROMWELL.

The child's head is turned already.

OLD MRS. CROMWELL.

Love at first sight. Ah, Bridget?

[BRIDGET *leaves the room, smiling and blushing, the rest follow.*]

SCENE II.—BOSTON: HEAD-QUARTERS OF CROMWELL.

CROMWELL and IRETON in conversation. *Scene, Guard-room.*

CROMWELL.

Our steeds have brought us through these chilly swamps

Unharm'd: the quarters of the enemy

Are still; their purpose of attack seems passed.

What news westward?

IRETON.

Our loss at Bradock Down thou knowest?

CROMWELL.

Hopton and Grenvil were too strong for us.

IRETON.

Since then our foe hath lost Godolphin.

CROMWELL.

Ay, at Chagford. Too brave a soul was his,
Chained to a fragile body !

IRETON.

Hopton hath since been fooled at Plymouth, where
He was constrained to raise the siege, and then
Fall back on Tavistock. He now lies sick
Of wounds received at Lansdowne fight, where fell
The brave and honourable Grenvil.

CROMWELL.

I hear the tables have been turned since then.

IRETON.

Alas ! poor Waller will remember long
His last reverse. He left Devizes straight
For London.

CROMWELL.

The Parliament will bid him welcome.

IRETON.

If Essex were as honest, 'twould be well.

CROMWELL.

Whilst Essex holds command we shall stand still.

IRETON.

His Excellency ne'er will play "check-mate" !

*Enter Trooper with despatches, and retires. CROMWELL breaks
open the seal, and reads with much agitation.*

CROMWELL.

Poor Hampden lies upon his death-bed !

IRETON.

God forbid !

CROMWELL.

Urrie, the renegade, hath wrought this work—
He gave intelligence of certain troops,
Which lay exposed at Wickham. Rupert fell
On these, and Hampden thought to seize the Prince
Before he could repass the stream. Alas !

Too daring deed. They met on Chalgrove Field ;
Hampden received his wounds the first assault.
Essex came up too late—the day was lost—
Sheffield captured, Gunter and others slain.
Poor Hampden lies at Thame ; I must away
To catch his latest words !

IRETON.

Go ; meanwhile I'll take all hazards here.

CROMWELL.

Oh, Hampden ! Hampden ! thou wert dear to me,
As mine own life, hope, love or liberty !

[*Exit CROMWELL, in tears.*]

SCENE III.—THE HOUSE OF EZEKIEL BROWN AT
THAME.

HAMPDEN's sick Chamber, dimly lighted ; HAMPDEN discovered in
bed. LETITIA HAMPDEN standing by his side. DR. GILES and DR.
SPURSTOW at a short distance from the bed. Attendants, &c.

HAMPDEN.

What thinkest thou, Letitia, will he come ?

LETITIA.

Thy cousin Cromwell ?

HAMPDEN.

Ay.

LETITIA.

He now hath had thy message some days past.

HAMPDEN.

If to-day he come not, 'tis all too late :

I feel life ebbing fast away. Oh, God !

Where is thine everlasting arm to help ?

[*Raising himself in bed.*]

I would receive the sacrament—my soul

[*DR. GILES advances to the bed.*]

Could not away with governance of Church
By Bishops, and did utterly detest
The wicked lives of some known clergymen ;
But ever deemed our Church's doctrine sound,
And, in the greater part, conformable
To God's own Word, as found in Holy Writ.

[DR. GILES approaches, and administers the Sacrament
very briefly.]

'Tis enough ! I have but now to die ! Yet,
Might I but behold my cousin Cromwell
Once again on earth—

CROMWELL enters abruptly, soiled with travelling, and advances
towards the bed ; he seizes HAMPDEN's hand.

CROMWELL.

Sweet cousin ! have I found thee still alive ?

HAMPDEN.

God be praised ! in this, my prayer is answered !
Cromwell ! my strength forbids me many words ;
But, from my death-bed, I conjure thee keep
The trust I now bequeath to thee—the charge
Of this unhappy strife for liberty.

The sword is drawn—the scabbard cast away !

[Lowering his voice, and looking wildly round.]

Long, long tracks of blood I see before me !
And farther on, with strange prophetic glance,
I see a dim, discrownèd head roll down—
Dissevered—

CROMWELL.

These are visions of the brain, unmeaning
Phantoms !

HAMPDEN.

Amen ! but still I see them floating past !

[Raising his hands.]

Beyond that dim, discrownèd head there stands
A chair of state, and he that sits thereon
Is Cromwell !

CROMWELL.

He dreams most wildly !

LETITIA.

Oft hath he spoken thus, but ne'er till now
So plainly !

HAMPDEN (*To CROMWELL.*)

Farewell !

[HAMPDEN *turns himself in bed.*

I would compose myself to prayer.

[CROMWELL *retires behind the curtain of the bed ; HAMPDEN looks towards his wife, who stands by weeping.*

Letitia ! Kiss me for the last, last time !

[*They kiss, he raises his hands in prayer.*

Oh ! Lord God of Hosts ! merciful and just
Are all thy dealings unto sinful men !

Save me from death, if it be thy good will !

Pardon thou my manifold transgressions !

Oh ! gracious Lord ! save my bleeding country !

Have all these realms in thy especial care !

Confound and level in the dust all those

Who seek to rob the people of their rights

And lawful liberty ! Oh ! may the King

Behold his error ; and turn thou the hearts

Of all his wicked Counsellors from out

The evil of their past desires !

[*After a pause,*

Lord Jesus Christ ! receive my soul !

[*He dies.*

[CROMWELL, DR. GILES, DR. SPURSTOW, and LETITIA
HAMPDEN *advance to the bed.*

LETITIA.

He's gone ! sweet breath for ever fled !

[She kisses him in an agony of grief.]

DR. GILES.

He's gone to glory !

DR. SPURSTOW.

Yes ! to glory !

LETITIA *(throwing herself back in a paroxysm of grief.)*

The first blank hour of my long widowhood !

How chill it dawns upon me !

[The curtain falls.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—THE PARLIAMENTARIAN CAMP OUTSIDE
THE WALLS OF YORK.

MANCHESTER, FAIRFAX, LEVEN, SIR T. FAIRFAX *and* CROMWELL
in a tent ; refreshments on table.

LORD LEVEN.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I trust the front
Of my rude Covenanters augurs well.
Their hearts, their prayers, their swords are in the cause.

MANCHESTER.

I like them well ; and, after further proof,
Shall, doubtless, like them better.

LEVEN.

I wish their swords had flashed on Newbury !

FAIRFAX.

Essex did there acquit himself with praise.

CROMWELL.

And yet 'twas but a drawn battle.

FAIRFAX.

The Royalists met there so many deaths
The loss seemed theirs ; Carnarvon and Falkland,
Sunderland, and many more, being slain.

CROMWELL.

'Tis said poor Falkland had presentiment
Of death, nor could his friends dissuade him thence ;

But, weary of his country's misery,
He sought the grave. Full oft, with sighs and shrieks
He hath been heard to cry for "peace!" Alas!
"Peace" he hath found at Newbury; but "peace"
Is not his country's portion!

MANCHESTER.

'Tis thought Prince Rupert soon will march towards
York.

CROMWELL.

I pray for nothing more than that.

FAIRFAX,

He'll find some sturdy foemen gathered round.

SIR T. FAIRFAX.

The King's retreat from Oxford was well planned.

MANCHESTER.

A masterly affair, indeed.

CROMWELL.

Essex and Waller were o'erreached by him.

What if Newcastle play his game on us?

MANCHESTER.

Then York will be our spoil.

CROMWELL.

How long can he hold out?

MANCHESTER.

If Rupert come not soon, 'twill be too late.

LEVEN.

Newcastle cannot brook young Rupert's scorn.

FAIRFAX.

They'll quarrel, 'tis certain: a gain for us.

[Loud cries without.]

CROMWELL.

A rescue! A rescue!

[Exit.]

FAIRFAX.

A sortie from the walls!

[Exit.]

MANCHESTER.

This may be Rupert !

[*Exit.*

[*Shouts increase, and the drums beat to arms.*

SIR T. FAIRFAX.

Let 's forth !

[*Hymn is heard.*

LEVEN.

Hark ! the Covenanters' hymn !

[*Exit.*

Enter PRINCE RUPERT at another door, and Guards.

RUPERT.

A fine hornets' nest, scattered like the winds !

Why, 'tis the General's tent ! and now 'tis mine !

Hark ! how they're scampering o'er the frozen turf !

Were I not weary, I'd have at them now !

'Twill do to-morrow, our steeds are jaded.

[*To Guards.*

Send for Newcastle straight, I'll see him here.

[*Exit Messenger.*

We've had some stirring work of late. This week

Hath been a full one. Newark and Stockport,

Bolton and Liverpool, and Latham House,

Have need to thank my speedy succour—yet,

'Tis thirsty work, this marching, fighting, ay—

[*Takes up a flagon of wine.*

The glory pays much less than plunder—here

To help oneself, within the General's tent,

[*Taking victuals from the table.*

Is grateful ; after me, in order due,

My steed follows—(*to Attendants*) attend my horse
with care.

[*Exit Attendant.*

(*Aside*)—Rupert without his horse, were but a jest !

[*Takes up a hat.*

If this be not old Cromwell's beaver, faith !

And there 's his prayer-book ! (*reads the title*) " Oliver Cromwell."

The saint has left his friends behind, perchance,
He thinks he'll need them less hereafter—stay !

*Enter NEWCASTLE and Guards. NEWCASTLE advances ceremoniously,
RUPERT remains covered.*

My Lord ! I trust my succour's welcome ; there
Hath been a speedy execution of
The King's commands on my behalf : I come
To fight the enemy.

NEWCASTLE.

Your Highness hath achieved already much
In coming here ; a fresh supply of troops,
Of needful stores within the city's wall
Would make us feel secure. The King demands
Your next attention.

RUPERT.

The King commands me to disperse the foe,
To execute some daring exploit here,
Worthy of him and of our sacred cause—
I will not quit the field uncombated.

NEWCASTLE.

Your Highness may not know how many feuds
Are working in the Roundheads' camp—'tis those
Will do our business stealthily.

RUPERT.

Feuds are not so deadly as my sword—I
Will not wait their pleasure—we'll fight or fall.

NEWCASTLE.

'Tis my ambition but to live and die

A loyal subject—since you've thus decreed,
I wait your orders.

RUPERT.

To-morrow, then, draw out for battle.

NEWCASTLE.

Your Highness has my full obedience.

[*Exit NEWCASTLE, very indignant.*]

SCENE II.—MARSTON MOOR.

CROMWELL, MANCHESTER, LEVEN *and the FAIRFAXES, on horseback, fully armed. The enemy's camp in the distance.*

MANCHESTER.

Our post is guarded well ; the drain in front,
Flanked by yon natural fences ;

[*Turning to LORDS FAIRFAX and LEVEN.*]

My Lords, our

Centre is in your keeping—The right flank
Sir Thomas, yours—The left, Cromwell's and mine.

FAIRFAX.

We go, my Lord, to take command. Farewell.

[*Exeunt LORDS FAIRFAX and LEVEN.*]

SIR THOMAS.

I will not tarry longer from my post.

[*Exit.*]

CROMWELL.

Now, God give us a glorious victory !

MANCHESTER.

Amen, Cromwell ! Amen !

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Soldiers, each taking his stand. Large masses of troops wheeling by, part of Cromwell's regiment of Ironsides pass over the stage.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Here we can view the enemy.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Ay, how they muster ! squadron on squadron.

FIRST SOLDIER.

These are Goring's horse confronting us.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Our Ironsides will make them run.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Far on the right are Rupert's cavalry.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Sir Thomas Fairfax will know more of them,
Anon !

FIRST SOLDIER.

And they of him.—See, how the infantry
Are ranked in four brigades—they line the drain.

SECOND SOLDIER.

'Tis there the strife will fall—the tug of war.

Enter CROMWELL.

CROMWELL.

Oh ! what a harvest grows upon yon plain—
I will go down and reap—the move begins—
The infantry approach the drain—hark ! hark !
The fire of musketry—what fierce assault !
They waver 'mid the deadly shower—'tis time
To succour them. Up ! Ironsides ! away !

[Exeunt CROMWELL and Ironsides, full gallop.]

FIRST SOLDIER.

He'll soon be even with old Goring !

SECOND SOLDIER.

See, how the infantry are swept away !
'Tis murd'rous work. If Cromwell tarry long,
T'will be too late.

FIRST SOLDIER.

There now he comes, like thunder on the flank !

SECOND SOLDIER.

There ! there !—they flee, the cowards flee !

FIRST SOLDIER.

And now our infantry advance again—

They close—the strife is desperate.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Why stand we here ?—oh ! would we might advance !

[*The Enemy are routed.*]

FIRST SOLDIER.

See, they run—Goring runs away !

SECOND SOLDIER.

Newcastle's old retainers stand their ground—

[*Cromwell charges fiercely.*]

And now they lie in one unbroken line,

A gallant band, falling like heroes all !

FIRST SOLDIER.

See how Cromwell sweeps the field !

SECOND SOLDIER.

Where's Rupert now ?

FIRST SOLDIER.

Methinks there's hotter battle on the right,

Rupert has driven our flank away.

[*RUPERT's horse are visible.*]

SECOND SOLDIER.

'Tis so, now he wheels upon his centre

To the right, and bears down on Cromwell.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Cromwell is wheeling too, he will stand firm ;

Nearer and nearer, foe to foe—they meet,

Now, Heaven be praised ! we have the victory !

SECOND SOLDIER.

It goes hard with Rupert and the Cavaliers !

[*RUPERT's horse are driven off the field.*]

FIRST SOLDIER.

They run !

SECOND SOLDIER.

All's gained—see how they flee !

FIRST SOLDIER.

Here comes the Lord General.

Enter EARL OF MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER.

A glorious victory ! thank heaven, 'tis won !
Oh ! 'tis a fearful thought, as night descends,
Five thousand men lie stretched upon the sod !

Enter CROMWELL, *wounded*.

Cromwell ! thy wounds are bleeding.

CROMWELL.

But slight, my lord ! my heart o'erflows with joy,
Our prayers are heard. Give God the glory !

MANCHESTER.

We thank thee, Cromwell ; thou hast well deserved
The Parliament's applause. Thy sword, through God,
Hath won this victory !

CROMWELL.

Enough ! this day hath crowned my hopes with joy
Unspeakable. One half of England now
The Parliament can call its own.

Enter EARL LEVEN.

LEVEN.

Rupert hath made for Chester—Newcastle
For the coast.

MANCHESTER.

A glorious victory ! let's to our tents.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—FAIRFAX'S CAMP AT NORTHAMPTON.

LORD GENERAL, SIR T. FAIRFAX, *sitting alone in his Apartment,
with numerous dispatches before him ; lamps burning.*

FAIRFAX.

Our scouts bring fresh alarms from Daventry,
Where lie the enemy in conscious strength ;

I trust brave Cromwell will be here this night
With ample succour, else our risk is great.
One while, I hoped the Uxbridge treaty might
Have put an end to all our fierce disputes ;
But that is past, and War's loud cry is heard
Again from east to west, from north to south ;
We shall reap much from this new-modelled host,
The master scheme of Cromwell's giant mind ;
Skippon is worthy of his rank, a man
In all points soldier-like.

Enter CROMWELL and IRETON in haste.

CROMWELL.

How now, Lord General ! we've made good speed !

FAIRFAX.

Welcome, Cromwell ! most opportunely met !

Brave Ireton, welcome !

CROMWELL.

How move the enemy ?

FAIRFAX.

Variouly reported—nothing sure ;

'Tis said the King pursues the chase. He may
Be here this night.

CROMWELL.

Let's charge their outposts and take prisoners,
They'll give the needful information.

FAIRFAX.

With all my heart, I know no fitter man
For this than Ireton.

IRETON.

I'll undertake the task most willingly.

[Exit.]

CROMWELL.

Should all things seem upon inquiry ripe

For action, let's prove the new-modelled host
To-morrow—the test will be severe.

FAIRFAX.

On Ireton's safe return, we will decide ;
Two hours of rest now taken may be wise.

[*Exit.*]

CROMWELL.

Rest ! I feel the old aspiring spirit
Burn within me hot for battle ; Marston
Comes o'er my giddy soul—a spectral flame
Rising up in victory ! mighty thoughts
Choke my utterance : I feel the brink whereon
I tread is nigh some glorious exploit ;
My very sword now rattles in its sheath ;
My blood mounts up into my tumid veins ;
My hair stands on an end, my limbs grow stark
In this unwonted frenzy ! all speak loud
Of conquest—of most immediate conquest !

SCENE IV.—THE ROYALISTS' CAMP AT HARBOROUGH,
NEAR NASEBY. ROYAL TENTS AT MIDNIGHT.

KING CHARLES I., PRINCE RUPERT, LORD ASHLEY, SIR M. LANG-
DALE, *and* EARL OF LINDSEY, *in council.*

CHARLES.

These skirmishes denote an active foe.

LANGDALE.

Northampton is their present quarters, as
We are informed, your Majesty !

CHARLES.

Then they'll be on us by the morrow ?

LANGDALE.

If so, will your Majesty give battle ?

CHARLES.

I will : let all be ready.

LORD ASHLEY.

Your Majesty approves the rising ground
Southward, a mile from hence ?

CHARLES.

We know the ground, 'twill serve our purpose well.
Lord Ashley, we intrust the foot to you ;
Our nephew will command our right ; our left
We leave to you, Sir Marmaduke. Lindsey,
Our trusty guards will keep the rear. My lords !
Let all be ready by the break of day.

[*Exeunt all but CHARLES.*]

Three years of fighting would outweary Job ;
Rebels, tree-like, by pruning seem to grow,
They must be cut up root and branch—destroyed
From out the land—the sacred crown I wear
Shall ne'er be stained by their polluted hands,
But handed down untarnished to my sons.
There'll be a day of reckoning for our foes !
God give me power to quell mine enemies !

SCENE V.—THE CAMP AT NASEBY, A FALLOW-FIELD,
A MILE IN BREADTH.

*Enter FAIRFAX, CROMWELL, SKIPPOX, IRETON and Forces ;
the enemy in sight.*

CROMWELL.

I'll move to the right, I see them coming.

[*Exit.*]

IRETON.

I, to the left, there's little time to lose.

[*Exit.*]

[*The enemy seen rapidly approaching.*]

FAIRFAX.

See how they come down from their hiding place ;
'Tis Rupert, by that charge ! Ireton, beware !
'Tis like a hurricane ! God save Ireton !
Skippon ! the centre is astir—stand firm !

SKIPPON.

I fear them not !

*[Exit.]**[FAIRFAX continues viewing the enemy with attention.]*

FAIRFAX.

The left wing moves ! 'tis Langdale's horse, well met
By Cromwell. The Ironsides are charging
Home ! God speed them ! Let's away, my men !

[Exeunt FAIRFAX and Infantry.]

SCENE VI.—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

*Enter FAIRFAX, fighting bareheaded. Enter D'OYLEY, following
and taking off his helmet.*

D'OYLEY.

Hazard not thy life, most valiant Fairfax,
Accept my helm—stay awhile, I prithee, stay !

FAIRFAX.

Thanks, Charles ! not now, I would inspire my men !

[Exit.]

D'OYLEY.

Heaven cover our General's head in battle !
See, how Cromwell spurs amain ! let's follow !

SCENE VII.—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

Enter KING CHARLES and RUPERT, on different sides, with Forces.

CHARLES.

Nephew, what means this rash neglect of us—

Absent when needed most. Charge once again !
Or all is lost !

[*To the troops.*

Follow your King ! the day will be our own !

RUPERT.

Follow your king ! a charge ! a charge !

[*Exeunt with troops.*

Enter SOLDIERS.

FIRST SOLDIER.

'Tis too late !

SECOND SOLDIER.

They break already !

FIRST SOLDIER.

Here comes a horse without a rider !

SECOND SOLDIER.

They're coming back full speed—Rupert—the King !
Let's flee !

[*Exeunt.*

[CHARLES and RUPERT cross the stage at full gallop with the
Royal Guards, followed by CROMWELL and the Iron-
sides. Forces running by in the greatest confusion.

Enter FAIRFAX and SKIPPON.

FAIRFAX.

Here let us stand—Cromwell hath gained the day.
Eight thousand prisoners taken, more to come ;
Artillery, baggage, stores of arms, flags,
The royal standard, coach and cabinet,
Are ours !

SKIPPON.

The “ new-model ” men have done great things !

FAIRFAX.

The Royal cause is utterly undone.
Now God be praised for this great victory !

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ANTIQUÉ APARTMENT—CROMWELL
SITTING ALONE.

*Inn at Waltham Abbey, CROMWELL on his return from
Scotland.*

~~~~~  
*Enter CROMWELL.*

Five years of bloody wars and struggles dire  
For mastery in field or senate, are  
Already past since I left house and home  
To try the fortune of an honest man :  
These have brought with them somewhat of the world's  
Renown. The fight at Marston-Moor, Naseby,  
And Preston, have wrought my reputation  
In the camp. The Commons-House hath given  
Me ample token of its good esteem—  
Then Cromwell's star is rising ! albeit  
Slowly—yet—God hath pleased to take away  
My hopes in him I loved so tenderly—  
Young Oliver hath found a bloody bier !  
God's will be done ! He hath seen meet to give  
His servant more delight in other things.  
Sweet Bridget's marriage with that gallant soul,  
Bold Ireton, hath been welcome to my heart ;

Then, Richard's late affair is doubly prized.  
Thus God hath healed some wounds his hand hath made—  
As for the King, methinks his fate is sealed.  
His flight from Oxford was most cowardly—  
His trust in crafty Scotland most unwise—  
His late escape to Carisbrook ill-timed—  
His double-handed treaties could but fail ;  
His Presbyterian friends have proved too weak ;  
The *name* but matters little, if the *act*  
Be similar : what mean these Scottish saints,  
But fierce intolerance ? ' Tis Laud's old creed  
Under a fouler name—away with it !  
' Tis fit the Parliament should have a “purge,”  
To rid these factious knaves from out the House !  
From all I hear this may be now achieved—  
Though rudely done, not less in season—I  
Hitherto have ruled the army—now *it*  
Must rule the state ; my power is one with it.  
Then all that arms can win shall be my own !  
Alas ! poor Charles's day grows to an end.

[*After a pause.*]

There are some sturdy spirits in this land  
Will have no King, because the last was bad,  
And these will compass aught they undertake—  
If Charles must die, who then will rule the state ?  
His son would play the hangman with our friends—  
And martyr all who dared ill-treat his sire ;  
And thus, our second thralldom would be worst.  
Men talk of a Republic—well enough,  
If there were fewer masters in't to rule ;

All things must have a head, a lawful head,  
Or else 'tis one wide chaos, ay—a hell  
Of dire contentious spirits, boiling up  
In never-ceasing wars of deadly strife!  
Then let these well-intentioned men make room  
For their successors of a different stamp;  
The meanwhile, do but little, wait the end—  
Such is the counsel of my honest mind.  
Time may disclose poor Hampden's vision.—

*Enter MARTEN.*

MARTEN.

General! 'tis time we were to horse—  
Old London scarce can be attained ere night  
Pay thy adieus with speed, make kisses scarce,  
Nor stay to wipe the tears soft eyes may shed.

CROMWELL.

Enough, to horse, there! to horse!

*[Exeunt.]*

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SCENE II.—WHITEHALL; A BED-CHAMBER.

KING CHARLES *alone, awaiting his summons to the scaffold.*

CHARLES.

Thank God! I now have reached the lowest grade  
Of degradation—nought but martyrdom  
Remains, and the cold stroke of deadly steel!  
Poor *Mary* felt all this—she little thought  
Her grandson, then unborn, would be her heir  
To all this agony. Usurpation—  
Foul indeed! to bring a King to trial!  
Where were the Lords? They durst not raise their  
heads—

Poor cowards! their final dissolution  
Will speedily ensue—the same fierce souls  
That will not brook control in King or Church,  
Will scorn their bauble-coronets! My crown  
I leave untarnished—purchased by my life!  
I had intent of abdication, but  
’Twas frustrated by an ungracious Court;  
I would have met the Lords and Commons joined,  
And left my crown with them for my young heir!  
’Tis well the occasion was refused.—Ha!  
A summons?

*Enter COLONEL TOMLINSON with LORD SEYMOUR.*

SEYMOUR.

My Liege! the Prince of Wales entrusted me  
With this blank chart, whereon his name and arms  
Affixed, betoken his consent to all

*[Presenting a letter.]*

The Commons may demand to save your life—  
Four days in vain this hath been proffered to  
The Parliament. Alas! I now would know  
Your royal message to your loving son?  
I am about to sail for Holland.

CHARLES (*moved.*)

Give him my blessing—counsel him from me  
To hold his sacred trust untarnished. Thanks,  
Seymour! my warmest thanks. Adieu!

*[SEYMOUR falls on his knees and kisses the King's hand, and rises.]*

SEYMOUR.

A last adieu—God speed your Majesty!

*[Exeunt TOMLINSON and SEYMOUR.]*

CHARLES.

Those four protracted days of rebels' hate—

Misnamed my trial, have brought to my mind  
Poor Strafford—his a more prolonged affront—  
Yet with his death-warrant I signed my own !  
“ Tyrant ” and “ Traitor ” to the Commonwealth  
Were current phrases then—confirmed by me,  
And made the precedent which wrought my fall !  
Poor Strafford ! may we meet again in Heaven !  
I fear not death—death is not terrible  
To me—I bless my God I am prepared !

*Enter COLONEL HACKER with Guards, also DR. JUXON.*

*[The King turns towards them with composure.*

I know your errand—I seek no delay,—

*[To JUXON.*

Here, Juxon, follow me ; we will away.

*[Exeunt to the Scaffold.*

---

SCENE III.—A CHAMBER IN LORD FAIRFAX'S HOUSE—

LORD AND LADY FAIRFAX ALONE.

LADY FAIRFAX.

This bloody trial vexed me to the quick.  
On the first morning, as I sat in Court,  
The name of “ Fairfax ” was read out, as one  
Of the Commissioners. I answered loud—  
“ He has more wit than to be here.” Bradshaw  
Looked daggers—Martin laughed, and Cromwell  
frowned ;

I heeded not—and when the President  
Declared the charge against the King to be  
“ The Voice of all the people of this realm,”  
I cried “ No, not one-tenth of the people ! ”



This second interruption vexed them sore,  
And 'twas my womanhood alone that saved  
My head.

FAIRFAX.

I'm glad I did not give my countenance  
To this procedure—there were others more  
Expedient and far less guilty, but  
Speak on.

LADY FAIRFAX.

When Coke was busied with the charge, the King  
Smiled at the words “ Tyrant,” “ Traitor,” and touched  
The lawyer's sleeve with his gold-headed cane,  
Crying “ Hold ! hold ! ” The while, the golden head  
Dropped off—at other times a trivial thing—  
But then deemed ominous by all around ;  
The King seemed moved thereby, yet when the charge  
Was read, replied with great ability.

FAIRFAX.

Didst thou mark his entrance in the morn ?

LADY FAIRFAX.

I did, 'twas king-like ; first he took his seat,  
Then gazing sternly on the court awhile,  
He rose again, turned round, and looking down  
The vast and crowded hall, now on the guards,  
And now upon the eager waving crowd,  
He stood unmoved by all ; but chanced to glance  
His eye upon the new escutcheon, made  
For the young Commonwealth—this moved him sore,  
He sunk dispirited into his chair.

FAIRFAX.

Alas ! 'twas hard to bear !

## LADY FAIRFAX.

When Bradshaw had pronounced his sentence—then  
T'was sad to see the King dragged out unheard,  
For oft he craved to speak, yet was forbid ;  
Bradshaw was firmer than a rock, more cold,  
More flinty !

*Enter SERVANT abruptly.*

## SERVANT.

My Lord ! we come straightway from Whitehall—  
The King, my Lord ! is killed most trait'rously :  
One of the guards stood near enough to hear  
His latest words. “ He did deny his guilt ;  
He did ascribe to Parliament the war—  
They sought to rob him of his rightful sway  
Over the army—they first levied troops  
Against him—but he did forgive them all,  
Ev'n those who brought him to his death ;” and more,  
“ In heart he prayed to God they might repent,  
But first must render up to Him his own,  
Settling the Church as Holy Writ commands—  
Restoring to the Crown its lawful rights—  
Teaching the people to obey, not rule !  
Had he forsook his trust he still had lived.  
But now he died the people's martyr-king !”  
He also did profess his union  
With the church, as left him by his Father—  
“ A gracious God and a good cause were his !”  
Lastly, “ I go from a corruptible  
To an incorruptible crown in heaven !”  
Having said thus much, he bowed down his neck  
On the scaffold.

FAIRFAX.

Did he die instantly ?

SERVANT.

Ay, my Lord, at the first stroke !

FAIRFAX.

'Tis a sad tale, here's for thy pains.

[*Giving him money.*

[*Exit SERVANT.*

LADY FAIRFAX.

'Tis pitiable work !

FAIRFAX.

There will be blood for blood ! I will resign

My commission as Lord General.

LADY FAIRFAX.

Right ! we shall see still further broils, new wars—

New masters wrestling for the mastery !

God pardon us wherein we've erred thus far !

We did not think to see this regicide !

---

SCENE IV.—THE NIGHT OF KING CHARLES'S  
EXECUTION.

*Scene, a Chamber in Whitehall, dimly lighted and hung with black.*

*At one end of the apartment, the body of the KING in a coffin closed up. Two Guards sitting at a distance near the door.*

CROMWELL enters and walks up to the side of the coffin.

CROMWELL (*to the Guards.*)

I would view the corpse.

[*The Guards approach and endeavour to remove the coffin lid, but are unable to do so. CROMWELL attempts to raise it with his staff, then turning to one of the Guards,*

Here, lend me thy sword !

[*He raises the coffin-lid with the sword hilt ; the features of the dead King are distinctly seen. The Guards retire and CROMWELL remains steadfastly contemplating the corpse.*

*[Touching the body.]*

These limbs seem sound and vigorous, well made  
For a long life.

*[After a pause.]*

That mild and pallid face,  
Those dark thick clustering locks, and awful brow,  
Where sits enthroned a royal dignity,  
A sage-like, venerable air, so calm,  
So tranquil in the very stroke of fate,  
Reproach me ! there's a triumph in the curl  
Of that proud lip—a triumph over death !  
Ah ! see, those purple stains tell of murder,  
They speak of regicide ! oh, horrible !  
Is this the body of a king ? alas !  
Foul treason will be laid at Cromwell's door !  
Thou hast obtained the crown of martyrdom ;  
See how the martyr's face stands forth confessed ;  
Ages unborn will curse the axe's stroke,  
Ay, him who did uprear the murd'rous block !

*[After a pause.]*

'Twas well to challenge death in camp or field,  
And wait the issue of most noble strife ;  
But now, a pris'ner in our hands, to bring  
Him to the scaffold, will be deemed unjust !  
This deed of blood will damn the commonwealth.

*[He turns away from the coffin.]*

Oh, Cromwell ! thou hast sold thine honesty,  
Thy future fame, thy happiness, for this  
Wild ambitious dream ! thus far thy fortunes  
Have been great, thy crimes still greater, and thy  
Conspiracy against Charles Stewart's life

Will prove the foulest blot of all.

[*Turning to the corpse.*

Conscience

Speaks loudly.

[*To the Guards.*

Close up the coffin, let none

Behold the corpse from this time forth, until

'Tis buried.

[*The Guards advance and close up the coffin, and CROMWELL retires.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CHARLES II.'s CAMP AT WORCESTER.  
A SLEEPING APARTMENT.

*The young KING alone, dressed : very early in the morning.*



CHARLES.

What strange reverse of fortune waits on kings !  
A year to-day mine army at Dunbar  
Was routed by rebel Cromwell, and now  
I am proclaimed the lawful King of these  
Joint realms, within this ancient city's wall :  
Yet still the enemy dogs at my heels,  
And I must fight for this short-dated crown !  
My father's murd'rous death, these two years past,  
Hath made me heir to fortunes strangely mixed  
With hopes and fears ; the grim and bloody march  
Of Cromwell through the sister realm hath been  
A sickening tale to hear—the thousands slain,  
To prop my tott'ring crown in Scotland, call  
On me for vengeance, yet it tarries long !  
This day may bring me justice, or may overwhelm  
My shattered bark for ever 'neath the waves !  
These walls are stout ; the river lies betwixt

Me and the foe ; the bridges are broke down,  
Yet there are men whom water, fire or sword,  
Disloyalty, rebellion, regicide,  
Do not appal.

[*Distant firing of cannon heard.*

The fight, perchance, is now begun—away  
To the highest tower, where lies the landscape  
Round about distinctly plotted out like  
One wide sea of green.

[*Exit.*

---

SCENE II.—A THICK WOOD NEAR WORCESTER.

*Enter CROMWELL and LINDSEY, early in the morning ; horses tied to the trees.*

CROMWELL.

Come on, Lindsey ! what means that pallid brow ?

LINDSEY.

My Lord, it matters not, I durst not stir ;  
In all the many battles I have fought,  
I ne'er, till now, was conscious of such fears ;  
Whether it be the gloomy-curtained woods,  
Or some strange ailment of my body, I  
Know not—I durst not go with thee !

CROMWELL.

Faint-hearted fool ! then stand where now thou art,  
And witness won'drous things.

[*CROMWELL advances alone, and shortly meets a grave elderly man with a roll of parchment in his hand, which he presents to CROMWELL.*

LINDSEY.

There's some wizard dire—some foul magician !  
Who knows but 'tis the very devil ? Hark !—

CROMWELL (*to the OLD MAN, after reading the parchment*).

'Tis but for *seven* short years—my covenant  
Was made for *thrice seven*.

OLD MAN.

It cannot be, 'tis all thou canst obtain !

CROMWELL.

I do demand it ! twice seven thou must give !

OLD MAN.

Nay, be not angry, 'tis the utmost time !

If thou wilt not agree, others will.

CROMWELL (*after a pause*).

Well, for seven short years of absolute rule

On earth, thou shalt have me for ever !

OLD MAN (*laughing*).

Agreed.

[*Handing him the parchment, he vanishes in the wood whilst CROMWELL approaches Lindsey with great exultation in his countenance.*]

CROMWELL.

Now, Lindsey ! the battle is our own : up !

Let's away, 'tis dawn, the camp will miss us.

[*Exeunt, leading their horses through the wood.*]

SCENE III.—WHITELADIES, AN OLD-FASHIONED FARMHOUSE, SURROUNDED WITH WOOD AND MEADOWS.

JOHN and GEORGE PENDERELL dressed as Woodmen, with axes.

JOHN.

'Tis rumoured there hath been a fearful fray  
At Worcester—the royal army routed,  
The young king fled with some few followers.

GEORGE.

A sad affair indeed, God's will be done !

JOHN.

Within the night some cavaliers have passed  
The wood, and hotly in pursuit the foe !



GEORGE.

Perchance the King may seek a shelter here.

JOHN.

Should he ride this way, 't will be our mistress'

Pleasure he be well attended.

GEORGE.

Ay, trust us for loyal subjects !

*Enter KING CHARLES II., LORD WILMOT, GIFFORD, and YATES, on horseback.*

GIFFORD.

Here's our hiding-place. God be praised !

CHARLES.

What think ye of those hinds ?

*[Pointing to the PENDERELLS.]*

GIFFORD.

They're loyal men, your Majesty may rest

Assured.

*[They dismount and go within.]*

JOHN.

The King ! God bless him !

GEORGE.

God save the King from all foul murderers !

*[They go within.]*

---

SCENE IV.—WHITELADIES, AN INNER ROOM.

KING CHARLES, *with* JOHN PENDERELL.

CHARLES.

Good man ! cut off my straggling locks—now daub  
My face and hands with licorice.

*[JOHN PENDERELL proceeds to accomplish the task.]*

*[CHARLES regards himself in a glass.]*

Well done !

Hast thou served the barber's trade, good fellow ?

JOHN.

In sheep-shearing I have gained some renown.

CHARLES.

(*Aside*)—At Court, good man, thy speech could scarce  
be praised.

Thanks : now for the threadbare clothes !

*Enter GEORGE PENDERELL, with suit of clothes and Woodman's axe.*

Ah ! the axe—

Must I carry that ? it wakes sad thoughts !

GEORGE.

You must handle the wood-bill skilfully.

CHARLES.

I will, good man, trust me : now let's away !

JOHN.

All is ready—now for the old oak tree : Lord  
Wilmot waits to say adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE V.—CHARLES, WITH RICHARD PENDERELL  
UNDER AN OAK TREE ; THE FORMER SEATED ON  
A BLANKET, OVERCOME WITH FATIGUE.

CHARLES.

Let me sit here—I'm jaded sore.

RICHARD.

My sister Yates will bring your Majesty  
Some victuals—she'll be here anon.

CHARLES.

'Tis cruel to be hunted like a deer,  
Yet this thy kindness shall not be misplaced.

*Enter WILLIAM PENDERELL and his sister YATES, with  
refreshments,*

RICHARD.

See, they come—fear nothing.

CHARLES (*alarmed*).

A woman can keep few secrets !

RICHARD.

Sir, she hath kept many—the neighbouring priests  
Have owed their lives to her.

[*Mrs. YATES approaches.*

CHARLES.

Good woman ! can you be faithful to a  
Distressed cavalier ?

MRS. YATES.

Yes, sir ! and sooner die than betray you.

CHARLES.

Well, thanks ! your basket tempts me.

[*He eats and appears more cheerful.*

WILLIAM.

We scarce had left Whiteladies when a troop  
Of horse arrived—they searched each cranny's cleft,  
Then rode away in dudgeon.

CHARLES.

A troop of horse ? let's mount this sturdy oak,  
They'll think me far enough away amid  
Those yellow clust'ring leaves and acorns.

RICHARD.

'Tis a good thought, brother : help him up.

[*KING climbs up the oak.*

WILLIAM.

Now let's disperse and be about our work.  
Sister, you gather sticks the glade around :  
All be on the watch.

[*Exeunt.*

CHARLES (*after a pause*).

'Tis solitude indeed ! a leafy world,  
With nought of man discovered round, save this  
Poor sport of majesty ! This sturdy oak

Bears on its brow a kingly dignity,  
And stands the monarch of the wooded vale.

[*Looking round.*]

The trees are books, the meadows homilies,  
And all this wide, but wond'rous world, outspread  
Is but one anthem to its Maker's praise !  
Here fortune mocks me, robed in clownish garb,

[*Looking at his garb.*]

Stripped of my trappings, kingdom, wealth and crown,  
The veriest outcast in this emerald isle !  
No peasant-churl hath more of poverty,  
No prince hath less of majesty than I !  
Hark ! there are footsteps ! and a woman's voice.

[*A Milk-maid approaches and passes by under the oak, singing  
and carrying her pail on her head.*]

### SONG.

#### I.

To the green wood away !  
At the bright dawn of day,  
When the east is all gold,  
And the sheep leave the fold,  
When the jewels of night  
Melt in dew-drops of light,  
When the wood-larks are singing,  
And the brown copse is ringing  
With throstle and black bird,  
And bell of the stray herd.  
At the bright dawn of day,  
Let the milk-maid away !

CHARLES (*aside*).

Well sung ! I'll drop an acorn in her pail.

[*Acorn strikes the pail and rings.*]

[*Milk-maid sings.*]

## II.

Brown filbert and acorn  
Start at the bugle-horn,  
Quitting their bowery nooks,  
Plash in the silver brooks,  
Frighting the finny race  
Out of their hiding-place !  
Oft from the ferny brake  
Bounces the hare awake,  
Oft from the bough above  
Flutters the timid dove !  
To the greenwood away  
At the bright dawn of day !

[*Milk-maid disappears.*

## CHARLES.

A pretty carol, and a happy heart !  
Who would not be a peasant, and command  
A cherished home where war can never steal  
The blessings of a cheerful peaceful life !  
That village-belle, too, hath her little Court,  
Her rustic pomp on May-day's eventide,  
Her champion bold to wrestle in the ring,  
And pour rude flatt'ry in her homely ear !

[*A whistle heard.*

'Twas the signal—some troopers pass this way.

[*Troopers pass by and disappear.*

See, there's a red coat—there, and there ! this way,  
And that they ride ; the Roundheads are at fault ;

[*A pause.*

Suspicion will not reach this old oak tree ;  
I'm Monarch here at least. Hark ! there's a voice,—  
'Tis one of the Penderells' !

*Enter* RICHARD *and* WILLIAM PENDERELL.

WILLIAM.

The troopers have passed by,—you may come down.  
We've heard from Boscobel ; they wait us there.

[CHARLES comes down from the oak tree.]

CHARLES.

Lead on, I'm more at home in this rude garb,  
Than erst : good fellows, let's to Boscobel !

RICHARD.

This way—the troopers are gone that.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE VI.—BOSCOBEL: RICHARD AND WILLIAM PENDERELL, CHOPPING STICKS.

RICHARD.

'Tis good news, i'faith ; God bless him.

WILLIAM.

He's out of reach of treachery and knaves !

RICHARD.

Poor soul ! this month hath passed but slowly on,  
From one danger to another,—ever  
In fear of foes ; now riding servant-man,  
Now trudging like a hind. Thank God ! at length,  
He found a ship at Shoreham, and set sail  
For France. Our youthful King is safe !

WILLIAM.

We shall be well rewarded for our part ;  
Some day his foes will lick the dust, and we  
Be lifted up !

RICHARD.

Now let's in to dinner.

WILLIAM.

Ay—and drink the young King's health !

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—CROMWELL'S PRIVATE APARTMENT IN  
LONDON.

CROMWELL *alone, seated.*

---

CROMWELL.

The fight at Worcester makes me king of all,  
So long as I retain the army's help.  
My way to London was one glorious march  
Of never-ceasing triumph ; people flocked  
To see the Hero of so many fights.  
Met by four Parliament-Commissioners  
At Aylesbury, I did demean myself  
With somewhat of the courtesy which gives  
To royalty a more becoming show,  
And deemed I saw the glittering pageant swell  
Into a kingly state—the brilliant troops—  
The ever-crowded streets—the plaudits loud—  
And spirit-stirring music fired my blood.

*[Rises from his chair.]*

'Twas then I thought what Cromwell might become,  
Not the poor General of the Commonwealth,  
But Sovereign absolute of these broad realms !

*[Sits down again.]*

And since that fatal moment I have played  
A double game ; under some false pretence  
Have sought to overthrow the Parliament ;  
Then raise a mockery of servile fools  
To represent the people—no—obey  
My voice alone. There was one sterling man  
Rebuked me oft—brave Ireton, now he's dead !  
And I have bound my creature, Fleetwood, fast  
By marriage with my widowed daughter ; thus  
The plot is laid, and now I am resolved  
To drive the Parliament, by force of arms,  
Straight out of doors—then keep the key myself.

*Enter LAMBERT abruptly.*

LAMBERT.

The Parliament is fiercely in debate ;  
The Act for a new representative  
Is nigh concluded. Vane, Marten, Sidney,  
Have spoken vehemently. Now's the time,  
Or 'tis too late to intercept their vote.

*Enter INGOLDSBY in disorder.*

INGOLDSBY.

If decisive steps are meant, now's the time !

CROMWELL.

Command the soldiers—I'll go forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE II.—HOUSE OF COMMONS.—MEMBERS IN  
EARNEST DEBATE.

CROMWELL *enters unattended, and takes his seat by St. JOHN.*—

(VANE *speaking at a distance.*)

CROMWELL (*to St. JOHN.*)

St. John, I'm come to do what grieves me sore,



But God has laid necessity on me ;  
'Tis for the nation's good.

ST. JOHN.

What means the Lord General ?

CROMWELL.

Wait and see.

[ST. JOHN leaves CROMWELL and crosses the House.—  
CROMWELL beckons HARRISON, who seats himself  
by him.

Now's the time. I must do it.

HARRISON.

The work is great and very dangerous.

CROMWELL.

You say well. I'll not be over hasty !

[VANE sits down and the SPEAKER rises to put the question.  
CROMWELL starts up and puts off his hat.

CROMWELL (to the SPEAKER.)

Sir ! this Parliament hath good deeds enough  
To boast of, more than any other House ;  
Its former care and pains are praiseworthy,  
Its latter acts as blameable : delays,  
Injustice, and self-interest rule its steps.  
Its wonted heart to do the public good  
Is gone ; perpetuation is its aim ;  
This Act was never meant to be observed ;  
'Tis but to blind the people's eyes. Hence learn  
A fitting time is come to make an end  
Of all our sittings !

[Greatly excited, turning to the Republican party.  
Your time is come ! the Lord has done with you !

[VANE, WENTWORTH and MARTEN rise simultaneously,  
CROMWELL turning towards them.

You rise to order : you think this language  
Unparliamentary ? I know it !

[WENTWORTH makes himself heard ; CROMWELL remains standing.

WENTWORTH (*to the SPEAKER.*)

Sir! till now I never heard such language  
Addressed to Parliament! the greater crime  
From one—a servant of the Commonwealth—  
So trusted, so obliged; one we have made  
All that he is!

[CROMWELL thrusts on his hat and springs forward into  
the centre of the floor of the House.]

CROMWELL.

Come, come! I'll put an end to your prating!

[CROMWELL walks up and down, chafing and stamping,  
and threatening the Members with violent gestures.—  
VANE rises unabashed and attempts to make himself  
heard. CROMWELL turns to him and speaks.]

Vane, you might have saved all this, you juggler!  
Where is your common honesty? The Lord  
Hath put me to this work. I say, begone!

[Turning to the House.]

You are no Parliament! no Parliament!

I'll put an end to your sitting—Begone!

Give way to men more honest than yourselves!

[He stamps with his foot, the doors fly open, and five or  
six files of Musketeers enter under the command of  
WORSLEY, with arms pointed. A general consterna-  
tion prevails, yet no one leaves his seat. CROMWELL  
points to the SPEAKER, addressing COL. HARRISON.]

Harrison! fetch him down!

[HARRISON goes towards the SPEAKER, but he refuses to  
move.]

Fetch him down, there!

[HARRISON pulls him down by the gown.]

[CROMWELL pointing to SIDNEY.]

Pull him down! Put him out! the hypocrite!

[SIDNEY refuses to move, and HARRISON and WORSLEY  
drag him towards the door.]

[CROMWELL *points to the mace.*

Take these baubles away !

[*The soldiers remove the mace. The generality of the Members retire. As CHALLONER passes by, CROMWELL insults him.*

Go, drunkard, go !

[SIR PETER WENTWORTH *passes by. CROMWELL pointing to him.*

[*Ironically,*

A foul adult'rer, fit to rule the state !

[WHITELOCKE *passes out.*

There's the unjust steward !

[MARTEN *passes by.*

A whore-master !

[SIR HARRY VANE, *last of all, walks by CROMWELL, with a fierce countenance.*

The Lord deliver us from Sir Harry !

[CROMWELL *seizes the Journals, and the Act about to be passed, puts them under his cloak, and walks off, exclaiming—*

Lock the doors ! Harrison. Lock the doors !

---

SCENE III.—WESTMINSTER HALL SPLENDIDLY FITTED UP, AS SEEN FROM A GALLERY, AND FILLED WITH SPECTATORS. AT ONE END A CHAIR OF STATE EMPTY.

*Enter VANE and SIDNEY. They sit down in front of the stage.*

VANE.

We'll view this spectacle, whate'er it prove.

SIDNEY.

As yet the grand procession waits without,  
To greet the Lord Protector.

VANE.

Ever since the day he did disperse us,

Entitling us the “ Rump,” he hath gone on  
From less to more, until the “ Barebone-rout”  
Made way for his acceptance of all power,  
Under the name of Lord Protector !

SIDNEY.

Our splendid victories at sea have made  
Him feared throughout all Europe—whilst, of late,  
The mem’ry of his great achievements here,  
Has struck a terror through the land, which holds  
The people unresisting.

VANE.

The day that military power obtained  
Ascendancy, was fatal to the cause  
We love and cherish ! He holds the army  
Like a scorpion over us.

SIDNEY.

There’s but one good, the Cavaliers are held  
As far removed as we from rule.

VANE.

Ay, they still remain the antipodes  
Of Cromwell’s liking !

SIDNEY.

Hark ! there’s a stir about the entrance.

VANE.

The rabble shout ! the tyrant flatters them.  
Poor fools ! ’tis Cromwell’s gilded coach.

SIDNEY.

See ! the procession enters.

*[A procession enters the Hall.]*

VANE.

The Aldermen—the Judges next.

SIDNEY.

The Lord-Commissioners of the Great Seal.

VANE.

The Lord Mayor and Cromwell's Council follow.—

CROMWELL *enters, dressed in a black velvet suit and cloak, with a broad gold band round his hat, and long boots. The spectators uncover.*

And Cromwell's self! We'll keep our hats on.

CROMWELL *takes his stand by* LORD COMMISSIONER LISLE, *the various authorities stand round, and* LAMBERT *advances from the circle, and addresses* CROMWELL.

LAMBERT.

Sir! the late Parliament is now dissolved ;  
The exigency of the times requires  
A strong and stable government—we pray  
Your Excellency, in the joint behalf  
Of the army and of the three nations,  
To accept the office of Protector,  
Or Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth,  
Under a constitution newly made  
By the councils of Army and of State.

LAMBERT *turning to* JESSOP, *one of the* CLERKS OF THE COUNCIL, *requests him to read the Act in which the new Constitution was embodied. JESSOP steps forward and reads the document, which is inaudible to the stage.*

[VANE and SIDNEY *continue listening with great attention.*

[*On the conclusion of the reading of the Act, LISLE turns to CROMWELL to administer the oath as* LORD PROTECTOR. CROMWELL, *after some reluctance, raises his hands and eyes to Heaven with great solemnity, holding the Act in his hand.*

CROMWELL.

I solemnly swear to observe, and cause  
To be observèd, all the articles  
Of this instrument—so help me God !

[LAMBERT falls on his knees and offers CROMWELL a civic sword in the scabbard, which he accepts, at the same time laying aside his own.

[CROMWELL then slowly seats himself in the Chair of State, and puts on his hat. The Hall resounds with acclamation.

[The LORD COMMISSIONERS present him with the Great Seal. The LORD MAYOR offers him the Sword of State, both of which he formally delivers back.

[He now rises from his chair, and the whole procession close in behind him, and slowly file through the hall.

VANE.

There, the spectacle is past, vain pageant!  
If I were Cromwell, I'd be king at once,  
Not ape the pomp without the crown and name!

SIDNEY.

'Tis a sad spectacle! a tyranny  
Begun, worse than the first!—by him too wrought  
Who gained our greatest victories!

VANE.

So many years of blood for nought? alas!  
Alas! for England!

---

SCENE IV.—CROMWELL'S APARTMENTS IN  
WHITEHALL.

CROMWELL alone.

CROMWELL.

My highest pitch of greatness now is gained,  
But 'tis a giddy height to look down from!  
My old companions in the wars have left  
My side, and daily plots against my life,  
Republican and Royalist, declare  
A longing for my death. This potent chair,  
I feel will fall with me; no son of mine  
Can keep his hold on England's shaggy mane.

True, this trust is made hereditary,  
But Richard will not sway these realms a year !  
I had a son—but God hath taken him—  
Who would have filled my place with dignity.  
Henry hath carried affairs in Ireland  
Well, with earnest of ability, but  
He being *second* can't supplant the *first*.  
The tender of a crown was cruel sport :  
So near, and yet with dire destruction fraught,  
Had I accepted it. It cost me much  
To push the glittering bauble quite aside ;  
And yet men say, 'twas done with such ill grace,  
The world hath marked my carriage thereupon  
Much to my hurt. The second solemn rite,  
Where purple robe and golden sceptre, formed  
A close approach to regal pomp, hath wrought  
Upon the public mind, and waked again  
The love of kingship in the rightful line.  
The daughter of my heart hath been estranged  
From me, since I decreed a House of Lords,  
And left the civic chair to ape a throne !  
Domestic troubles thick'n—my mother's death—  
My daughter's sickness—my suspicions waked  
Regarding Frances, all press heavily.  
My Mary's marriage with Lord Fauconberg,  
Should match her sister in the same high line—  
Mine eye hath marked young Rich with pleasure ; he  
Flutters round the tempting girl. This chaplain,  
White, must give way to aristocracy—

[*Rising from his chair.*

I'll see how White and Frances carry on—

An unlooked for entrance may be useful

[*Walks towards the door.*

To sift the matter through.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—LADY FRANCES CROMWELL'S  
APARTMENT.

*Enter MR. JEREMY WHITE, LADY FRANCES, and Maid-Servant*  
MR. WHITE falls on his knees before LADY FRANCES, and takes  
her hand.

WHITE.

Of all true lovers, I'm the truest—

[*She takes her hand away as he attempts to kiss it*

Nay,

My lady! be not always cruel!

CROMWELL enters abruptly, and observing MR. WHITE, goes up to  
him in a fury.

[*LADY FRANCES terribly frightened*

CROMWELL.

Villain! what mean you on your knees—?

WHITE (*with much confusion*).

May it please your Highness—I've a long time

Courted that young gentlewoman there,

[*Pointing to the Servant*

But

Cannot prevail—I therefore humbly prayed

Her ladyship to intercede for me—

[*CROMWELL, turning to the Maid-Servant with an expression  
of triumph.*

CROMWELL.

What mean you, hussy? why refuse my friend

The honour he would do you—I expect

You will obey my wishes—

[*Maid-Servant with a low courtesy*



MAID.

If Mr. White intends *me* that honour,  
I'll not deny him—

CROMWELL.

Say'st thou so, my lass? Call Godwyn hither,  
[*Exit* Servant-Maid.

This business shall be done before I leave—

[*WHITE appears in great consternation, and LADY  
FRANCES tittering.*

*Enter* GODWYN, with Maid-Servant.

CROMWELL.

Come, Godwyn, marry that girl to White; see,  
Hussy, here's a portion for thee.

[*Giving her £500 in money.*

[*GODWYN proceeds to marry them. CROMWELL and  
LADY FRANCES laughing in their sleeves. When  
the ceremony is over.*

CROMWELL.

A blessing on man and wife!

[*The bride and groom quit the room, she delighted, he  
in dudgeon.*

[*To his Daughter.*

Come, Frances,

Follow me: another lover tarries

Below, more worthy the Protector's child;

You've long been intimate, conclude the match;

Young Rich will make a worthy husband! ay?

FRANCES (*after some hesitation*).

I will obey my father!

[*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE VI.—WHITEHALL—CROMWELL ALONE.

[*The marks of disease upon his countenance.*]

These fierce Republicans are worse to quell  
Than all the Royalists of old. Again,

I have recourse to old expedients,  
Of all expedients the most hurtful,  
A dissolution of the Parliament.—  
They seek to take my life, despite my guards.—  
Sleep flies from me ; strong suspicions ever  
Hover round my board and bed ; haunted thus,  
My life's a burthen ; beneath my doublet  
I wear a coat of mail, and carry arms  
Where'er I go ; and this poor trembling wretch  
Is the Cromwell of Marston Moor ! How changed !  
How fallen from his high estate, when Monarchs  
Trembled at his name—the stern old general  
Of the Commonwealth !—Now a slow fever  
Burns alternately, then chills me ; my strength  
Wears fast away, and there are those who wait,  
(Exulting at my sure decay,) to tread  
In triumph o'er my new-made grave !

*[Attendant enters.]*

ATTENDANT.

An old man craves to see your Highness.

CROMWELL.

Is he armed ?

ATTENDANT.

No, my Lord ! one foot seems in the grave !

CROMWELL.

Let him enter.

*[Exit Attendant.]*

Ah ! one foot in the grave—

Poor soul ! what business can be his so late ?

Something, perchance, that frets his parting soul ;

Some crime against the state he would disclose.

*[Enter ATTENDANT and OLD MAN. CROMWELL starts from his seat, but recovers himself,—the ATTENDANT withdraws slowly.]*

Thou?—speak! what evil tidings dost thou bring?  
Since Worcester-fight, 'tis scarcely *six short years*—  
We covenanted for *seven*. Why hast thou  
Come before thy time to scare me thus?

OLD MAN.

Be calm—my errand is in mercy sent.  
I am not what thou thinkest, but a man  
As thou. I have deceived thee—done thee hurt—  
Haunted thy bed, thine hours of privacy!  
And spoken evil things into thine ear,  
Playing the Devil, when I was but man.  
Enough—I have achieved the end I sought,  
Revenge. Thy sword hath wrought the most I craved,  
Blood of mine enemies. At Worcester-fight  
Thine arm was nerved with strong desire of rule;  
Absolute rule, I promised should be thine;  
And now I hear that sickness waits on thee,  
I come to bid thee turn to penitence,  
And seek for that forgiveness which thy crimes  
Stand much in need of ere it prove too late!

CROMWELL.

Thanks, villain! thanks. If this be true, and thou  
And I shall stand at one great judgment-seat,  
These practices of thine will find their meed—  
In the mean time we part—

*CROMWELL rises from his seat and takes a scroll of parchment out of a chest and flings it into the fire, then summons the Attendant who enters.*

—but, 'ere too late

Seek thou the penitence thou counsel'st me!

OLD MAN.

Forbear—my errand is in mercy—hence,

Farewell!—my provocation none have known—  
Save God—may his compassion follow thee!  
Thou doest well to burn that evil scroll.  
Adieu!

*ATTENDANT enters, and OLD MAN retires.*

CROMWELL.

'Tis marvellous! I know not what strange dreams  
And fancies sport with me—That villain's face  
Hath been familiar with my sleepless nights,  
When strange vagaries kept my vigils late,  
In years gone by—Methought I converse held  
With spirits—favoured thus with their approach,  
I did commune with them, as man to man—  
When all were sealed in slumber! Was it but  
A gross deception practised on my sense  
By some forlorn and vengeance-seeking wretch—  
Who made my sword his own—to work his ends?  
Never! never could Cromwell thus be fooled  
By sorceries so foul!—and yet what means  
This idle talk? I know not—never shall!

*ATTENDANT enters.*

ATTENDANT.

My Lord! a messenger from Hampton-Court,  
Brings tidings of the Lady Claypole's great  
And growing sickness.

CROMWELL (*greatly moved*).

Alas! order my coach with speed! I'll go

*[Exit Attendant]*

To Hampton instantly! Now bleeds my heart—  
My favourite child! If God would spare but her!

## SCENE VII.—HAMPTON COURT.

LADY CLAYPOLE *on a sick Couch, her Husband and CROMWELL by her side. She takes her father's hand*

LADY CLAYPOLE.

Father! before I die, I must speak out—  
Excuse my freedom, 'tis a daughter's love—  
For thee I crave what God hath granted me,  
Repentance, with forgiveness at the last!  
If there be aught in thy past life amiss,  
A plague-spot left upon thine inmost heart,  
Oh! seek for penitence, and pray for grace,  
Ere mercy's door be closed—for ever closed!

[CROMWELL *appears greatly affected and trembles.*

Thy dying daughter craves this grace for thee!

[*She dies with her hand in her father's.*

CLAYPOLE.

Oh, is that death? that gentle swoon?—death! death!

CROMWELL.

Oh, God, my daughter!

CLAYPOLE.

One more kiss—One last, fond kiss!

[*Kisses her—takes her hand*

Ah! 'tis cold;

The chill of death is here!

CROMWELL (*putting his hand in his bosom*).

And *here, at heart!* I soon shall follow her!

---

## SCENE VIII.—WHITEHALL.

CROMWELL *in bed, attended by his* PHYSICIAN, WIFE, STERRY *and*  
 GODWYN, *his Chaplains.*—RICHARD CROMWELL *and other*  
*branches of his family, besides* THURLOE.

CROMWELL (*to the* PHYSICIAN).

What call ye my disorder?

PHYSICIAN.

A double tertian, your Highness.

CROMWELL.

How beats my pulse?

PHYSICIAN.

It intermits, my Lord.

CROMWELL (*turns pale*).

'Twill soon be over then—raise me up—where's

[*They raise him in bed.*]

Sterry?

[STERRY *advances.*]

Now, tell me, is it possible

*To fall from Grace?*

STERRY.

It is not possible.

CROMWELL.

Then *I* am safe—I know that I was once

In grace. Now let us pray for God's people.

[*He continues in prayer with* STERRY, *then falls into a doze.*]

[*The wind is heard without, howling.*]

THURLOE.

How the wind howls!—the old earth seems to shake

By yon fierce hurricane,—'twas such a storm

As this the day King Charles upreared his flag

At Nottingham. Oh! 'twas a fearful storm!

The wind was full of lamentations dire,

Portentous of some evil to the land,  
And now this hurricane forebodes no good  
To England's Commonwealth.—*September Third,*  
Was Cromwell's day of fortune—*September*  
*Third*, his battles of Dunbar and Worcester ;  
The last he called his crowning mercy—now——  
*September Third*—

[CROMWELL wakes.

CROMWELL.

God is good ! he will not leave me helpless !

[PHYSICIAN offers him something to drink.

I desire not to drink or sleep, but die !

[*He sinks again into a heavy slumber.*

LADY CROMWELL.

Oh, God ! my poor husband needs thy help—oh,  
Give him an easy passage hence !

[STERRY and GODWYN look earnestly into the bed and find  
him dead. LADY CROMWELL bursts into tears ; they  
all approach, weeping.

STERRY.

Weep not ! nay, rather should we now rejoice !  
He is with Christ !

THURLOE (*to* RICHARD CROMWELL).

On *you* the nation's hopes are fixed ! On *you*  
The Protectorship hath fallen.

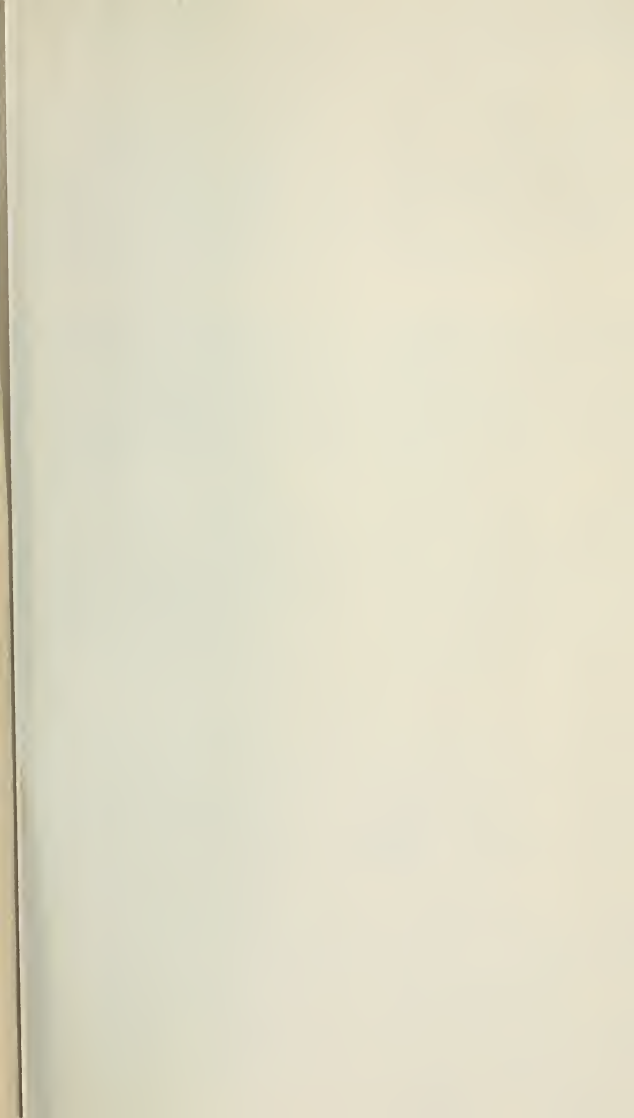
GODWYN.

God bless the young Protector !

THE END.







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